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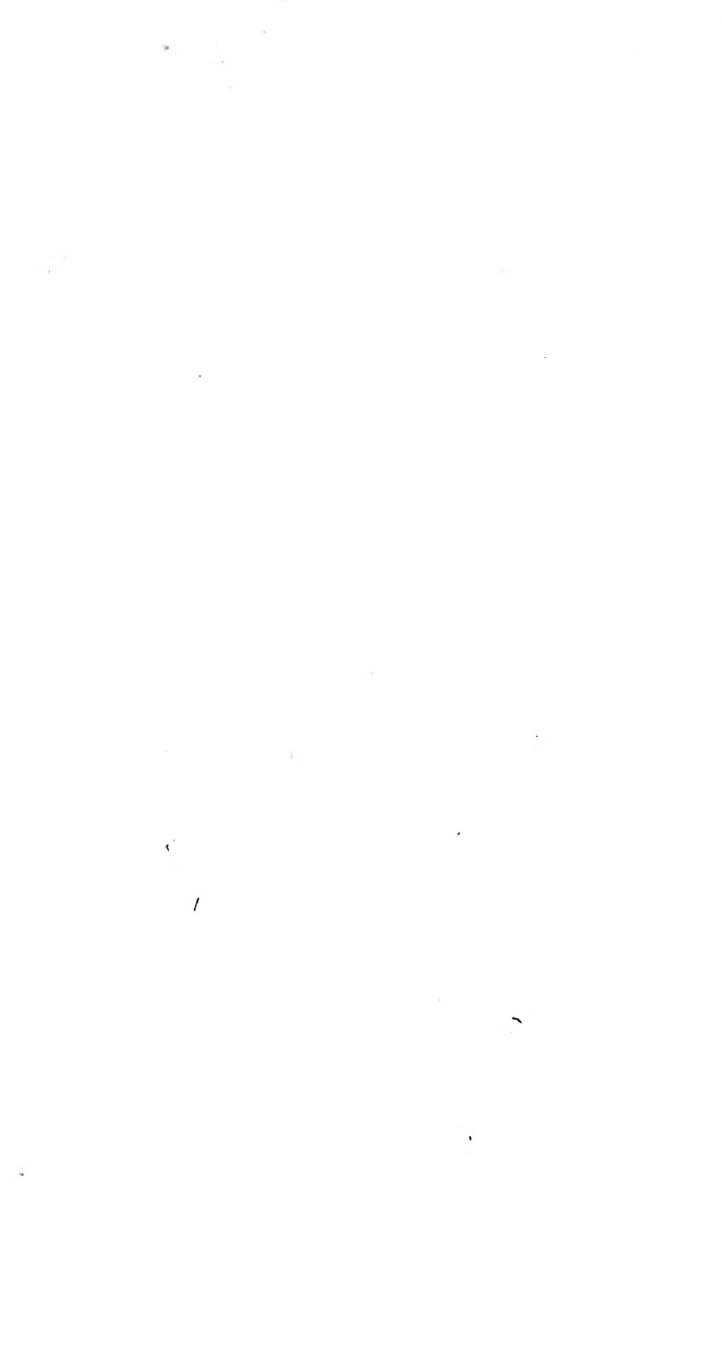
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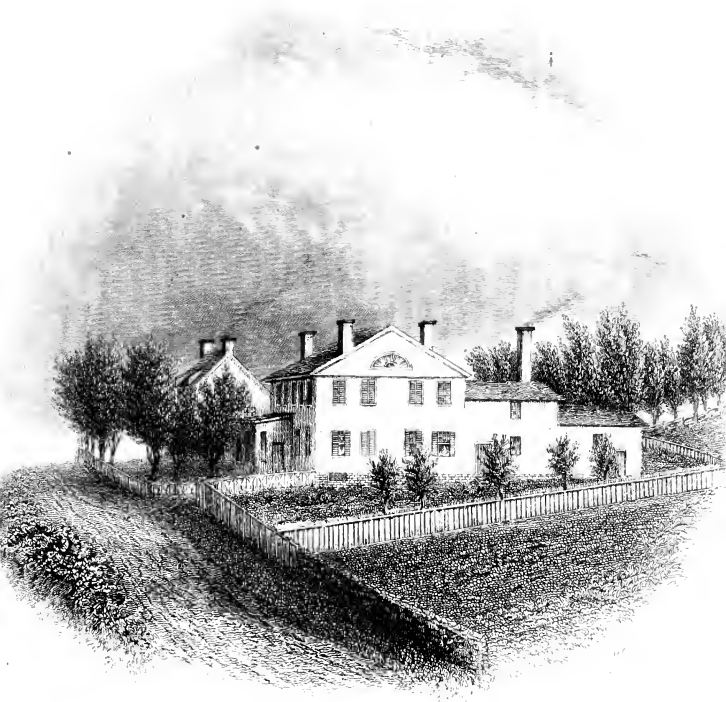


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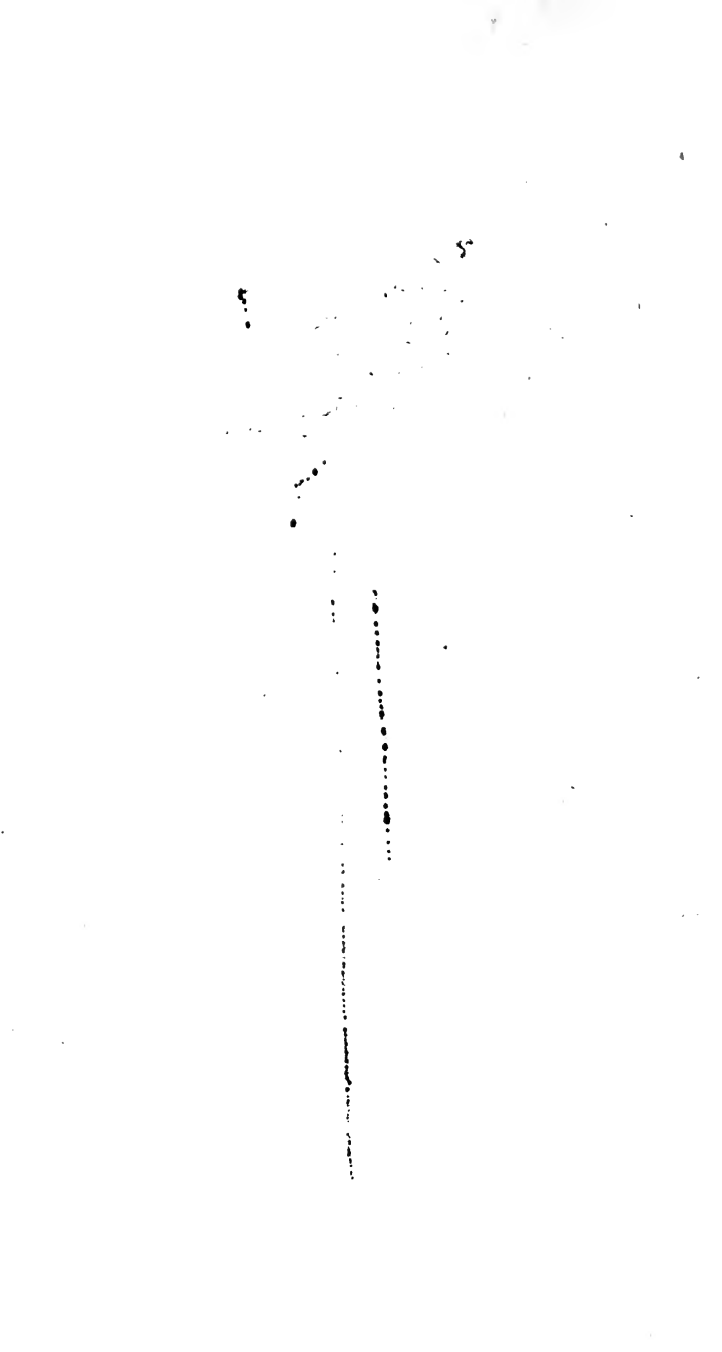


A GOOD FARMER

TO HIS NEIGHBOUR



*When shall we see you at the Mill? You were here  
gladly & all would welcome you.*



A

✓  
NEW TRIBUTE

TO

THE MEMORY

OF

✓  
JAMES BRAINERD TAYLOR.

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NEW-YORK.

JOHN S. TAYLOR, THEOLOGICAL & SUNDAY-SCHOOL  
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TO KNOWLES TAYLOR, ESQUIRE, Brother of  
JAMES BRAINERD TAYLOR, This Tribute is most  
gratefully inscribed by the

AUTHOR.





## P R E F A C E.

IT will be perceived by a perusal of the following Introduction, that this TRIBUTE, was originally compiled for the relatives and personal friends of JAMES B. TAYLOR. It is principally composed of materials distinct from that embraced in the Memoir. The plan of the work required, to some extent, that letters from some surviving friends should be given. Situated as he was, at a distance from his relatives, the correspondence was extensive; and this correspondence embraced the particulars, which are addressed most particularly to their sympathies. In *publishing* this work, however, most of the letters from others to Mr. Taylor, which are not necessary to preserve the uniform connexion of the narrative, agreeably to the original plan of the manuscript, are excluded. The work is now committed to the press with the belief that all who have read the Memoir of James Brainerd Taylor, which has passed through six or eight editions, will gladly avail themselves of this

volume, as embracing additional breathings of a pure spirit, recorded by his own pen — and giving minuter descriptions, illustrative of his own character — and the particulars that entered into combination to form that character ; together with a more graphic account of the last scenes of his brief, and holy, and happy life.

*New-York, December, 1837.*

## INTRODUCTION.

IN the Memoir of JAMES BRAINERD TAYLOR, it has been the particular object of the compilers to exhibit *his religious character and example to candidates for the Christian ministry, as a model for their imitation.* It therefore did not fall within their plan to quote his letters in full, or those aside from a religious bearing. The extracts which are given, are often, as a consequence, divested of the air of simplicity and grace, and sometimes of affectionate humour, which the manuscript letters, *in extenso*, possess. There are also letters written to the friends of J. B. T. which the compilers would not deem appropriate to the Memoir, not coming within the design of the book. Some of these contain the very acceptable testimonies to the worth of a relative and friend, and must be precious to the persons for

whom they were designed. And there are still other letters written at the time of Mr. Taylor's illness ; some by the venerated man, (now no more) who commenced the Memoir, and some by his connexions ; all of which, at the time, the compilers would have felt a delicacy in presenting to the public. These contain many allusions and much minute detail relative to the last hours of Mr. Taylor, which could not be thrown into the Memoir, and in which particulars an affectionate relative and partial friend are greatly interested — awakening as such detail ever does, their willingly indulged sympathies.

Beside this, a further number of Mr. Taylor's Diary, one of greater interest than any other already published, has been found ; and which, it seems, was not in the hands of the compilers of the Memoir. This number is the last which Mr. Taylor penned ; and it contains an account of the closing scenes of his college-course — his entrance on his studies of theology — his efforts, and his exercises of heart during his studies, up to the time, when, in New-Haven, he was attacked by bleeding at the lungs.

It is on these and on other accounts which the friends of a lost relative will at once appreciate, that this volume has had its origin ; and to the relatives and friends of Mr. Taylor it is now presented, as a little memento addressed more immediately to their sympathies than the Memoir itself.



## SECTION I.

It will not come within the purpose of the writer of this TRIBUTE, to quote the letters of Mr. Taylor of an earlier date than the time of his graduating at Nassau-Hall, Princeton, New-Jersey. And previous to the introduction of his letters of a date later than this period, September, eighteen hundred and twenty-six, it is the writer's design briefly to sketch a few particulars associated with the earlier periods of Mr. Taylor's life. The Memoir speaks thus of his parentage.

“JAMES BRAINERD TAYLOR, son of Col. Jeremiah Taylor of Middle-Haddam, Connecticut, was born on the 15th day of April, 1801. His parents, yet living, are in the communion of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and greatly respected in the circle of their acquaintance. On the mother's side he was connected with the family of Brainerd, a name to be held in remembrance as long as the devoted zeal of the self-denying missionary shall be had in honour. On the father's side, an old record traces up the lineage to a branch of the family of Jeremy Taylor. But while no wise man ever undervalued the benefits of being born of worthy parents, no one of right spirit ever relied on this providential circumstance to bear him on through life. Our character depends on ourselves. So thought

**JAMES TAYLOR.** And while he honoured and revered his parents with the truest filial affection, he went forth with the spirit of genuine independence, to make his own way in the world."

Not far from the age of thirteen, James was placed by his parents at a school in Wallingford, Connecticut. His personal appearance at this time would have led to the supposition that he was some two years older. His elder sister, was at the same school. James at this early period was an object of remark for his fine personal appearance. His own disposition rendered society agreeable to him, and his sister's company encouraged his introduction. He became the favorite of the evening party, and of the promenade after school hours. A little incident occurring years afterwards, may serve to confirm this remark. It was the year succeeding J. T.'s death, and is thus narrated in a letter from one of his brothers, then in New-Haven, to his sister. "I took a walk after service this evening, in our beautiful burying-ground. Some one had just been interred, and a large number of persons who had joined in the procession were returning. Mrs. P., an interesting young married lady, and Miss C., of your acquaintance, were with me. We met three young ladies. As they approached us, I was struck with the fine personal appearance of one of them, and asked Mrs. P. if the young lady were an acquaintance of hers? 'Yes,' she replied, 'it is Miss ——, formerly



of ——.' I made some further inquiries, and by way of excusing them, I remarked, that I once heard a brother of mine, James Taylor, say that he was acquainted with an interesting young lady of that name, when he was at school in W. 'James Taylor!' said Mrs. P., '*James Taylor, that little interesting, curly-headed boy, was he your brother?*' Yes, madam, I replied, and was he not interesting? '*I thought so,*' said Mrs. P., as she advanced towards me extending her hand, and crimsoning with an innocent consciousness of having given more than her usual emphasis to words of an accidental conversation. You may suppose the incident gave me pleasure."

After leaving his school at Wallingford, and spending some months at home, he left the parental roof for his location in New-York. It was regarded as a favourable circumstance for the preservation of his morals, and the formation of his manners and character, that he had two elder brothers in the city, who it was believed by their parents, were governed by Christian principles. His boarding-house also was selected with reference to the religious character of the family, and the morality of its inmates. In this particular he was fortunately located. Some religious acquaintances which he formed at this early period of his residence in New-York were not unimportant links in the chain of Providence, which bound together the succeeding incidents that formed his future character. His brothers, ever watchful of his

course, brought him under all the religious influences which his circumstances of youth and their religious connexions in the sphere of their circle, permitted. He became the visiter for a Sunday School in Saint George's Church, and its assistant superintendant. In the discharge of the office of the first, he gained familiarity with the different localities of the city, and acquired an address in approaching the poor, which gave him ever after an air and manner which secured their confidence and won their favour.

At this period he was introduced to a lady who was generally known in his circle as excelling in the beautiful piety of her character, and who was esteemed as having a happy influence upon the religious feelings of her young friends, who were in the habit of visiting her house. This lady became much interested in his character ; and he found his earliest impressions of religion, and his desires for entire conformity to the principles of the Gospel deepened, by this favourable intercourse. It was his habit, each Sunday evening, to repair to this friend's, and by request, would narrate the particulars of the discourses to which he had listened during the day. The evening's interview was always attended by the reading of some portion of the Scriptures and prayer. At a later period, this reading of the Scriptures was accompanied by reflections upon the passages read, and by singing — there generally being other visitors of the family present, enough in number to render

their meeting a social religious service. Doubtless these interviews contributed not a little to the *formation of his extemporaneous powers*, which, in his future exertions in public labours for the advancement of religion, rendered his efforts easy to himself, and successful in their results to others.

It was the privilege of the writer to know J. T.'s religious habits from two years after his arrival in the city, until he left it to pursue his studies in Lawrenceville, New-Jersey, preparatory for college. He remembers that he was in the habit of general attendance upon the religious meetings frequently occurring in the city at this time, having for their purpose the furthering of the Christian enterprises of the day, and other evening meetings of his church and Sunday School. When returning from these, it was his custom to enter his room, and devote some hours, before retiring, to the perusal of books. His library was principally composed of religious works. That these works had a material effect in the formation of his religious character, must be obvious to a person who reads his memoir with an acquaintance with the authors that at this time principally composed his library. Some of these works were Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and his *Holy War*. The Works of President Edwards. Baxter's *Saints' Rest*. *Mason's Remains*. *Mrs. Rowe's Poems*, and also her *devotional exercises*, compiled by Dr. Watts. Dr. Watts on the Mind, and his *Lyrics* were also read

by him — the first, with the greatest attention, as it most justly merits from every young man, as we would infer from the admiration with which Dr. Johnson was in the habit of speaking of it. In his Critic he thus remarks : “ Few books have been perused by me with greater pleasure than this “ Improvement of the Mind,” of which the radical principles may indeed be found in Locke’s conduct of the Understanding, but they are so expanded and ramified by Watts as to confer upon him the merit of a work in the highest degree useful and pleasing. Whoever has the care of instructing others, may be charged with deficiency in his duty, if this book is not recommended.” And I add here the concluding remark of Dr. J. on the character of Watts. “ Happy will be that reader whose mind is disposed, by his verses or his prose, to imitate him in all but his *non-conformity* — to copy his benevolence to man, and his reverence to God.”

It may be stated here with propriety, without adding to the list of volumes from his early library, that *Dobell’s Hymns* were his familiar companion. I state this by way of noticing an omission in the memoirs of J. B. T. His practice in his private devotions, was, to accompany them almost invariably with singing. His voice was esteemed peculiar for its sweetness, and yet more peculiar for its modulations, which always corresponded with the sentiment of the lines which he sung. His feelings led him to the selection of the pathetic in

music ; and it has been elsewhere remarked by one who knew of the circumstances, that most of the tunes of the collection contained in the "Christian Lyre," were suggested by Mr. Taylor. Aware, from the effect upon his own feelings, of the power of music in exciting the agreeable and the devotional in emotion, he is remembered among his friends, and by the communities among whom he laboured, to have possessed a happy command of the feelings of others by the appropriate adaptation of hymns and suitable tunes to the occasions of a friendly interview, and of social and public meetings. In his visits to the sick, his familiarity with appropriate hymns and the pathetic tune was often made to contribute to the conviction and the comfort of the sinner and the saint. If he found the sick person in a state of mental stupor as the result of physical disease, he not unfrequently perceived that the singing of a few stanzas of some feeling hymn would rouse the mental powers of the invalid to a state even of excited attention to the conversation he might wish to hold. And there are many pious hearts that will remember the soothing power of his voice while at their bedside he has sung,

"When languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis *sweet* to look beyond this scene  
And long to fly away." etc.

The subject of this sketch, remained in New-York advancing in the beauty of his religious character, and

in the increasing elegance of his person, some four years, in the relation of a merchant's clerk. He was beloved by all who formed his acquaintance, and admired by all whom he met ; and it was a source of the purest gratification to his Christian friends when they heard of his purpose of leaving his mercantile pursuits to prepare for the ministry. They thought that a spirit so benevolent and pure should find a wider and more elevated sphere for the indulgence of its aspirations of good intent towards the souls of his fellow men. His relatives were willing that he should sacrifice the worldly affluence which seemed in prospect as the certain result of the circumstances in which he was then placed, for the more congenial calling to a spirit swelling with so much benevolence towards his fellow men, and of ardency of piety towards his God.

The year closed ; and with it, the mercantile employments of young Taylor. In looking back to this period of his life, he always reflected upon his location in New-York as a providence, for which he was ever thankful, in its relation to the part he expected afterwards to act in the world. New-York is a world in epitome. It is an emporium, where the great and the small, the good and the bad, the vast and the circumscribed alike concentrate. It is a school for wisdom and virtue, as well as the repository of ignorance, and a theatre for dissipation. It is a place for the favourable formation of manners, as well as a scene of temptation which has vitiated

the habits and ruined the characters of thousands which began to open with refinement, beauty, and elegance. It was here that James Taylor commenced his study of men, manners, and things. He saw them upon a large scale. His intercourse was with individuals from many parts of the world, and all parts of the union. And the sphere of business in which he was engaged being on an extensive scale, caused him of necessity to look at things through the medium of large numbers. And the remark is a just one, that a man's mind may generally be measured by the objects about which, from the circumstances of the person, his mental powers are employed. The consequence of such a location to James Taylor, therefore, was, that he left New-York in January, 1820, a young man, with a knowledge of human nature — with a refinement of manners — and a general knowledge of the world, which but few young men have carried along with them in their preparations, afterwards, to influence that world. And as the result of this, when he reached the Academy in Lawrenceville, he was deemed already a man in experience; and he at once entered on those exertions of religious effort which secured the admiration of his friends for their correctness in judgement, and their success in results.

## SECTION II.

ON the 13th of January, 1820, Mr. Taylor arrived at Lawrenceville. This village is four or five miles from Princeton, New-Jersey. The village being situated some two miles from the main road, which runs from Princeton to Trenton and Philadelphia, it is a retired location. The scenery around it comports with the stillness and retirement of the place. The elevation of the hills are but slight, and the depression of the vallies only sufficient to render the fields agreeably undulating. The church edifice is of a date earlier than the revolution, and was witness to some of its warlike scenes in its neighbouring fields, and within its own walls.\* The

\* Among other incidents that occurred here, was one, which showed the sagacity of a war-horse. An American out-post was stationed here, when the army was in the neighbourhood. A scout from the post, sent to reconnoiter the enemy, was seen the succeeding morning, making back his way at the top of his speed, chased by three Hessians. The scout leaped the brook within a few rods of the church. The foremost of the pursuers followed on, but received at the instant of his leaping the run near the church, a rifle ball from a concealed American soldier. The Hessian fell, but a blast from the bugle of the two retreating Hessians recalled the third horse, which wheeled at the sound of the bugle, and regained the side of his companions.



rural walks of this village are pleasant. The one which young Taylor was in the habit of mostly frequenting, extended back of his boarding-house. It led up a gentle acclivity, from the top grounds of which, the mellowed scenery below could be seen to some extent. During the summer, not a fair morning passed which did not witness him upon this walk. The orchards in the neighbourhood, and various fruit-trees in their season of blossom, gave their rich perfume to the air. The readers of J. T's memoir, will remember that he had a retired spot, where it was his habit to pour forth the emotions of his heart, in the language of prayer. It lay in the direction of the walk which I have described. At the lovely hour of morning, and generally at the mellowed moment of the evening, he sought this consecrated spot. His path lay through grounds, from which the soft landscape described was seen. Three years he spent amid this scene of stillness, retirement, and summer-beauty. Can any of his friends recall the softened character of his amiable disposition — the beauty of his lovely piety — or even the soothing intonations of his mellow voice, and not associate them with these scenes, and admit the mystic power which nature has over the delicate susceptibilities of a refined soul?

There was, just preceding this period, a young man at the Academy, in Lawrenceville, who occasionally walked the same path. But not like James Taylor did he reach a secret kneeling spot that lay beyond. One

morning, half-way up the ascent, he was found suspended by his handkerchief to the limb of a tree, an unfortunate suicide. The cause was only left to conjecture. The night preceding, he was in company in his usual spirits, so far as was remembered. The unhappy youth was interred in the burial grounds of the church alluded to, and his associates planted a willow at his grave. The willow is still growing, but instead of *leaning over* the grave of the suicide, as it was inclined at its planting, it has shot forth in a different direction. These two youths often trod the same path while at L., but how different was their end.\*

I here quote but a single one of his many allusions to his frequent walks along this path for recreation, meditation, and devotion. "I took my accustomed walk with a heart full of gratitude to the Lord for my sweet and cheerful hopes. I thought this might be my last walk along that oft-frequented path, as my time at Lawrenceville is coming to a close. What a delightful retreat this has been to me! But this evening, I agonized in spirit as I had never done before, in prayer for this people. While thus engaged I met ——, and with streaming eyes I addressed him. He wept. The Lord bless his soul with conversion! As I left him I

\* The tree alluded to, was as described, when observed some few years since. It was pointed out to the writer as a curiosity, though, of course, the peculiarity of its growth was considered as an accidental circumstance.

wrestled in prayer for him, and for our neighbours. My soul was pressed down with the weight of anxiety. I felt for their eternal interests. When I arrived at the *memorable tree*, I fell before the Lord to vent my sorrows there. O! the longing I had for this people. All I asked was, for Christ's sake, that salvation might come to them. While thus weeping before my Heavenly Father, an aged man drew near. I saw him, but did not rise from my knees; and as he came, I spoke to him and testified of the love of Jesus. I found he had no religion. I addressed him plainly and with a full heart. He soon wept, and wished me to pray with him, and for him. I did, with earnestness and with tears; and then exhorted him to repent and to come to Christ *now*. He left me with apparent concern. The Lord save his soul and let it not be in vain he came here. He said he thought the Lord had sent him."

On the 22d of September, 1823, Mr. Taylor passed his last examination in the Academy, at Lawrenceville, and delivered his oration on Science, with the valedictory address in the evening of the same day. "Thus," he says, "ended my academical course. May the Lord by his good providence direct me in my future goings, and lead me on to final victory and heavenly glory."

The impression which his intercourse left upon the society in Lawrenceville, was one of abiding interest. He was ever welcomed to their circles; and he never

left them without having deepened the impression of admiration and attachment for his person and character. Many yet cherish welcome recollections of that intercourse, and say, as they review the impressions which he left upon their minds, "We have never met, in another, such sweetness of disposition — such a noble contempt of earth — such heavenly-mindedness of soul — such entire devotion of the whole being to his God and Saviour — such earnest desire to promote his Master's cause in bringing all, within his sphere, to the knowledge of the truth. And united with all this, there was a *form* and *manner* of such peculiar loveliness and grace, that it was truly a beauty and consistency of character in him, such as to our minds, rendered him a more perfect model than in any other instance we have known."

### SECTION III.

It was with a grateful, but an aching heart, such as friends feel in separation, that James Taylor left Lawrenceville. His heart was made for friendship, and he fully reciprocated the kind feelings with which he had been regarded during his residence of nearly three years in this village of estimable people. He threw himself into the stage coach which conveyed him to New-Brunswick; thence by steamboat he reached New-York. Among his friends in the city he spent some days, then left for his father's, on the Connecticut. A week of his time during the interval between his leaving Lawrenceville, and his return to Princeton to enter NASSAU-HALL, he spent in the family of his friend, the Rev. Mr. Hotchkiss of Saybrook. He was then on his way from his home to Princeton college. He left Saybrook for New-York in a vessel commanded by Capt. W. He writes thus: "Our number consisted of the captain, two hands, four passengers, two children, and myself. We had proceeded about twenty miles when the wind increased and blew violently. In the midst of the gale our boom unshipped, and left us in a perilous condition. The prospect was, that we should be capsized and swallowed in the waves. All above was terrific. The billows dashed. The sea roared. The winds howled.

The hail rattled. All below was solemn. We thought on solemn subjects — death! a watery grave! the bar of God! heaven! hell! The captain I believe to be a godly man. One more on board, beside myself, had a hope which was as an anchor to the soul. The rest were unreconciled to God. Alas! their prospect was despair. I thought indeed that I was nearer my heavenly home than to my father's house. It seemed that there was but a step betwixt me and death. But in the midst of the alarm God was with me, to allay all turbulence within. I looked to him for a promise and he graciously gave me this. "Fear not, for I am with thee." It was sweet to my taste; and made me strong while I lay in my berth, revolving it in my mind and calmly waiting the issue, not knowing but the next surge would enter and fill the cabin, and end my life.

"A young lady, one of those who experienced religion at Saybrook while I was there, was quite composed. But another — O, how different! O, her apparent penitence — her cries for mercy — her weeping eyes, in the prospect of death and damnation! To me she came for help; but not to myself — to Christ I directed her. Alas! the infatuation of mortals, to put off preparation for eternity till the hour of danger. But thanks to the Lord of deliverance. His arm was stretched out for our relief. We were soon moored in a harbour, and rode out the gale in safety.

"I found my friends exceedingly kind, both at home

and in New-York. The Lord reward my parents, brothers, and sisters for their kindness to their son and brother. I doubt not that in this life they shall have a hundred fold; and at the resurrection of the just, be acknowledged as helpers of the helpless."

## SECTION IV.

FROM New-York Mr. Taylor reached Princeton, New-Jersey. On the 6th of November, 1823, he was examined and admitted a member of the Sophomore class, in the college of Nassau-Hall.

His residence at Lawrenceville, five miles distant, had already given him some acquaintances in Princeton. He was not therefore a stranger, in a strange place. There were families here who had heard of his interesting character, and others who knew, from their own acquaintance, the loveliness and depth of his piety, and the unaffected simplicity and elegance of his manners. As a known candidate for the ministry, he had attended some of the exercises at the Theological Seminary ; and while at Lawrenceville, he became acquainted with numbers of the theological students, who occasionally visited that place. He found among some of these, on his arrival at Princeton, kindred spirits, and all of them were ready to give him the hand of cordial welcome to the town.

Mr. Taylor entered upon the duties of college aware of the general sentiment which prevails, that a course of study at our public institutions is unfavourable to the enjoyment of a high state of religious feeling. But we hear him exclaiming in the exultation of a happy frame



of mind, three days after his entrance within the walls of Nassau-Hall, "Religion CAN be *enjoyed* in college. Lord, amid so much iniquity keep *me* spotless, and make me useful."

Young Taylor had not been located long in Princeton, before he sought out a field for the indulgence of his unceasing and ever earnest desire for religious effort. The way was opened ; and his success has been partly told in his memoir. His influence was felt in town. It was acknowledged by the increased devotion on the part of some of the students of the Theological Seminary. And in college, he, at least, solved the problem long held *in dubio*, whether a Christian student in our public institutions can sustain his religious character, and enjoy religion throughout his collegiate course. He *did sustain* his elevated standard of religious experience. He *did enjoy* a continued state of devotion. And what he *did* and *enjoyed*, is practicable to all. As he entered college, so he left it, only with his religious character immensely yet more elevated in Christian enjoyment, and in fixedness of Christian principle beyond his experience at the moment of his becoming a member of college ; although, at that time, his religious character had reached a point on the scale of religious experience and enjoyment, which it seems but few attain during their lives on earth. Witness his testimony at the end of his college-course, taken from

his recovered Diary, and compare it with the earnest apostrophe at his entrance.

“This day ends my college-course within these walls. The class was dismissed before noon. Among those who received honours my name was mentioned — consequently, had an appointment for Commencement, six weeks hence. Thus ends the round which brings me to another starting point. The next immediate goal for which I am to aim in my application to study, is the post of theology.

“In view of my college-life, my soul has just now been most deeply humbled before God, for I have seen so many defects. This is the epitome of my history in every succeeding stage of my past life — **MERCIES and SINS**. Perhaps my heart was never so deeply affected with an humbling view of my nothingness before God. I was ready to banish myself, and wholly to sink into insignificance. Out of these depths I cried for help. My strength was greatly recovered. *A blessed blessing* — **A RICH CLOSING-ANTEPAST** — the best of the wine at the last of the feast. Praise the Lord, O my soul.

“In view of the ministry, the question rose meltingly to my mind, Should the Lord bid you to relinquish this your object, would you turn aside to another? O, how my heart and eyes were affected; but my whole soul cried out, The will of the Lord be done! I said, I do not deserve the office. I never did. Yet, how I longed for this, and preparation fully meet for it.

“At the same time, had enlargement of soul in praying for professor H., who has been made such a spiritual blessing to me. And also for professor P., both of whom I love. I asked, too, in behalf of the faculty, and meltingly pleaded for the students. I wept over my unfaithfulness to them, and hoped the Lord healed all my backslidings, and received me graciously, and loves me freely.”

This is the language with which James Taylor ends his collegiate course. How did he enter upon it? By prayer. How did he continue it? By prayer. How did he end it? By prayer. He commenced it with tears of gratitude and devotion. He continued it, weeping with compassion for his fellow-students, and with religious joy in his own soul. He ended it by pouring out his tears of gratitude to his God — of affectionate regard towards his professors — and of concern for his fellow-students. See him on his knees — THE CHRISTIAN STUDENT — just on the eve of leaving the halls where he had acquired knowledge — literature — and science — disciplined his mind — enjoyed a three years of near and happy communion between his soul and his God — and now, ere the sun shall again have set, he is to be on his way from the never-to-be-forgotten retreat of his manly studies. He is on his knees. He reviews the past. He remembers the goodness of his God. He recalls his deficiencies. The tear of regret and love falls, with the kindling recollections of the past. He

offers up his prayer for his instructors. Entreats his God to shield his fellow-students, and asks for a parting benediction from his God, to rest upon the Institution, which he is now to leave. His prayer is ended. His soul has been melted. He rises from his knees, and writes it as a testimony to the goodness of his God, that it is "*the blessing of blessings — a rich closing antepast — the best of the wine at the close of the feast.*"

Here, at the close of the college-life of Mr. Taylor, we might pause, and dwell upon many particulars, which his memoirs would suggest. But this does not enter into the plan of this sketch. A few remarks, however, may be added previous to the extracts which are to succeed. It was the privilege of the writer to be familiar with the habits of Mr. Taylor, during the two last years of his residence at Princeton. He was always seen to be the agreeable companion to those who were in the habit of familiar association with him. He scarcely ever possessed a sad countenance. His features had a smile ever playing agreeably upon them in the social interview. Probably no one ever so invariably evinced by the soft vivacity of his features, the *loveliness* of the religion of Christ. You read it in his beautiful countenance, lighted up by that indescribable illumination which a spirit that is happy suffuses over the features. There was never aught in his manners that could displease. And the most dissipated and reckless were disarmed during his interview with them, however much

he might censure their course and urge their reform. But it is not at all surprising that a person who acted as did James Taylor, during his college-course, should have awakened a spirit of opposition, sometimes, among those who felt that he was a restraint upon the free contrivance and successful execution of their plans of mischief and sin. No man was ever farther from being a cynic. None more happy in seeing others in the indulgence of rational enjoyment. He never acted the part of a censor. Whenever he approached another to counsel, or to dissuade, and to urge to a holy life, it was with the overflowing benevolence of soul, that not unfrequently vented itself in tears. It is not every Christian that can thus feel; for it is not every Christian that has reached such a state of perfect consecration of the soul to Christ, nor has looked, as did James Taylor, with such affecting sensibilities at the responsibility, and exposure, and irreparable interest if once lost, of the sinner. These remarks are made with reference to some extracts which are to be given; and which, in a few instances, show the sinner to be *provoked* by the truth.

The reader of the memoir of J. B. T., will have marked the following passage therein.

“We regret to say that the foregoing extracts terminate Mr. Taylor’s *Diary*, with the exception of a small fragment, kept for a short time in the year 1828, which shall be noticed in its place. It is plain, indeed, that this valuable exercise had been followed through the in-

tervening time, but the record was probably destroyed by himself, as it was not found among his papers. We regret this the more because, as he advanced in his course, he became more and more occupied, so that his letters, as far as they have been recovered, are not so numerous, and for the most part, written in haste." In another, and earlier part of the volume, it is thus remarked. "It is a matter of regret, that twelve of the earliest numbers of Mr. Taylor's Diary cannot be found. There are five remaining numbers, beginning with No. 13, which bears date the 1st of May, 1823."

With regard to the first twelve numbers here alluded to, there can be no doubt that they are destroyed. But an additional number of this diary has fallen into the hands of the writer of this sketch. It is my purpose, therefore, to quote it here, that it may supply the chasm perceived and regretted in the memoir. The last two dates quoted in the remains of J. B. T., are June 21st, and July 2d, 1826. The first date in the number supposed to be lost, but now recovered, is July 4th, two days succeeding the last extract given in the memoir.

Previously to giving extracts from the diary unpublished, I here quote the paragraphs of the last two dates in the memoir, that the connexion may be seen.

"June 21, 1826. The consideration that I have been *three* years, almost, in college, without conversing with my fellow-students, upon the subject of their religious responsibilities, was heart-breaking. To go forward

seemed to be too heavy a cross. What! be pointed at? Be subject to their ridicule and reproach? Do this *all alone*? The struggle was great, but it came to this. **RESOLVED**, *in the presence of God, and by his help, to begin and do my duty in college, in conversing with my companions in study.* I repeated the resolution, and afterwards felt much relief. O! that some would come over and help. But if not a soul comes to my help, I am to see and converse with the students of this college, if they will allow it, cost what it will. My character is not worth *a cent*, nor my influence, nor my acquirements, aside from the service of God. O! for help. While at prayers, my burden left me in consideration of this truth, "If any man will be my disciple let him *deny* himself, and *take up his cross* and follow me." While there, I determined to invite a class-mate into my room, and talk with him. It came in the way, but my heart well nigh failed me. But I addressed him — he followed me — and I pray God, who witnessed the interview, to raise in power to his own glory, what was sown in weakness."

"July 2d, Sabbath. The past week has been one of crosses. The cross which I laid hold on with so much difficulty, I have since only dragged. With *twenty* impenitent companions, I have attempted to speak in reference to their eternal things. The mouths of most were stopped. They listened and assented to the truth. I never had such views as of late, of some passages of

Scripture. ‘Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven, for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.’ ‘Who shall harm you if ye be followers of that which is good.’ ‘It is sufficient that the servant be *as* his master, and the disciple *as* his Lord.’ ‘If they have persecuted *me* they *will* also persecute you.’ ‘Consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be weary and faint in your minds!’ ‘Ye have not yet resisted unto *blood*.’ ‘No weapon formed against you shall prosper.’

“The long-suffering patience of God towards sinners, daring, God-hating sinners, such as I once was, wears a new aspect. If I hate their ways — if I am pained at their wickedness — how must infinite purity look upon them! Surely it can make no compromise with sin. The least sin is infinitely hateful in the sight of God, and the day is coming when his enemies must feel it so in their dreadful punishment.

“The honour and cause of God were never more dear to me. Last evening’s devotions were peculiarly melting. I never had such a burning desire, and such earnest wrestlings for sinners in this college. I wept sore, and left the cause of God, and the honour of his great name, suspended upon his righteous sovereignty,



where I also wish to hang. It was a time of sweet relief. I gained the liberty which I needed.

“In view of my late attempts here, I find much to humble me. I asked the Lord to cast the veil of pardon over my best deeds — *best!* indeed I could see no goodness in them. Had a refreshing, melting season in the meeting with the brethren, held as usual, on Saturday night. In prayer for the Holy Ghost to be poured out, I was melted, and stopped, and repeated the cry — Lord Jesus, come quickly.”

These are the last dates of the Diary, as given in the memoir. And the compiler remarks, as already quoted, “*We regret to say that the foregoing extract, terminates Mr. Taylor’s Diary.*” But the writer is happy to have it in his power to continue the extracts from this, his religious journal, through the whole of another number. It is to be regretted, for the completeness of J. T.’s memoir, that this number of his Diary should have been misplaced. Without it, the history of his *college-life* was incomplete, and so felt to be. But the extract already given, which exhibits the closing scene of his college-course, has presented to us, in his own words, the thrilling emotions of his last hour within the college-walls, and the frame of mind with which he left the halls of his venerated *Alma Mater*, where he had spent three eventful years of his short existence.

I shall now proceed to complete the extracts from his Diary during his continuance in Nassau-Hall, from the

point where they were, from necessity, in his memoir, abruptly concluded. The last date was July the 2d. The first, in the succeeding number of his Diary, now recovered, and here to be quoted, is July 4th; and his meditations under this date are thus recorded:—

“This evening the bell rung, and summoned each man to his post. Another bell was the signal to illuminate the windows in front. I was on my knees and *alone*, conducting our stated prayer meeting. By and by I walked out, and beheld the illumination and the crowd. Did some hand light up these tapers? ‘God *said*, let there be light, and there was light.’ For a half hour the crowd gazed at the illumined windows. Had one of ten of them during their lives ever spent a half hour in looking at their hearts in the light of conscience—the grave—the bar of God—of heaven and hell? Who of them had solemnly, and seriously, and prayerfully retired, even once, to investigate their character? ‘This is the condemnation, that *Light* is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.’ ‘For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved,’—or lest they should be brought under conviction. Happy they ‘into whose hearts God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.’ Assist

me, Holy Spirit, and thus fit me for that city whose 'light is the Lamb.'

"21st. Have had much hardness of heart for a time, owing to my backwardness in conversing with the students. Have conversed with only thirty-one, whereas I might perhaps have done it with all, had I gone, in season and out of season. But so it is. And this cross I have rather *dragged* than taken up. Lord, Lord, help, help, for on whom can I lean but on thee? This evening, under the prayer of Mr. H., an oppressive load which has called forth many a groan, but with a tearless eye, began to remove. As he addressed us from the words, 'Put on therefore as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercy,' &c., the depression left me, and I felt free. But I again feel a weight upon me. Whether it be the heaviness through temptation, or what, the Lord remove my burden.

"Since writing last have had a visit from brother S. and Dr. Blatchford.

"Have felt the need of support amidst apprehension from the wicked, who hate me. God forgive them, and change their hearts. But I must go forward, and try to do my duty, if I but drag the cross. This passage has been a staff: 'I will not fear what man can do unto me.' Had an agony of soul for the impenitent around me, that they might be saved.\*

\* A few months previous to this date, we find the following entry in his journal, as given in the memoir, page 245. "While

“*Saturday night.* Since writing last, my exercises have been various, and highly provoking to God; for, besides other sins, I have acted over the part of Jonah. But this evening I emerged from the belly of hell. Ever since I took on me the obligation to converse with my

the brethren were at prayer in my room this morning, (as usual on Sunday morning,) a letter was left on my desk by the servant, of which the following is a copy:


‘Sir: You are suspected d — d strong of having informed the faculty of the misdemeanours of several of the students. The evidence against you, though circumstantial, is of the strongest kind. You will for the future be strictly watched, and therefore it will be prudent for you to visit your *brothers*, the tutors, as seldom as possible; for if detected, your punishment is inevitable. Do not treat this with levity. If you do, you must suffer the consequences.’

“I was a little surprised by such a letter; but the charity that ‘beareth all things,’ was in exercise. My soul *yearned* for the unknown individual who wrote the letter. I longed with *weeping eyes* and *groans* which could not be uttered, to see him a returning prodigal. My heart broke, too, for the college. I wrote upon the letter, ‘Greater is he that is for me than all they that are against me.’ ‘He giveth his angels charge concerning thee, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.’ I add, ‘Who shall harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good? The Lord is on our side.’

“A report is in circulation that some individual had said, he should deem himself bound to report to the faculty the bad conduct of the students. Though *I am not the person*, probably the suspicion has fallen upon me. Amen. They meant it for evil; God meant it for good.”

companions in study, I have had lucid moments only at intervals — ‘few and far between.’ Instead of going to all this Nineveh, my heart has embarked for Tarshish. I thought I saw, if I did not see, the call clear, and the obligation binding. But, alas! how I have fled from the presence of the Lord! Shame, shame to me. But I must bear testimony against myself — for it is I that has done this evil. And oh! how have the winds blown up a tempestuous sea all within me — not to speak of what has gone on without. Fearfulness hath seized me. I have been afraid at night, from a consciousness of unfaithfulness. Oh! the pains that have got hold of me! They have indeed drank up my spirits, and so wasted my spiritual energies that I may say, it has not been so with me, no, not since that eventful hour, four years ago last April. I had well nigh fallen asleep a few days since on this subject, and given it up as to *direct effort*. But ‘What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise.’ But, I was cast overboard. And how low I sunk! And even now I have conversed with only thirty-five. Had I gone to my utmost, I perhaps might, at least, have finished the round. But so it is; and I have been more than three days an exile from God. I deserved it, probably more than Jonah, although I have gone to some of the Ninevites in so lame a manner. Having been brought out of the deep while waiting upon God at evening prayer, I have found another Ninevite and cried against his sins. I have sought for others, but did not find

them. I hope to find more ; and will the Lord give me so much the spirit of holiness and wisdom, that it shall lead me in the right way ?

“What may I learn from this experience ? 1. That there is no voice clearer than the voice of God. 2. That this voice is a precept. 3. That it must be obeyed, or the consequence must follow, viz. *be thrown overboard*. 4. That after all demurring, nothing is gained but an accumulated load of neglects in duty, to be remedied only by immediate attention to what God has already bidden. 5. That to keep a conscience clear, which God may have blessed the soul with, by bringing one out from distress, can be effected only by keeping it void of offence in the discharge of duty.  *Be wise to learn from experience.*

“I have felt, and I think that I still feel stronger. But how weak I am ! True, one who has not stood just in my footsteps, knows not the peculiar trials which I have on this subject of conversing with my associates. Nevertheless, ‘Is it not good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth ?’ While I have felt, and keenly felt my baseness before God, and wept over it at his feet — and while I have ‘*abhorred* myself in dust and ashes,’ and looked upon myself as a ‘worm and no man’ — less than the least of God’s mercies — still, I adored God, that he was high and lifted up, and that he was infinitely happy ; and that angels were happy, and that saints were happy. While pleading, ‘Lord,

create in me a *clean* heart,' I felt that the petition was too big for utterance ; through groans and tears I breathed forth my desire, and I added, 'Renew a right spirit within me.' The utterance of these words was attended with power to my inmost adoring soul. "Lord, cause the bones which thou hast broken to rejoice" — to rejoice, not in myself, for there is nothing in me — I am a *good-for-nothing*, but in Thee. Here my enlarged capacities grasped and received a portion of *infinite*. But it is passing detail, or description. God be praised. When I had fallen before him I felt to adopt the words of Jesus in distress — 'Not my will but thine, O Father, be done.' But my prayer ended, 'Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass.' IT PASSED. And never more is *it* to be drunk. See to it my soul, that thou mix not up another, lest a worse be presented. Live near to thy God, and walk with him. Be willing and obedient, and eat the good of the land. Go and feed in green pastures. Lie down by still waters. Seek not to overleap the boundaries prescribed by the Good Shepherd.

"This *but-end* of the cross yet remains to be raised. 'My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness.' Thinkest thou, my soul, that God will not be with thee? I think he will. And oh! he must be, to make the 'yoke easy, and the burden light.'

"Had a fraternal and affectionate interview with dear

brother J. H. F. He, it seems, is now carrying the cross which he only dragged a little time since. The Lord is blessing his labours ; and doubtless will reward his fidelity. Oh, for a host of reapers in the harvest. We found our exercises on the point of duty to be coincident. May we be faithful in all God's hands.

“Sunday evening. Have just risen from my kneeling place, where most gracious disclosures of God's perfections have been made to my soul. My spirit *heaved* with this petition — that God would signalize his grace in making a display of it in me, to a degree as high as possible in this world. The beauty of holiness captivated my inmost powers. O how precious ! The prospect of seeing the King in his beauty was meltingly sweet. I feel that there will be no pain when the soul of the disciple of Jesus leaves the body : for, said he, I will come again. To fall into his arms, and be conveyed *by him* — unspeakable !

“Sunday evening, August. Had a signal blessing. Its communication seemed unlike in some degree from others, that is, in manner. But the *fact* is of more importance. And this is ascertained only by effects. I felt the need of such a blessing, especially in view of the approaching examination. How important to keep low before the Lord. ‘He that exalteth himself shall be abased.’ ‘Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly ; but he knoweth the proud afar off.’



“The bestower of every good and perfect gift remembers me. Surely my history is a history of *mercies* as well as of sin. How affectionate and how kind are *my relatives* which have been given me. Thus am I under increased obligation to love and serve the Lord.

“Have had our last sitting as a class with our loved Professor P. The *first time* I met him in the class was with peculiar and most cordial sensations. All my intercourse with him has endeared him more and more to me, as a gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian. To-day he finished his last communication, which he commenced last Saturday. He addressed us upon the literary, political, moral, and religious influence which we, as a class, and as individuals, ought to exert in after life. As they should have been, his hints were practical.

“I returned to my room and thanked the Lord for the instruction received from his lips, and invoked a holy benediction upon my most respected and beloved instructor. Thus, as I formed the connexion with prayer, it has been dissolved with prayer. In the close I heard him with tears.

“Thursday. This day closes the round of recitation in my college-course. All my negligences, Lord, forgive. All the information which I have acquired, sanctify to the best uses. How thankful ought I at this moment to be, that my feet, which had well nigh slipped and turned me from my collegiate-course, were yet in mercy prevented, and guided hither. Astonishingly

marked has been my return. Ah, this makes room for *infinities* to act.

“To-morrow will commence the final examination. May it issue with flowings of thankfulness from my heart to Him, in whose hands are all my future destinies. The Lord knows what is best, and that is best for me.

“Friend T. and myself laid down last night, not knowing but we might be attacked. But we slept in peace, and rose refreshed, for the Lord sustained us. May our ways please Him, and then will he make even our enemies to be at peace with us. Before we retired, we provided us with *clubs* — remembering that Gideon went out with his lamp and pitcher. I put mine aside, repeating, ‘Not a hair of thy head shall fall to the ground without thy Father,’ and fell asleep, and slept soundly.”

I re-insert, what, in this connexion, is deemed most worthy of repetition, as the *last lines* penned by this sainted young man, on the eve of his leaving the walls of Nassau-Hall. They stand in juxta-position with the last extract given, and are the last note of his college-life.

“This day ends my college-course, within these walls. The class was dismissed before noon. Among those who received honours my name was mentioned. Consequently, had an appointment for Commencement, six weeks hence.

“Thus ends the round which brings me to another starting point. The next immediate goal for which I

am to run in the further prosecution of my studies, is the post of Theology.

“In view of my college-life, my soul has just now been most deeply humbled before God, for I have seen so many defects. This is the epitome of my history in every succeeding stage of my past life — *MERCIES AND SINS*. Perhaps my heart was never so deeply affected with an humbling view of my *nothingness* before God. I was ready to banish myself, and wholly to sink into *insignificance*. Out of these depths I cried for help. My strength was greatly renewed. A blessed blessing — a rich closing antepast — the best of the wine at the last of the feast. Praise the Lord, O my soul.

“Now I would inscribe in view of the past, Jehovah-jirah, the Lord will provide, and take courage.

“In view of the ministry, I meltingly inquired, ‘Should the Lord bid you relinquish this your object, would you turn aside to another?’ O how my heart and eyes were affected! But, did not my whole soul cry out, ‘Thy will be done?’ I said, I do not deserve the office — I never did. Yet how I longed for this, and preparation fully meet for it.

“Had enlargement of soul in praying for Professor H., who has been made such a spiritual blessing to me; and for Professor P., both of whom I love. I asked, too, on behalf of the faculty; and meltingly pleaded for the students. At the same time I wept over my

unfaithfulness to them, and hoped the Lord healed all my backslidings, received me graciously, and loved me freely."

Can any one, who knew the writer of this Diary, read the above, and not pause in astonishment? If such a man, after having gone through the struggles of mind as we read them, before his God, in behalf of his fellow-students — if such a man, after putting forth the direct effort, by personally addressing himself to his associates, urging them with tears to become the followers of Jesus — if such a man, whose conscientious action has excited our wonder, and whose sanctity of devotion has caused us to tremble as we approached the holy spot of his kneeling-place — if such a man "*weeps over his unfaithfulness*" as he bows for the last time in his college-chamber, and upbraids himself in such language as we have read, where should most of us hide our heads; and what should be the inexpressible throes of contrition and alarm that should heave our bosoms? And if there is a man who thinks himself amiable, and just, and honourable, and with a character that looks fair in the sight of his God, let him come and look at this anomaly, as he must think it, here in the character of James Brainerd Taylor, and wonder that he has never felt his degeneracy. If this sainted man "*abhorred himself in dust and ashes,*" and deemed himself a "*worm, and no man,*" and "*keenly felt and wept over his baseness in the sight of God,*" and felt that he "*de-*

served to have a mill-stone hanged about his neck, and be anchored in the depths of hell\* ;” either the mind of James Taylor was beside itself, or else there is something deeper to be felt by a pardoned soul, than the wretched pharasaical trash, “I thank thee, O God, that I am not as this publican. I give tithes of mint, and annis,” and so on. Who, I ask, like James Taylor, did all these things? Who like James Taylor gave the last copper in his pocket, and “then went and begged more,” and as the almoner of God “sought to feed the poor and to clothe the naked?” Whose lovely spirit ever shined forth in such inexpressible smiles of amiableness as lighted up his beautiful countenance, and won the love of all around him? Whose life through all its course was ever so unspotted — so irreproachable — so elevated above every contaminating contact of earth? Not a whisper was ever lisped against his purity, from his childhood till the hour in which he sent forth the last breath that conveyed<sup>t</sup> in it his “farewell to earth!” And yet see him on his knees before his God. It is not low enough. See him prostrate himself full on the floor. It is not low enough. He *would* get still lower, but he is already in the dust, and he exclaims, “Forgive me, O Father” — “I am a worm and no man” — “Though I should be sunk in hell, I will rejoice that Thou art happy — that angels are happy — that saints are happy !”

But these extracts show us, as before we have hinted,

\* Memoir.

that the elevated Christian character, and high state of devotional feeling with which he entered upon his collegiate duties were sustained, and yet more increased in stability and depth. His college-story is now told in his own language. It is, as was obviously gathered from the memoir, but less satisfactorily and full than now and here. We have seen him contending against the generally supposed tendencies of college-influences to dampen the Christian ardour, and to render vacillating the Christian character of a religious youth. That there are many things in a college-life tending to such results, may not be questioned. But, in the apprehension of the writer, they are less than other tendencies *in the world*, to produce similar effects. If the moral character has already been fixed, before a student enters college, his situation is favourable for the advancement of his religious character. Every thing there is carried on with system. The hours that call him to his various duties, are struck upon the college-bell. Books for his hours of recreation are at his hand. The services of the sanctuary are regularly attended within the walls. And all that is wanting on the part of the conscientious student, is *a fixedness of purpose to adhere to his system of religious duties*. Let him adopt James Taylor's three rules for college-life, and they will secure to him, in college, an enviable position for the cultivation of the religion of the heart. These rules were *First* — "Take care of my soul." *Second* — "Take care of my body."

*Third* — “Take care of my studies.” In college, there is nothing that need disturb the hours appropriated for retirement. The mind is unharrassed by the cares of the world. Every thing is tending to calm and to compose. The very employments are furthering the *habit of thinking*. And religion is a thing of thought. It is an object of faith ;—and devotion, if the legitimate products of the principles of the Bible, must be the result of meditation. If there is dissipation in college, this is not among those who have come there with a Christian character. It exists among the hundreds, who devote their leisure hours to mischief. That college has not dangerous temptations for youth, whose moral principles are unfixed is another question. We are speaking of the tendencies of college-life towards the furtherance of the piety of a religious student. He, like all others, has within him the susceptibilities to which the rewards of excelling may appeal. Yet he may be allured on by these in his application, without being censurably ambitious. Ambition which embraces in it moral obliquity, commences where the love of glory leads its votary in his pursuit, to cross some prior obligation which he owes to his God. The *first rule* of James Taylor will remedy this. And wherein emulation leads us not to the neglect of our moral duties, and to an infringement of our obligations to God, the desire of excelling is laudably indulged, and intended, like other susceptibilities of our nature, for our augmented happiness. To wrest this

desire from the bosom of a virtuous person, is as impossible, in the very nature of his being, as it would be to take away the desire to indulge our appetite when we are hungry. As the one rightly indulged leads to the preservation of our lives, and greatest strength of body, so the other, rightly indulged, tends to elevate the soul to its designed purity and enlargement. And when directed towards a religious object, it is the same susceptibility of our nature which leads us to secure the favour of our God. The Christian student, therefore, is *first* to look to the duties that pertain to the welfare of his soul; and indulge this native desire of excelling, as it may tend to render him more elevated and pure, as an intellectual and moral being, just as he should rightly indulge his appetite for food, to give the greater vigour and perfection to his bodily energies.



## SECTION V.

THE college-exercises of Mr. Taylor, were now over. He had an appointment for Commencement, which was to take place six weeks from the time he left Princeton. From college he went to New-York. From New-York he crossed over to Jamaica, Long-Island. Thence he went to Connecticut, to spend at THE HILL, his father's residence, the time until his Commencement, in preparing his oration for that day. Here, and at this time, we find him attacked with pain. It is the commencement of a series of sufferings, which were terminated only with his earthly existence. The time of his Commencement approaching, he left his father's to take his degree. He reached New-York, where he was again attacked with pain. He left New-York, however, and reached Princeton, where his suffering was still more intense. It prevented his appearance upon the stage on the day of Commencement. He took his Baccalaureate, and returned to New-York. The first note in his Diary, after reaching his brother's in Bond-street, runs thus :

“ While in Connecticut, was attacked with a seatica, or rheumatic affection. Returning to New-York, it increased. Going to Princeton, it was more severe. Having returned again to New-York, put myself under the care of my physician, who has attended me con-

stantly for three weeks, most of which time I have been confined to my room. I was bled, and blistered on each side, and medicines of different kinds were administered, but apparently with little success. Often, when writhing in anguish of body, God has been my only helper. On him have I been able to roll all my burden, and he hath sustained me. Consolation hath abounded. In this time of need the Lord hath helped me. Alas! I have cried, how can *they* sustain themselves, who have no staff to lean upon in such distress? Herein is the difference. The child of God submits. The impenitent sinner kicks and rebels. The one acquiesces and says it is all right. The other murmurs and repines, and thinks hard of God. The one looks at judgements and overlooks the mercies yet remaining. The other, while he talks of judgements *sings* of mercies. As an alleviation in my distressing hours I have often exclaimed, this is not Gethsemane—the nails—the spear—the cross. Nor have I had to cry out “Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani,” for my Father lifts on me the light of his countenance.

“In extreme spasms of pain, after turning from side to side, and changing my position in every possible way for relief, I have, as my last my only resort, thrown me into the arms of the Lord. He hath looked on my affliction, and given me a broken heart; a broken and contrite spirit. He hath made me child-like, and given me a child’s portion. Hence, have I said, ‘The cup

which my Father hath given me shall I not drink it?" If I mistake not, I have *rejoiced* in this tribulation.

"These light afflictions which are but for a moment, work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Yes, I believe it will make a change for the better on my behalf, in heaven even, where there shall be no more pain. That I have been patient and resigned in this affliction is to be attributed not to me — not to me — but to the grace that helps in the time of need."

Who is not affected with melancholy, as he peruses this entry in Mr. Taylor's Diary, and carries on his thoughts to the rapid termination of the life of this devoted young man? He has just left the college-walls. He only has time to reach his father's house, and the iron-hand of disease already has him in its grasp. If there is any one point of interest beyond another, when a parent looks with pride and affection upon the opening powers of a promising son, it is at such a moment, when he returns with honour from his college, where he has laid the foundation for his future fame and success. The parent greets him advanced to manhood in his person, and prepared successfully to enter upon the studies of his profession, in which he will soon appear. It is, too, an era in the life of the young man. He has been mingling, in his previous course, with minds, with whom he is destined to act upon the wider stage of effort, in furthering the interests of his country and the world, while he shall seek an honourable name for himself. He has measured

the minds of his associates. He has learned that his own powers can compete with the first, and has seen that the rewards of genius are generally the results of industrious application. The secret of the greatest powers, and the success of the most gifted have been laid open before his perceptions, and he ceases to wonder at their triumph and greatness. He leaves the college-halls, where, as in a world reduced to its smallest dimensions, he has learned to read the characters of men — their motives for action — and revolved in his thoughts the high objects before him, that allure to effort. *The ambition of James Taylor was to excel in goodness.* And yet, no one ever appreciated more highly the value of attainments in literature and science. We hear him sighing in the aspirations of a swelling bosom, for “full qualifications” for his intended office. And no man ever looked forward to his profession with more enthusiastic ardour, while at the same time he desired that all his anticipated success should be turned to the account of the salvation of souls and the glory of his God. Having fixed upon his profession before he had entered college, his mind was unsubjected to the vacillation that often proves a source of much anxiety to other students, at the period of their graduation, and at the same time enabled him during his collegiate-studies and reading, to have his eye ever directed to the *useful* in its bearing upon his future success in the calling of the ministry. As a result of this fixedness and ardency

of purpose, through all his preparatory studies, we see him availing himself of his leisure hours, and devoting them to such reading as would most certainly secure his future success in his contemplated profession. Hence, it was one of his habits in college, to give a portion of his leisure hours to the study of the original Greek of his Testament. Much of his reading, at one time, contemplated a correct knowledge of the interpretation of the Scriptures, which tended at the same time, to a mind of his devotional cast, to yield him happiness in his hours of religious meditation. With such a knowledge of the ground before him — *the point to be obtained* — and the means of the success for which he aimed, James Taylor looked forward with intense happiness to his course of theology. It was with such attainments and with such prospects before him, that he reached his home, where he was ever welcomed by hearts that overflowed with affection and kindness. His parents saw him at once all that they could have expected from diligence and surpassing manliness. His efforts already put forth in the cause to which he had consecrated his future life, were a gratifying earnest of his future success. His path was clear. Nothing conspired to obstruct his way, or to waken one thought of solicitude or care. His plans were already laid as to his theological course. A short vacation was to intervene before he entered upon it. In this recess of study, the notes in his Diary, as given above, were made. They tell us how he was at-

tacked with pains — his resignation in view of them — and his thoughts as they extended on to the possible results in defeating his long and dearly cherished prospects. But, he did not then read it all — all that was before him. Still deeper had been the breakings of the heart had he seen how certainly should one hope after another fall, until he reposed himself calmly in the grave, which, in his own after and beautiful language, wore “choice attire” for him.

Succeeding quotations from his Diary will exhibit the history of his future course: the advance of his disease, the awakening solicitude of friends, and the forebodings of his own mind. It may be proper here to state what we now know, but what, at the time, was unknown to his physicians and himself, that his “rheumatic affection,” as he often calls it, was a spinal complaint. Had it been discovered in time, or at this early stage of his disease, it might, or it might not have terminated in the future affection of the lungs, which produced his death. The writer well remembers his style of walking, ever after this period. He moved much slower than was his usual habit, and stepped with more care when raising his foot upon the elevated curb-stone of the street, when crossing from one side to the other. This was for the purpose of keeping his person erect, as a different position, as we would infer from the nature of his complaint, or a sudden jar, caused him pain.

Mr. Taylor was now in New-York, at his brother's,

in Bond-street, having returned from taking his degree of A. B. at the Commencement in Nassau-Hall. It was here he penned the preceding quotations, while yet under the care of his physicians. An interval has passed when he writes as follows :—

“A week ago last Sabbath, was a day of peculiar manifestations to my soul. My pain seemed to be quelled for me to enjoy the coming down of heaven into my soul.

“In the evening, they were suddenly called. It was thought I was soon to go into the eternal world. A faintness came upon me. I was covered with the cold chilling-sweats of a dying hour. A paleness was on my cheek that could be felt; but glory was in my soul. I felt, and I said ‘All is peace—all is peace.’ I soon revived. I have gone through much pain since. The cause seems not yet removed.

“Have been much cheered in hearing Hopkins’ discourse on the Millennium read. The prospect of the kingdom of Christ is so glorious—Praise the Lord, O my soul.

“‘Forget not all his benefits,’ I have been most comfortably sick. Located in brother K.’s house, where every thing is at hand for my good. Sister E. has proved the tenderest and my most attentive nurse, anticipating me in almost every want. I owe her a weight of love that I can never repay. My brother comforts me by his reading, conversation, and prayers. May they each be rewarded at the resurrection of the just.

“I am also blest with a ‘beloved physician.’ Dr. — has the marks of discipleship to the chief physician, connected with his skill. My uplifted cry has been, Lord bless him. Christian friends also visit me. Mr. Nettleton called the other day to refresh me with his countenance. Brother L. also. Mrs. W. has called from time to time, to read an hour for me, and talk of the things of the kingdom.

“21st. My sister Almira is with me, and by her kind attention in many things favours my weakness : was so weak this morning that it was an effort *to look* at any one.

“22d. Sabbath. Silent Sabbaths : Sabbaths at home are not joyless ones. The Lord hath come hither to-day, and agreeably to his promise brought his Father with him. They have taken up their abode with me, and I am greatly comforted with heavenly visitations.

“Sister A. sung for me this morning,

‘Sweet is thy work, my God, my King,’ etc.

My heart broke, and I was sweetly melted before the Lord. My brother J. and sisters R. and A. spent a part of the afternoon in conversation, singing, and praying. It was a season of refreshing, a season of melting, a season to be remembered. Sweet, sweet union, and sweet, sweet communion.

“22d. Was amazingly weak this morning. No appetite. The doctor has changed his course with me. For



three weeks I have been reduced. Now he would stimulate and raise me.

“Heard of Dr. Blatchford’s illness : was in hopes of seeing him here.

“25. ‘Man deviseth his own way, but the Lord directeth his steps.’ My calculations were all made, and my expectations were, to be located at New-Haven by this day to commence with the class my theological studies. But here I am, only able to have a book in my hands a *few moments* at a time.

“Brother L. called and prayed with me. He thanked the Lord for this trial of my faith : was melted under his concluding petitions, which were for my recovery, and that I might be made a blessing in yet preaching the Gospel.

“27th. Rode out to-day. Am thought on the gaining hand.

“28th. Worse to-day — probably owing to the change of weather. Thanks to Him who has sustained me through these weeks of pain. May the coming Sabbath be a day of rest to my soul. I find it a trial to be detained from my studies — but the ‘Lord reigneth.’

## SECTION VI.

MR. TAYLOR having in some little degree regained his strength, was now so anxious to enter on his course of theological studies, that he overcame the solitudes of his friends, so far as to secure their consent to his being located in New-Haven, while it was still their desire to detain him in New-York, until he should be quite restored to health. But so soon as he was sufficiently recovered to endure the journey, he left the city for New-Haven, with assurances to his friends that his application should be no greater than would be necessary for his mental recreation. Having reached New-Haven, his first note is under date of

“December 13, 1836.

“I arrived in New-Haven on Wednesday last. Have become located in the Theological Seminary, and entered the family in which I board on Saturday morning.

“On my induction into this building, (No. 139 College-chapel,) my soul was blessed with a wanted visitation from God. Surely he remembers me for good, and praise belongs to his name. My late illness passed in review, and my heart broke with grateful feelings that my agony of body had been removed, and that my health was so far restored.

“The relation I sustain with God — as an individual,

with this Seminary — with the family in which I am — the town — and all with whom I may come in contact, excited strong cries for help from God. O may I be blessed and prove a great blessing to others.”

Here we see the devoted James Taylor, in another shade of that light which never changed, but to add another beautiful colouring to the religious and social character of this beloved young man. He first consecrates his newly selected chamber of study to the Being that everywhere blesses his soul. He sits and reviews the hours of his past illness, and vents before his God the tears of gratitude for bringing him thus far on his way (*as he hoped*) of recovering health. He then contemplates the new relations into which he has been thrown, and offers up his prayer that he may meet them with efficiency of blessings upon the souls of others, and to the continual refreshing of his own. While he thus commenced, continued, and ended all things with his God, conscientiously, thankfully, devoutly and diligently, how could it be otherwise than in the very nature of things, that he should prove a blessing to those among whom he moved, and be blessed in the rich communion of his own heart with his God?

One of his brothers being a member of Yale-College at this time, presented a consideration to induce him to select the theological department of the same institution, for pursuing his studies of divinity. He had also acquired a partiality for the place, unsurpassed, as it is,

by the charms of its rural scenery, being literally *rura in urbe*, and as he believed excelling as much as report said to be true, in the piety, literature, and amiableness of its society. He reached this delightful spot as seen from the last extract from his journal, on the Wednesday preceding the new year of 1827. And he was not an accession to the social and religious circle of New-Haven that was unobserved, or unfelt. He was at once remarked as more than usually interesting in his personal appearance, his acquaintance desired, and wherever this acquaintance was formed, he secured the more than kind regards of all. How his influence was felt, and what was the interest he excited, will be gathered in part from the extracts and communications which will follow. He soon left his room, No. 139 in the College-chapel, for private chambers in the family in which he boarded.

Under the same date as the last extract, we find the following note: "Wrote Aunt Willey, who lies ill."

To this aunt, here alluded to, he was much attached. She was the wife of the Hon. Calvin Willey, then in the Senate of the United States. A number of the letters, from which extracts have been made in his memoir, were written to this esteemed relative. As she died soon afterwards, it will not be out of place here to introduce the following lines, written after the reception of the intelligence of her death.

“We knew her where the circle weep,  
    Among the sisters there,  
Devotion dwell’d upon her lips,  
    And hallowed was her prayer;  
She loved the joys ’mong saints are given,  
And sighed for coming bliss in heaven.

We knew her where lone orphans sighed  
    And shed their silent tear,  
Their griefs arising, she allayed  
    With more than mother’s care;  
She loved to sooth the mourner’s sorrow,  
And bid them hope a brighter morrow.

Around her played the sweets of home  
    Where mothers’ joys are given,  
The day with smiles passed cheerly on,  
    And welcome was the even;  
And prayerful o’er her babes she hung  
With heart on mother’s feelings strung.

We heard of her when ebb’d the flow  
    Of life’s faint, feeble tide,  
She went with hopes that Christians know,  
    Where ‘crystal waters’ glide;  
Ay, calm as dove at hour of even,  
She took her flight to rest in heaven.

Then fare thee well, thou lovely spirit,  
    Now coursing on thy way of light,  
Strike sweeter yet thine angel-lyric,  
    Where joyous smiles shall meet no blight:  
Our moons below now fast are waning,  
We’ll hope to meet thee at His coming.”

We introduce here the following note to his sister M., as presenting a playful contrast with most of his graver epistles which are quoted in the memoir, and exhibiting a spirit susceptible of pleasure from the cheerful humour of a sprightly correspondence :

“New-Haven, February, 1837.

“MY DEAR M.,

“Since I saw you in New-York, I have become located in New-Haven, and am pleasantly situated, living as I love to live, *bachelor-like* — that is, not to have you mistake, I have no chum. And while I can avoid it, I am sure I never would consent to have *a chum*, until there may be a Mrs. James B. T. And that such a thing will ever happen you will please to be notified is quite *in dubio*. Edward will translate any Latin expressions I may chance to use, provided you choose to keep clear of the *blue-stocking* reputation. In *dubio*, I say, not however because I would be an ancho-rite, but because I *may be* a cosmopolite. Were all things settled so as to make marriage a duty, I think I might not be slow in becoming its practical advocate.

“After remaining in New-Haven a few weeks, brother F. and myself visited Middle-Haddam. With sister Emma I took quite a sleigh-ride, and was gone part of three days. We spent one night in W. and another in T. In both places we were cordially welcomed and entertained. We dined in Hartford with my old ac-

quaintance, now Mrs. —, once Miss S. D. We were always glad to see each other. Our ride was during the cold Wednesday and Thursday. I feel the effects in the ends of my fingers until this day.

“J. and R. passed through New-Haven in their sleigh, on their way to The Hill, and there spent one night. They did not dare venture longer, lest *Jack Frost* should have his whiskers warmed before they should get back to the city.

“Not having heard from you of late, do write soon. I was told that on the first Sabbath in January, there were about *seven hundred souls* joined the Congregational Churches, within twenty-eight miles of Hartford, as the fruits of the prevailing revivals.

“A kiss for the little one. Love to E.

“Ever affectionately,

“JAMES.”

February 22d. 1837, Mr. Taylor further writes in his Diary: — “This day, appointed and observed by not a few to pray for colleges, will witness the united orisons of those who love Zion and her prosperity. All things are possible with God. This year may witness wonderfully glorious things in our institutions of learning. Even so, Lord Jesus, amen.

“Last evening had an affecting view of my prospects. Methought, what shall I wish I had done on earth when I shall have entered heaven. I longed for prepar-

ation to move in the sphere to which I shall be destined. Living or dying, may I be the Lord's.

"Sunday, March. Returned last evening with my brother F., from my father's house, after remaining there a part of four days. On our arrival we found our dear mother convalescent from an illness, which at one time wore an alarming aspect. She has been happy under the affliction, and rejoices in the will of God, come sickness or health, life or death. Had melting seasons while singing, conversing, and praying at her bed-side. We carried home with us the intelligence of Aunt Willey's death.

"March. Having received an urgent request in a joint letter from Rev. Mr. V. of Bridgeport, and the Rev. Mr. S., who is labouring there, I went out and spent a few days. I found things more interesting than I anticipated, and left them still more so. Mr. V. returned to New-Haven with me, in hopes that I would accompany him back. But circumstances gave the negative.

"To day the Rev. Mr. K. entered my room and endeavoured to press me into labours. He came from N. Killingworth, where the work of the Lord is signal. The field, as he represented it, looked most inviting; but I said *nay*, in view of my Hebrew.

"Mr. V. is broken down—brother S. feeble—Mr. K. well nigh down, and no help. In view of this, what must be done? Ministers around have their hands fully



employed. What must I do? Must I relinquish Hebrew roots for the present and enter the field? What am I, that I should be sought unto?

“Had, while at Bridgeport, on Saturday night, a most melting and exulting season before the Lord. It was after I had retired. I was humbled in view of past coldness and sins, and waited upon the Lord. He heard me, and raised me up, and blessed me with holy fire.”

We see from the foregoing extracts, the solicitous desire on the part of neighbouring ministers, to secure the labours of Mr. Taylor. The temptation to him was a great one. His ardent spirit longed to indulge in revival-scenes, among which he had before laboured in his successful endeavours to advance the cause of Christ. His studies, however, were before him, and his health far from being perfectly reinstated. The writer, in looking back to this period, cannot but feel melancholy in the persuasion, that Mr. Taylor, was too pressingly urged to render his assistance in the neighbouring fields of Christian effort at this critical period of his health. He knows that he was weak, and was subject to occasional pains which he called his “*rheumatic affection*” in the back. But he acted as he ever thought to be his duty, whatever might be his inclination. In this instance, however, his inclination was entirely in unison with the persuasions of his friends. And for a time he yielded to them. We see him at

Bridgeport. He is putting forth an amount of labour which his excited state of feelings alone could have enabled him to sustain in his then debilitated state of body. It was not an unfrequent remark of his, that he chose rather to "wear out than to rust out." But this sentiment would never have suffered him to injure his health, where he was sure that a certain course would prove to its detriment. But he ventured forth ; and at a season of the year too, highly unfavourable for an invalid. He puts forth his labours, "abundant and oft." Speaking with ease and *always extemporaneously*, his labours of body at this stage of his debility, in walking and riding, were more destructive in their consequences to his health than his mental efforts. The writer remembers his state of health at this period, and feels it a melancholy recollection as he recurs to the solicitude he felt at that time for the subject of this sketch, lest his efforts should be greatly disproportioned to his strength. He now feels that it certainly was such. As we shall follow him on in his labours, we shall admire the man, and love the Christian, and rejoice at his success, but weep over the martyred saint, while the wish fruitlessly arises, that one, whose life in such a world as ours is so desirable, had stayed his effort at this period of his debility ; and then, *perhaps*, he should have been rescued from so early a grave.

We proceed to witness the action he put forth, and will now follow him on through a series of efforts of

body and mind, through which but few could have successfully gone, even in their prime state of an uninjured constitution.

He now is at Trumbull, Connecticut, five miles north of Bridgeport.

“April 15, Sabbath. This is my *birth-day*. Thought I, as I paced the back-yard at brother Kant’s, where I now am God might accomplish wonders through my instrumentality, were I to live twenty-six years more on earth. I was affected. I stopped, and made, as I believe, an acceptable surrender of MY ALL to God. I called upon the heavens above me, the earth beneath me, and the objects around, to witness *my purpose to be the Lord’s*.

“I am now at Trumbull, five miles north of Bridgeport, at the request of Rev. Mr. Kant. Last Sabbath I preached to his people from ‘*How shall ye escape if ye neglect so great salvation?*’”

A week afterwards he writes :

“This evening, before service, two young men came to me, Charles S. and Hezekiah N., who were awakened last Sabbath. They appeared deeply anxious. When they came, I presumed they had come in where I was through mistake. But I spoke to them, and found they had an errand as anxious sinners, to see me. Directed them to Christ.

“Last Wednesday, P. M., came up from Bridgeport. Visited some, and was encouraged. Meeting in the

evening, solemn. Several had promised in my conversations with them, to take up the subject of religion. Preached from ‘Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God.’ Solemn. Two old ladies at the close — one especially, was greatly glad that I had thought of them and come to them. She seemed to be a pilgrim. Thursday, returned to Bridgeport, where, in connexion with brothers V. and S. have been labouring for nearly three weeks past. Friday, (fast-day,) preached in the A. M. at Fairfield, from ‘I do remember my faults this day.’

“Arrived here (Trumbull,) this A. M. Stormy. — Brother Kant preached in the morning. I preached this P. M. from ‘They hated me without a cause.’ John 15, 25. Was assisted much in the application. Arrows, I think, flew around upon the few assembled. God be praised.

“This evening preached at Mrs. P.’s from 1 Cor. 1, 30: ‘Of him are ye in Christ Jesus.’ In view of the meeting, I was drawn out to God for a blessing. I felt as if this were an experiment. I had come here to labour, and under a few circumstances not before surrounding me. I am admitted to the pulpit, and officiate with the approbation of the clergy, as one of them. Thus it seems brothers L., V., S., and Kant, license me to preach. I felt encouraged. When I had given myself renewedly away to be the Lord’s *wholly*, I longed to be useful, and felt willing to live and labour for souls.

“When those young men came into the meeting to night, I felt more encouraged. Before naming my text, my tears ran down my cheeks. I was longing for the salvation of those before me. I felt that I cared not for myself but for Christ’s sake. Much to encourage appeared. Solemn — melting — not a few tarried after the meeting was closed. Brother Kant attended another meeting. What will be the issue God knoweth.

“One young lady seemed to stagger with weakness, from her excitement. One young man is said to eat but little — in such distress.

“With these things before me I must stay for a little time, at least, and visit some.

“Brother C. H. called on me on Friday. Together we have lived,\* and prayed. On Friday, for the first time, we were in a pulpit together. He is sick and in search of health.

“Fatigued, I retire. May I see the salvation of the Lord here soon. One thing is gained — the awakening of sinners. Their *conversion* is more desirable.

“16th. Visited yesterday with brother Kant. Towards evening went to Bridgeport, and returned with trunk and papers. Received a letter from my brother F., who had visited home. Our dear mother is feeble yet.

\* The Rev. C. H. here alluded to, and Mr. T. were clerks in the same store, previous to their leaving the city to prepare for the ministry.

“17th. Visited to-day with brother Kant through White-Plains. Returned towards evening, fatigued. At 7 o'clock met eight or ten persons at Mrs. S.'s. There, was told that C. S. was rejoicing with *exceeding great joy*. By description, it seems that his soul has been in extacy. Saw him yesterday, P. M. He then thought he had done all he could. *If so, I said, and you have not repented, you must go to hell.* He feared lest he should go back. He felt, if he did, he would be lost. His parents feared he would run mad. Here, then, victory has turned on Zion's side. Thanks to God for a trophy. If this be the commencement of submissions,\* it is rather uncommon for young men to be taken first. He was awakened Sabbath before last. ‘How shall I escape’—‘how shall I escape,’ fol-

\* Mr. Taylor uses the technical word “*submission*” here, in the sense in which it has usually been employed where a revival of religion has prevailed. There are several such terms found in his journal, which are adopted for the sake of brevity, and in accordance with the custom of such a season. It is presumed that he means, that the person to whom the word is applied, was supposed to have made an unreserved surrender of himself to God, by a controlling purpose of his heart to be the future disciple of Jesus Christ. It is in this sense, the word elsewhere occurs, when referring to those who have hopefully given their affections to God in obedient discipleship to Jesus Christ, under the influence of the Spirit, which urged them to this commanded duty in view of the deathless interests of their souls.

lowed him. Thanks to God for these first fruits. To him be glory.

“Spoke to-night at Chesnut-Hill school-house, from St. Luke 17 : 32. ‘Remember Lot’s wife.’ Solemn. Anxious sinners, to whom it was addressed particularly, were apparently affected. Will God carry on this work? Lead me in the way of duty. Give me wisdom and holiness — wisdom to win souls, and holiness to please Thee.

“18. Wednesday. Visited alone in the A. M. Found Charles S. in a calm and interesting state of mind. It seems that he was exceedingly happy on the submission of his heart to God.

“Miss B. A. S. in deep distress. Mrs. P. feels differently since yesterday, yet she does not say that she has been born again. Others solemn.

“P. M. Visited with brother Kant on Daul’s Farms, and in the street above us. Came home much fatigued, and retired before the sun was down. Several to-day have promised to take up the subject of religion. May they, and others who have promised the same, fulfil their obligations.

“19. Thursday. Visited alone this A. M., and part of the P. M. Found encouragement to go on. P. M. Went with brother Kant to Booth’s-Hill. Visited in the neighbourhood. Found professors revived. Hezekiah N. rejoicing, and in a very desirable state of mind. He thinks he submitted last Tuesday. Was awaken-

ed at the same time that Charles S., his cousin, was, as mentioned on the 15th. Miss M. N. I found weeping. She said she was awakened on Sunday evening last, at our meeting.

“Preached in the evening from Luke 19 : 20. ‘WHAT LACK I YET?’ Solemn. Was assisted — for, from the excessive fatigue of the day, I felt well nigh unable to speak.

“20. Stayed over the night at Booth’s-Hill with deacon N. At half past 7 o’clock this morning met all the young people in that neighbourhood at deacon N.’s. They seemed solemn, and all promised to try to secure their salvation.

“In company with Hezekiah N. went through Nichols’-Farm, and so along down to Bridgeport. May promises that have been made be performed. Met brother S. at Bridgeport, unwell. Work advancing. Called at a few places. Returned this P. M., and on the way made several visits. Mrs. P. happy. Thus during this week, so far, I have gone over brother Kant’s parish, and visited most of the families — some I have seen three or four times.

“While on my rounds I arrived at a certain spot in the fields, and there was constrained to cry out, *unprofitable servant*. And so I truly felt myself to be. In view of the coming Sabbath, and other things in relation to this people, I stood and wept, and cried unto the



Lord. ‘O Lord! help, for vain is the help of man.’  
Returned much fatigued.

“Saturday 21. Stormy. Spent most of the day at home, preparing for the Sabbath. I have been solicitous as to the events of to-morrow.

“B. C. seems to have come out of her troubles. She thinks she submitted last evening. Thus, *four* give evidence of the new birth this week — an occasion for rejoicing. May many yet be born from above among this people. The Lord put upon me the whole armour for to-morrow.

“Heard from my brother Fitch. The revival in Yale-College seems on the advance.

“Sunday 22d. Brother Kant preached this morning. At noon the church assembled for prayer. Met with them for a little time — addressed them, and prayed with them. I wept during the singing of the hymn.

‘Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening power,’ etc.

and was glad for the tenderness of heart I felt. Others felt. The meeting was solemnly affecting.

“P. M. Preached from the words, ‘How long halt ye between two opinions?’ 1 Kings, 18 : 21. I spoke with unusual ease, plainness, and with apparent effect. Appointed a meeting for this evening for those who have resolved to take up the subject of religion, and for those

who have promised to try to take it up, and for those who felt that the subject of religion was pressingly important, and that it devolved upon them to consider it in earnest, and immediately. Brother Kant counted 46 of all ages, from 13 to gray hairs ; and among the number, the first men of influence in the place. In what this will result I know not. The meeting was solemn, and I interchanged a few words with most of them.

“ Matilda N., who was awakened on Sunday evening last at Mrs. P.’s, is rejoicing. She seems happy. Yesterday, about noon, she thinks she gave herself away. Thus, *five* are hopefully turned to the Lord during the last week. They each seem singularly bright cases.

“ The church met in the same room to-night where the anxious meeting was held. The church seems alive — much revived — remarkably stirred, for so little a season.

“ Quite fatigued from the labour of this Sabbath, and almost amazed at the turn things have taken: I wait in uncertainty as to results.

“ Monday, 23. Prepared a skeleton from Ep. 5 14 : ‘*Awake thou that sleepest.*’ A. M. Made a few calls with brother Kant on Chestnut-Hill. P. M. Made a few visits in the street above us. Dull during the day.

“ Evening. Attended a meeting in Long-Hill school-house — quite an audience, considering the prospect of rain. I was not much interested in my subject; and

interruption now and then was unpleasant. Wonderful that some people cannot see how destructive it is to the influence of truth to have the minds of the audience turned for half a second. Will not people have to account, in the day of reckoning, for coming to meeting *late* and thus disturbing others,—and for getting up and going out during service, and such like manoeuvres? Such things are peculiarly annoying to me; knowing that when an audience is attentive, it is best that no counteracting circumstances should occur.

“Though I did not feel so well as usual, from brother Kant’s account, I hope the meeting was not lost. Spoke from Rev. 3, 20: ‘*Behold I stand at the door and knock.*’

“Five years ago this afternoon, was the day so memorable in my life, and to which I have so often referred. O! that Christians would look for GREAT AND MIGHTY THINGS which they have not yet known. May the year to come be fraught with signal visits. May I be willing and obedient, that my peace may be as a river and my righteousness as the waves of the sea.

“24. Stormy all day. I intended and had made arrangements to visit much to-day, but have been at home reading, etc. Heard that Seldon B. is hoping that he is a Christian.

“25. In company with Charles S. visited over ground already seen. Found some encouragement. A. S. in deep distress. Her sister, H. S., left on Monday, deeply anxious.

“R. A. N. rejoicing: she was awakened Sabbath morning last, and in deep trouble all day and evening: next day about noon, thinks she gave up her heart to her God. An interesting case: she appears awfully solemn: about fourteen years of age. After visiting, attended meeting at Nichols'-Farm school-house — full — attentive — solemn. Truth seemed to cut its way. Spoke from ‘Awake thou that sleepest.’ Miss ——, whom I saw the other day, and advised to give up her old hope if not a good one—in great trouble. She was once awakened and examined for admission into church: but concludes she never experienced religion. Work advancing in Bridgeport.

“27. Went to Bridgeport yesterday P. M. Brother S. gone to New-York. Evening, attended the church-meeting — full and solemn. Hope they will do more than they have done. Returned to Trumbull *this morning*. Some pain in my side. Prepared a skeleton for this evening. P. M. — Mounted my horse to visit some, but found I could not ride comfortably — stopped and went to bed. *Evening*: Spoke at Chestnut-Hill school-house, from Luke 14, 17: ‘Come, for all things are ready.’ Full and solemn — some weeping. My brother F. on his way from college to New-York — turned up to Trumbull to see me.”

May we not here pause and vent our sorrow, as we trace this ardent lover of his species on his rounds through the different neighbourhoods in Trumbull, to

secure their highest welfare? And do we not see that he is *sacrificing himself* on the altar of Christian devotion for these people? See him in almost every note he makes at night, writing “fatigued” — “retired before the sun was set” — “greatly exhausted” — and in the last extract, we find him with “pain in his side — unable to ride comfortably — stops on his way and reposes himself on a hospitable bed.” But he rises again in the evening, and speaks to the people, and entreats them to “come” to Jesus, “for all things are ready.” And what, I ask, constrained this young man to put forth such effort, in such a state of a debilitated constitution? Had he any thing to gain in a worldly point of view? It was his own liberality that carried him there, and he dreamed not in any way to receive, nor expected a farthing in remuneration for his toil. It was all a free-will offering, the venting of benevolent emotions that poured forth in fast and full venting tears, while alone he stood in their fields on his errands of love, which proved angel-visits to many. If there should chance to be a reader of this, who is unable to sympathize in the feelings which prompted James Taylor to such sacrifices for the future happiness of those in whose behalf his interest was now enlisted, then we say that such a person has not had his heart touched by that kindred principle, which caused Jesus Christ to cast back his eye upon Jerusalem and weep with tenderness of commiseration as he said, “How oft *would* I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her brood under

her wings and ye would not." To the person who knew this devoted young man, the secret of his good-will towards others was read in his countenance. It beamed with benevolence — it glowed with a smile of kindness, and with a hallowed and amiable purpose that one would think the hardest heart of iron could not resist. No one could behold that countenance without at once feeling the conviction that nothing else than the principles of the Gospel of the *amiable* and *disinterested* Jesus could have so lighted it up. Such was the truth. He was here among a people, who, but a few days before, were strangers to him. But his soul was burning with a love to the author of that system which contemplated alike every soul of the human family, and by which alone the soul may be saved. He had felt the *happiness* which that love bestows, and which whenever felt, goes out as its legitimate product in ardency of desire and sincerity in effort for the salvation of others. The providence of God directed this devoted disciple of Jesus Christ to this people, among whom he might indulge the active benevolence which a love like his ever produces. And here we see him unmindful of his debility, putting forth an effort beyond the usual power of a settled and experienced minister. But he dreamed not that the pains, which he could not but notice, were the consequence of disease which soon, very soon, was to lay him in a grave, distant from the home of his kindred. Could those people for whom he was now spending his strength

have seen the feverish tint that already sometimes mantled his cheek from over-exertion, and have read the swelling emotions of his ardent bosom, and marked the tears of concern and sympathy that gushed from the eyes of an almost stranger on his errand of love as he crossed their fields in his visits from house to house — surely, surely, not one heart, we would think, could have resisted such an appeal.

But we will continue the extracts from his Diary, showing the extent and the ardency of his labours put forth at this time, and the happy results that continued to attend them.

“28. Stormy. Staid at home and prepared for the Sabbath.

“29. Sabbath — cloudy — Brother Kant preached in the forenoon. P. M.: I spoke to the people from Luke: ‘*Am nothing better, but rather grown worse.*’ Truth seemed to take effect.

“Anxious meetings in the evening. More fully attended than I expected, owing to the wetness of walking and appearances of rain — solemn — one approached me this evening and said that her sister felt that the *eternal truth* was spoken to-day. Well might she feel it, for, having been deeply anxious, her impressions seem, in a measure, if not altogether, to have left her. How then has *she* ‘waxed worse and worse.’

“30. Monday. Went to Bridgeport with my brother F. and then parted with him. Spent the day with brother

S. Evening, attended the anxious meeting, and of the professors of religion. Things seem increasingly interesting in Bridgeport.

“31. Returned to Trumbull this morning. When I left Bridgeport, I determined to go to Middle-Haddam : but, upon reconsidering, I concluded to deny myself the happiness of seeing my dear parents and kindred.

“Visited this P. M., though rainy, and found encouragement. Two more, who seem new-born — *Caroline B.* and *Camilla P.* Found one who was awakened under the sermon — ‘Awake thou that sleepest.’ (L.N.) In the evening, made a skeleton from the words, — ‘*Young man arise.*’ Luke 7, 14.

“May 1. Wednesday, P. M., went to Booth’s-Hill, and visited the families there. Found one (A. S.) in deep waters still : yesterday her distress was such as was never before witnessed by those around her : her cries for mercy were heard as far as the gate entering the street : she has kept herself shut up for days. I found her with the Bible in her hands, a picture of distress. The father is enraged at me, as another told me. And, as though *I* had awakened her and not God, he is said to have threatened to kick me out of doors if I again come into his house. His companion and two daughters seem happy to see me, for they love the cause.

“How short-sighted is the blind sinner to attribute that to man, which is the prerogative of God, viz. the awakening of the sinner. In his hands, as the conveyer



of the truth, one may be the instrument. And thanks to the Lord, who has counted me worthy to be a co-worker with Him in so glorious an enterprise, and that victory turns on Zion's side.

“Evening. Spoke to the largest collection (as they say,) ever congregated on Booth's-Hill, from Rev. 3 : 20. I took interest in the subject. It was solemn and melting. Returned fatigued.

“2d. Thursday. Tarried with Deacon N. over the night. Visited in the morning in the neighbourhood. Found one that was awakened under the discourse, ‘*What lack I yet?*’ Met two persons in Daniel's Farms. One in trouble. One man, debarred me from ever entering his house again. The circumstances are too trivial to be mentioned. He was in a rage ; and I think by this time is *ashamed* of his conduct. What am I, to have such honour ? To Christ the language was, ‘Glutton and wine-bibber.’ ‘Get out of our coasts.’ I think he was as much enraged as I ever saw a man. But I was as calm as a summer eve, and before I left him he was quelled down, so that I could talk with him. Perhaps he will think that he abused me. May he go to Christ, and all his house.”

Whose heart would not be won by a religion, that will mould the character into such a loveliness as is here exhibited ? How unlike all that antiquity besides has given us. Jesus Christ when he was “reviled, reviled not again.” James Taylor, the disciple of this

Lord, and with the spirit of his Master, when buffeted on one cheek, turned, with a meekness of spirit, and presented the other. What philosopher before the Christian era ever inculcated such a precept? We find it not in all the ethic-rolls which they have left for after ages. A tooth for a tooth, and an eye for an eye, is the spirit of their revengeful codes. Will any say that James Taylor was pusillanimous in this behaviour? Such a man of punctilio never had his acquaintance. Let him review his college-life. If there is a specimen of moral sublimity and mental daring on record, you find it there. You see him, *single-handed*, resolving to approach each of his associates in study, under circumstances that might have daunted any other spirit than that of James Taylor's. He resolved, and he went forth and put his purpose into execution. He wavered not, although the wrath, and the sneer, and the *jeu d'esprit* of a college-combination could alone have been anticipated, by a mind that looked at human nature as he had learned to scan it. And when threatened to be attacked in his room by a number of his college-associates, who, in disguise, wished to resent the freedom he had assumed in presenting to them the subject of their obligations to their God, he lays aside *the clubs* which he and his companion had gathered for self-protection, and with the calmness of an infant-child he falls into unbroken slumbers, and wakes in the morning re-assured in his confiding trust in the protection and care

of his God. And it is known to the writer of this TRIBUTE that he was placed in other circumstances which would have shaken the nerves of a less fearless spirit. And once, speaking with him on the propriety of a traveller's carrying pistols with him in a foreign land, he exclaimed, with an eye kindling with assured confidence in his power over the feelings of others, "*I don't believe but I could subdue the heart of a robber!*" If he could not, his Diary shows us that he has more than once quelled the rage of a passionate man. And once when with him passing a group of persons in the midst of whom one was indulging in horrid imprecations, James Taylor withdrew his arm from mine and advanced to the circle, and in a moment turned again from the group with the thanks of the passionate man audibly expressed for his counsel.

*James Taylor was a brave man.* He was always self-possessed, although of intensely susceptible feelings. But, he had trained them. He had marshalled his passions with the mental eye of one whose perception had minutely read the constitutional susceptibilities of our nature ; and with the uncompromising purpose of one, whose principles were formed by the amiable, and forbearing, and *good-seeking* system of Jesus Christ — a system which is willing to sacrifice much of *self* for the happiness of the immortal souls of *others*. Punctilio, according to its definition in the code of honour, entered not into his definition of a gentleman, or a hero.

And yet no man had clearer perceptions of fitness and propriety in things and manners. But benevolence towards his fellow-men was the prevailing principle which ruled his action ; and punctilio was too much a trifle to occupy a mind bent ever, with an intense desire, on the salvation even of his enemy. And yet, he knew when to *insist*, and when to *demand*, where a contrary course would encourage imposition, or favour impropriety in action or manner. And few men of his years ever secured a more general deference and respect. In no other person have I ever witnessed so much of the gentleness of the lamb united with the unfaltering courage of the lion. But his characteristic was to “be wise as the serpent and *harmless* as the dove.” With such energy and gentleness — quailing never when pursuing the path of duty, but solicitous ever to adopt the course of most successful effort in his benevolent designs towards his fellow-men, he walked forth wherever he went, with a composed step and a swelling heart — *the doer-of-good* to those with whom he associated. It was thus he moved through the community where we now find him, spending his energies of mind and the waning powers of his constitution, which was now fearfully approaching a crisis in his experience, which should at length suspend his efforts of active benevolence toward his fellow-men, and of happiness to himself; and was destined ere long to throw a deeper cloud upon the bright hopes of his friends, and eventually to dispel from his own

bosom the last ray of happy expectation of labouring, as a minister of the Gospel, in the vineyard of his Lord.

I continue the extracts from his Diary, exhibiting his further and successful efforts among the people of Trumbull.

The next entry succeeding the last one quoted, is made the same P. M. as follows : —

“Returned home and retired to rest. Evening. Spoke at White-Plain school-house, from Luke 7, 14. ‘*Young man arise.*’ Crowded and attentive. Received a letter from my brothers K. & J. Wrote to them.

The following is the letter alluded to. It is in reply to a joint-note from his brothers, who questioned whether he were not assuming too great a license in his public action, being as yet only a theological student.

“Trumbull, May 3d, 1827.

“My ever dear Brothers :

“Your paternal epistle reached me last evening, after the fatiguing labours of another day. Did you know how it refreshed me to hear from you, perhaps you would write oftener.

“Of all people in the world, I have the least reason to doubt the tender regard and timely solicitude of my brothers. Too much has been manifested on your part to leave me in doubt as to your best feelings.

“I am fully persuaded that your most cordial desires

are enlisted for my welfare ; and often with weeping have I thanked our common Father, that I have relations and friends so valuable as you, and have both proved yourselves to be, to the unworthiest. Even now, spontaneous tears fill my eyes, and my soul breathes the prayer, May heaven bless you both, and all yours, now and for ever.

“All the ‘power’ that belongs to me, ‘ecclesiastically,’ is that of a lay member ; for I am *simply* a member of the Cedar-street Church. As such, it becomes me, in common with my brethren, to do ‘good to all.’ What greater good than that of winning their souls to Christ ? To attempt this is the duty of the weakest, as well as the most gigantic servant of Jesus.

“That I have a *call of God* besides, to *preach* the Gospel, I have no more doubt than I have of the existence of God. This I count a blessing, one I did not enjoy when I began to prepare for this work. But since I received it, it has been peculiarly satisfactory ; and what all do not have the happiness to possess. It did not become mine, but through strong cries, and many tears, and wrestlings, when I was in college. In grateful remembrance of that season, my pen has stopped to weep, and thank the Lord. It is a blessing of his imparting, not to me, but to Him be the praise. It is a blessing of great worth to any one who attempts to preach the Gospel, to feel that he has a *commission from*

*God.* I now feel as I have often felt ; ‘ Wo is me, if I preach not the Gospel.’

“ The power I now exercise, if I exercise any, is this, simply this, and no more than this, ‘ Speaking the truth to my neighbour.’ Zech. v. 3. 16. ‘ This I do, ‘ publicly and from house to house,’ by night and by day, as I have opportunity. I do not baptize nor administer the sacrament. What I do is done under the sanction and wish of the regularly ordained pastors of these churches ; and, if I mistake not, from the expressions of some, in accordance with the ardent wishes of the church members themselves. If this be wrong, let a man prove it so, and I will cease to do wrong.

‘ What matters it whether I take my stand in a pulpit or on a stump in the field ? If in the church, why under the pulpit rather than in it ? If the question be decided by convenience, both for the audience and the speaker, the *pulpit* is the place.

“ To me this seems to be straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. Knock down the pulpit, and raise a platform. To me it makes no difference where I stand. But I like to see the people, and hearers generally like to see the speaker.

“ You say ‘ it is out of order.’ What statute book decides it to be out of order for one to ‘ speak the truth’ to all who will hear him ? To what body am I amenable — who will dare to censure me, and reprove me for seeking not mine own, but the things that are Jesus

Christ's ? and in the way I do it ? Will a Presbytery ? They have no power over me, for I am not a member of such a body. Will the session of the church of which I am a member ? To them I am amenable, if the course I have taken be wrong. Will the Theological School at New-Haven ? Thus do the students — at least one of them told me he did the same before he was licensed, to support a vacant pulpit. And when a minister wants help, shall not one help him in a way seemingly the *best* ? Shall I be censured by those ministers, who conducted me into the pulpit ?

“ ‘Why appear as a minister when you are not ?’ It is known that I am a student of theology. The minister, in the church, and when present at other meetings, *always* pronounces the benediction. When absent, I close the meeting with a short prayer. ‘I am not ashamed.’ Why should I be ? God approves — sinners are awakened and converted — meetings are crowded — houses are opened to receive me — the work of God is advancing — the harvest whitens : says the minister, with affection and emphasis — ‘We love you and *wish* you here’ — prays for me, unwilling that I should leave him.

“ When the cry is *all around*, help, help, help, shall I close my mouth, because a man may make a distinction between a pulpit and something else, when no such distinction is made by the Bible ? NEVER — were I to die to-day. I feel that I ought not to hold my peace ; and



as I know of no statute that forbids my naming a text to speak from, and as I find this the most convenient for myself, and every way acceptable to those who hear me, I presume I shall not be censured for this.

“The question is, *What is right?* not what this or that man says, without alleging his proof—shall I hold my peace? My labours have been so great for some time past, you need not be surprised, if I turn aside and rest awhile. I shall be glad once more to fall into your embraces, and to be refreshed in your mansions.

“May you increase more and more in this world’s goods, but especially be rich towards God.

“Through your munificence I abound, and am now as I always have been,

“Your *obliged* and affectionate brother,

“J. B. T.”

“3d. Friday P. M. Rode to New-Haven. Found it advantageous. Called on Rev. Mr. L. of Stratford.

“4th. Saturday. Returned from New-Haven, *via* Derby and Huntington. Saw Rev. Mr. P., who wished me to come and labour in his society. Things are interesting and have been so for months past. Met Rev. Mr. N. of R., who invited me to his house.

“Returning through Booth’s-Hill, found Abbey S. rejoicing. She met me not the same picture of distress which I had left when I parted with her on Thursday morning, but the brighter resemblance of joy. A sig-

nal deliverance. A bright case. Mother and sisters rejoice with her. H. in deep trouble, having returned home and found her younger sister taken and she left.

“A. S. told me that she thought that she was awakened in hearing me talk with her sister, and at the meeting when I spoke from the words, ‘*What lack I yet?*’

“5. Sabbath evening. Last evening prepared a discourse from Eph. 4, 30. ‘*Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God.*’ Retired to my room to seek God. I have found him as my Father, Redeemer, and Sanctifier. My heart has broken and melted in some good degree. It has bled for this people, that God would visit them in great power. This morning, I have again, with tears and contrition of spirit, thrown myself upon the altar of God, as a burnt sacrifice. I felt and said to God, ‘If thou throw me into hell, at least, let me live for *thy* glory while on earth.’ I felt as though I deserved to be hurled into the nethermost hell, on account of my sins and great inconsistency. I felt heart-broken in view of the littleness of *my own* growth in grace, when apparently the instrument under God of awakening and converting others. I have this morning longed with fulness of soul that I might see the glory of God in the sanctuary, as I never saw it before. Submissively, I laid all before God.

“Spoke in the morning from Eph. 4, 30. ‘*Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God.*’ Felt the assistance of the blessing, which I experienced in my chamber this morning. Truth seemed to go home to the hearts of the

people. At noon, followed up the subject in the meeting for professors and others. Heard that — (the one not quite ready, &c., a few days since,) submitted her heart to God yesterday, after I left her. In the P. M. brother Kant preached a sacramental sermon, and administered the Lord's supper. In the evening attended the anxious meeting. Between *thirty and forty* were present though cloudy and likely to rain. Found another instance of rejoicing. Said the person 'I am happy.' William B., son of one of the deacons, thinks that he found Christ as his accepted Saviour, in the church, this A. M. This lad of thirteen years of age, was singularly awakened. At home, and during most of a night he was in distress, and wept. No one had spoken to him. When it was enquired of him why he was thus distressed, he was unwilling to tell. At length, however, he said, 'it is nothing as to this world.' His father bows before God in humble gratitude. His case has been an interesting one of anxiety.

"12. Sabbath. Last Monday set out for New-York. Our Saviour said to his disciples 'Let us turn aside and rest awhile.' Thus I went to recruit. On board of the steamboat met the Rev. Mr. S. of D., and the Rev. Mr. B., both of whom solicited my labours.

"Found my friends in New-York well, and as usual glad to see me. Rev. Mr. Bruen was desirous of my help in New-York. Addressed his flock in the lecture-room. But all must be given up to cultivate the field

in Trumbull for a season. During the week, in New-York, attended the anniversaries of the different benevolent institutions. More interesting than usual. Less display and more spirituality marked the performances.

“ While in New-York, I heard of the death of Miss Sarah W., whose case is of dear remembrance, as witnessed two years since in Princeton. I felt as if I had lost one of my praying friends. In the evening I wept as I walked the streets. It was not because this friend had gone to heaven, but that one so unworthy as myself, in any way, should have peopled that heavenly world. As one of my spiritual children, and perhaps the first one gone to glory, I hope to meet her at the right hand of God.”

It may not be uninteresting, in connexion with this affecting remembrance of Mr. T., to interrupt his journal by an extract from two letters of this young lady, which were sent in reply to communications\* addressed to her by Mr. Taylor, by way of assisting her in her new course of discipleship to Jesus Christ. She is now, it is to be trusted, in the society of the happy, to be forever grateful for the influences, which, in the providence of God, were brought to bear upon her mind through the instrumentality of him, whom we have contemplated in the preceding paragraph as weeping, in tender recol-

\* See Memoir.

lections, over the departure of this his Christian friend. The first letter is dated Trenton, April 7th—the second, May 8, 1825.

“Yesterday I received your very kind letter. It was a pleasure I little anticipated. To you, sir, I feel that I can never be sufficiently grateful for your kindness and perseverance towards me, a stranger as I was, when you first conversed with me! Hourly do I bless my Maker, that he permitted me to visit Princeton, and there to form an acquaintance with such a faithful guide as you have been. Indeed, at this instant, I feel, that but for your conversation, argument, exhortation and watchfulness, and your prayers, I should, until now, have been a wretched wanderer from Christ, and perhaps have continued to wander until I was lost! But I now feel that I can say, with a penitent and thankful heart, ‘Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name!’ ‘Blessed are they that put their trust in him.’ It is my constant prayer that I may be willing at all times to submit to my Redeemer’s will, and have no will otherwise of my own.

“Your letter contains much good advice, and may the Lord bless you for giving it; and to me give grace to walk in the path you have so kindly and so plainly pointed out. Yes, I see the path of duty is plain and delightful to the Christian who walks obediently and decidedly therein; but how much difficulty and trouble they will meet with, who turn aside from the strait and

plain path. 'Lord, lead me in the right way,' 'Be thou the guard and guide of my youth.'

"You urge me 'to press forward into the fullness of Christ's love.' Such is my constant prayer and sincere desire. I feel as if I had but just touched the hem of my Saviour's garment; but I long to press forward, and clasp him to my arms, and call him mine forever. If others will stand still, it will not do for me. I have much to do, having so long been a votary of sin; and I feel that no succeeding moment of my time can now be spared to be given to the world, since my eyes have been opened. Oh how many precious days have I lost? How many precious privileges? How many Sabbaths have I broken? I feel myself a very child in religion, and that I have every thing to learn. But all my dependence is on God; and oh, what a good and faithful God he is. Like Mary, will I sit at his feet and learn.

"Immediately on my return to T., I was much engaged, but my thoughts were most busy in looking back upon my past life, and in blessing God that he had so long and kindly borne with me. Hourly do new views spring up in my mind to awaken my thankfulness.

"I have had but little time to devote to my friends since my return. My young friends have called on me, but I have not conversed with them yet. This morning I called to see a young lady with whom I was

intimate. She was at home. When I left her, she wept. Dear girl, her heart is tender. I hope, ere long she may see the folly of living without an interest in the Saviour, and submit her heart to him.

“Mr. Taylor, you wrote me that some on Monday evening appeared more anxious. The Lord be praised for it. My heart was with you all. My prayers, too, feeble as they are, that little band will always have. I know I was always backward in conversing with you. I do not know how I could have been so with you, who have been to me such a kind and faithful friend; but you will please forgive me, and think not, because I did not answer, I did not hear. Indeed, the fear of losing a word, I believe, sometimes kept me still.

“I think that C. is very anxious. I did not converse much with her, but intend writing. Do you, sir, converse with her, just as you used to do with me. She cannot long remain in her present state of mind. Persuade her to submit to her Saviour. But should she go back — I dare not to think of it.

“I now feel that I have lost much, by not being less reserved when with you. There are many things about which I would now like to inquire. You have been my kind and persevering guide thus far. You know my feelings and sentiments better than any one else. Perhaps you may think otherwise, as I did not freely express them. But you have conversed with me, or, at least, talked a great deal to me; and you never uttered

a single opinion in which I did not fully agree with you. If I had not, I should have told you. And I now feel that you can better guide me than any other of my religious friends. I hear much on some points of doctrine I perhaps do not understand. My experience is short. But, since I returned, I have read in my *Bible* every leisure moment. I have not as yet read much in the books you loaned me. I desire to come out from the world by a public profession of religion. I feel it to be my duty, and would not willingly break one of the least commandments of God. But I would not be called a *roving Christian*; and would always wish to live a member of that church I may join, and would understand its doctrines, that I may, if I approve, abide by them. My mind, in this state of anxiety, is unsettled. I feel that the advice you would give would be proper, as you are most competent, and it would be such as I could follow; and I pray God that your answer may direct me.

“My mother desires to be remembered to you, who have been the means of opening her daughter’s eyes.

“S. W.”

“I return you many thanks for your kind letter. I pray I may be profited by so much good advice, kind caution, and many wishes for my happiness.

“My mind was very much harrassed after I left Princeton, about joining the church. I now see that



my motives for staying from the communion were very weak ones ; and that it was altogether a delusion of satan to tempt me to stay back. If I had delayed, I now feel that I should have been wretched — for, I should knowingly have broken one of the most binding commandments.

“The Sunday after you left here, I joined the church. Yes, for the first time, I took my seat with the people of God at the Communion table. My feelings on that day I can never describe. My soul was melted into repentance for sin, and into love towards that dear Saviour, who had done so much for me. I never before felt so sensibly the deep extent of my obligation to God. I never before felt so sensibly the depth of my ingratitude, and my utter unworthiness to receive any mercy or favour from the hand of God. But I went with all my sins — a heavy burden. I bowed down at the feet of my Saviour. I there anew submitted myself to him all unworthy as I was. I begged of him to cleanse me from all my sins, and sanctify my soul.

“After partaking of the emblems, my soul felt greatly refreshed and strengthened. It was a blessed season to my soul. Verily, the Lord was there. I felt his presence. I felt that ‘his banner over me was love.’

“And now, my friend, I have more need than ever of your prayers. Pray that I may prove faithful to the promises I have made. They were, to renounce the world and its vanities, and to live to God alone — to that great and good God ! who has been so good, and

so kind, and so merciful to me, a poor, miserable sinner. O! may I feel the solemnity of what I there engaged. May I be watchful over every thought, and every word and action. I daily pray to God that he will, for Christ's sake, lead me in the strait path of duty — keep my feet from falling, and be the guide and the guard of my youth ; and that I may not be a stumbling block in the way of others. And yet, if it may seem strange to you, I have sometimes been tempted to think that I have deceived myself, and am not a Christian. But, on examination, I feel an evidence within, that I have met with a change, and that Christ did suffer and die even for me. I will tell you what led me to doubt. I find not in myself all that spirit of zeal and holy fervor which I have heard others speak of — those holy transports and meltings I have heard you describe. But I know there are ‘babes in Christ.’ I feel my weakness. I pray God to strengthen me. And I would that Christ may fill my soul with his love, and that all I do may be for his glory.

“I have examined the commands and the promises, you so kindly pointed out. God grant me grace to obey the commands, and then the promises will all be fulfilled. Pray that the Lord would give me a spirit of prayer. And I desire the ‘gift’ of prayer. Your prayers for me have been heard, and I hope answered. I know that God hears the prayers of the weakest. I feel that he hears mine ; and blessed be his name for it. But while I pray for myself, I would pray for others,

and *with* them. It is this that I want — the spirit not only to pray *for* but *with* them

“I still am forced to say that I have conversed but little with my friends. The opportunity has not been given me, and I greatly fear that all I could say would be disregarded. But even if it should be so, I will not neglect my duty. I have affronted two young ladies of my acquaintance already. I cannot help it. I did not mean to offend them. I do not wish them to know that I have ever heard any thing that they have said. I have been disappointed about the young friend I mentioned in my first letter. She is not even thoughtful. At least, she is not considered so. I have gone several times to see her, but always found company with her.

“My mother desires her remembrance, and I again ask your prayers. Farewell. And if we meet not again in this world, God grant that we may meet in heaven.

“S. W.”

Such were the early breathings of the Christian spirit of this young lady, who not many months after died in a full and confiding trust in the love of a Saviour, to whom she thus early devoted her affections. And now, we trust she is not the only one among the happy spirits of the saved, who have left this earth, with grateful acknowledgement of the Christian exertions and affectionate solicitude of one, who, in the last extract we have made from his journal, is represented by his own pa-

thetic pen, as pausing amid grateful but melancholy recollections to weep for the exit from this earth, of a spirit, which, under God, he trusted he had been the means of furthering on its way to the changeless blessedness of the saved.

It is a grateful pause, as we advance in the extracts from Mr. Taylor's journal, which records his continued and similar action and successful exertions for others, thus to quote the evidence of the consistent discipleship of those who have been immediately influenced by his efforts, but whose hands that traced the consistent sentiment, and whose bosoms, which felt the devoted emotions, are now cold as his own dust ; but whose spirits now together, alike glow around the throne of their God in happy and ceaseless communion and worship. Other similar communications might be quoted, but we return to the Diary.

“Arrived at brother Kant's, who cordially welcomed my return. Found that C. B., whom I had left in deep distress, had submitted. Also Miss P. S. The one on the first, the other on the fourth instant.

“This Sabbath-noon was a season of power. Conviction seemed to roll like a turbulent wave through the meeting, as I urged sinners to prepare to sit down with the children of God in heaven, else the time would come, and that soon, when they could sit no longer beside Christians here. This P. M. spoke from the words — *‘I pray thee have me excused.’* And was attentive.

In the evening, about thirty-five were at the meeting of inquiry. Tarried over night with deacon Nichols.

“ 13. Monday. Saw Miss F. B., who thinks she gave her heart to God this morning. Awakened under, ‘*What lack I yet?*’ Has been in deep distress. Visited and found encouragement.

“ 14. Thursday. Spent the night at Rev. Mr. V.’s in Bridgeport. Had purposed to go to Middle-Haddam, and take a journey with my dear mother for the benefit of her health, but the state of things in Trumbull hardly warrants my going. I therefore wrote my brother F., desiring him to accompany her to this place by Saturday evening, that I might go with her hence. P. M. Visited ‘from house to house.’ Evening, spoke at Daniel’s-Farms school-house, from Job 15 : 21. ‘*A dreadful sound in his ears.*’ Solemn.

“ 15. Wednesday. Tarried over the night with deacon Beach. A. M. Visited some. P. M. Prepared a subject for this evening. Visited and found two cases of hopeful conversion — Miss B. and Emily B. The former evinced much brokenness of heart and contrition of spirit. Evening. Spoke at Chesnut-Hill school-house to a crowd, from James 4 : 7. ‘Submit yourselves to God.’ Truth seemed to find way to the consciences of the hearers.

“ Thursday, P. M. Visited from house to house. Evening. Spoke at Nichol’s-Farms school-house to a crowd, from Acts. ‘*Sirs, what shall I do to be saved?*’

“Friday. Went to Bridgeport, and found brother Vail had returned. Still in a feeble state of health. Should have spoken this evening, but Dr. Taylor’s arrival relieved me.

“Saturday. Returned to Trumbull, *via* Stratford. Found brother L. unwell. ‘In labours more abundant’ undermine the feeble frame. Called on Messrs. O. and L.

“Sunday. At noon had a meeting of the young converts at Mrs. S. P’s. They seemed much to enjoy it. P. M. Spoke from Psalms 2 : 11. ‘*Rejoice with trembling.*’ Did not become interested until near the application, when the effect was so apparent, *I broke off!* Some now felt who before were unfeeling. I called them all to record that day, if I had shunned to declare the truth to them? The appeal was seemingly powerful on their consciences, and I was helped, from conscious faithfulness in this subject. Evening. Went as usual to the anxious meeting. The room was so filled with the young converts and inquirers, that I thought it expedient that the converts should move into an adjoining room, to make place for others of the anxious. I said before any rose, that those who trusted that they had become religious during this revival are requested to move into the adjoining room. I assigned as reasons, that the seats were greatly crowded and that the atmosphere of the room was close. By this movement our comfort will be consulted, and room will be made

for the inquirers. The effect, as the young converts rose from among their anxious friends, was sudden and powerful. There was an instance in which a sister left a sister behind — another, of a brother, who left his sister — cousins left cousins — and friends, associates — and acquaintances, left their friends and associates and acquaintances. The scene naturally led on our thoughts to the Judgement-Day ; and the occasion was improved, to further the good cause. It was the most numerous meeting which we have had — the most solemn and affecting. Probably fifty were left behind. One circumstance tended greatly to affect those who remained in our room. In an adjacent chamber the members of the church then assembled, were singing at the time a hymn, the chorus of which was,

‘I’m bound for the kingdom,  
Will you go to glory with me?’ etc.

those who were now singing were parents, and sisters, and other kindred, of those who were in our room. I asked them one moment to listen ! *All was as solemn as eternity !*

“ The revival thus far has been pleasant. Though in one or two instances the wrath of man has been witnessed — and though by one I was called an *imposter*, yet ‘these things do not move me.’ Probably the work is in as interesting a state as ever. But what will be the issue, time must develope.”

Here occurs a break in the Diary of Mr. Taylor.

And we ourselves may appropriately pause, and carry back our contemplation, and mark the results of his efforts in Trumbull. We see him, in his last note, in a crowded house — Christians, who are members of the church, singing their hymns of praise — and those who have, in considerable numbers, become religious, while he has been with them, moving from among the seats of a crowd of anxious souls to another room. And in the sublimity of a scene where anxious spirits are waiting in solemn communion with their souls, and upon their responsibilities for eternity, he asks them, amid impressive silence, to listen to the sympathetic strain of Christian kindred in the adjacent chamber, as they sing in a melting appeal,

“We’re bound for the kingdom,  
Will you go to glory with us?”

Fifty anxious spirits are held in a solemn silence, intercepted alone by the waking sigh and other evidences of hearts which are now throwing with the exciting thoughts of a possible separation from their Christian friends, when those friends shall be reckoned with the ransomed at the judgement-seat of Christ.

Mr. Taylor in a previous extract, speaks of his effort put forth in Trumbull, as an “experiment.” He spake thus in relation to his own labours, as it was the first instance where he had entered a place alone, to commence and to carry on a series of Christian efforts,



which he believed, with the blessing of God, would result in the exciting of the religious sensibilities of the people, and eventuate in the conversion of their souls. He had been in revivals before. He had enjoyed the pleasure which his ardent spirit experienced amid scenes of religious excitement. But he had laboured with others, with their counsel, and under their direction, and always possessed their confidence and affection. It was by the pressing invitation of clerical friends, who knew of his happy manner, and lovely piety, and successful influence in urging others to give their affections to their God, that he had now left his studies for a short time, and visited Bridgeport. Here he assisted his friends for awhile. Trumbull was five miles north from Bridgeport. The minister from that place met Mr. T. and solicited his efforts in behalf of his people. Burning with a desire to win souls to Christ, he consents to speak to the people in Trumbull, and if he finds that his messages of persuasion and entreaty are listened to, he will continue his efforts. With these feelings he accompanies his friend, the minister of the place. His exhortations arouse the attention of the people. They are thrilled under his discourses. He goes to their houses, and with an urbanity that won for him the respect and attachment of those on whom he calls, he urges them to make religion the thing of their immediate and chief concern. They *feel* his sincerity, and promise before their God to seek the welfare of their souls.

We have followed him in extracts from his Diary through these efforts. We have seen him in the pulpit — the school-house — and the private dwelling, delivering his impassioned and affectionate addresses. We have followed him in his visits from house to house. And we gather from the texts of Scripture, which he has recorded as the themes of his discourses, and from the notes of his social interviews, what was *the kind of effort* which he put forth. That it was the effort which was called for in the circumstances in which he was placed, we may judge to be certain, from the results which attended them. How many were hopefully converted during his stay among the people of Trumbull, is not a matter of specific record. The number, however, was great for the amount of the inhabitants, and but few instances can be found where greater effect has been produced by the efforts of a young man in the space of time, in which Mr. Taylor, as yet a theological student, accomplished among this people, where he has left many a heart that cannot forget, and will be happy to acknowledge him as their spiritual father, through the ages of a happy eternity.

As evidence of the fitness of these efforts in producing the desired result, under the influences of the Spirit, and as further illustration of Mr. Taylor's manner in his approaches to strangers, and his conversation with them, we may here copy a paper, which lays open to us with great simplicity of language and feeling, the effect of his

religious intercourse upon the minds of some in Trumbull, with whom he associated in his rounds and labours while among them. The paper appears to be a transcript from a daily journal of another, whose feelings it records :

“ April 19, 1827. As the Lord is pouring out his Holy Spirit in H., and being in the outer part of that town, I did not think it particularly concerned me. But soon it spread into Trumbull. The clergyman of that town came into the street where I reside, and brought with him a young minister, Mr. T. He impressed it very much on my sister to take up the subject of religion, and to seek an interest in Christ. Mr. T. asked her if she was not ready. But she manifested that she was not. ‘Your mother,’ said he, ‘is willing — your sisters are willing — Christ is willing — I am willing:’ and then casting his eyes up to Heaven, he said, ‘O Lord, make her willing!’ if you are not ready, remember when you meet me at the bar of God, there happened a stranger along, and invited you to go to Christ, but you were not ready.

“ As I was in the room, and he passed me in silence, the thought rose in my mind, why should he not speak to me — is not my soul as precious as hers? The same evening Mr. T. held a meeting at —, and took his text from Matthew, 19, 20: ‘What lack I yet?’ He addressed himself to those who were not ready, and prayed to the Lord that he would make them ready.

After the meeting was closed, he came to me and said, 'You lack a great many things — you lack a new heart.' But I came home, careless and unconcerned as ever. In the morning after, I was requested to go down to —, with my mates. I went down very reluctantly — I found some of my companions rejoicing in the Lord, and others very much impressed with a sense of their sins. Mr. T. said that God would pass by some of us — we ought each to inquire who it is — Is it I? Is it I? I came home that P. M. and felt myself a sinner. I went to the Throne of Grace for relief. But my distress still increased.

"22d. Sabbath-day. I went to meeting with a very heavy heart and down cast eye, unable to rise in prayer-time. Mr. ——— preached from John 3, 9 : 'Nicodemus answered and said unto him, How can these things be?' The preacher said that, unless a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God. He stated how Christians felt. They could not express their happiness to an unawakened sinner. Their joy was unspeakable and full of glory : I thought that I had never felt such joy. As I was coming home, my sister said to me, 'I have heard good news — your mate ———,' they say 'has become religious, and is rejoicing in the Lord.' O, what feelings swelled my bosom ! I felt as though I should be the one that God would pass by !

"25th. My burden of sin increases. In the afternoon Mr. T. called on me again, and invited me to go to

Christ. He said that there were a number who had given their hearts to Christ, and they wanted me to go with them. O, what feelings pressed upon me! My sins redoubled. None can tell but the Lord who made me—he was my stay. After a few moments, Mr. T. urged me to go to my room and not to come down again till I gave my heart to Christ. I went up with a heavy load of sin, and there wrestled for two hours or more, but found no relief. I came down and thought there was no mercy for me. I got but little rest that night, but spent the hours in entreating hard for mercy.

“26. This morning I awoke, asking for mercy. To-day I have kept my chamber—seldom go down to eat or drink, for I am full of sin. I have sinned against the great and Holy God. I am such a great sinner I can hardly offer up a prayer to God in Heaven. The Bible condemns me wherever I look. It says, unless you repent you shall sink down to everlasting burnings prepared for the devil and his angels.

“29th. To-day is the Lord’s day. I feel not so much alarmed, although I am a great sinner. The burden of sin lies here, heavy on my mind. O! if I could but have an interest in Christ. There is nothing I wish for but him. I went to meeting in the P. M. The text in Mark 9: 22, 23: ‘But if thou canst do any thing, have compassion on us and help us. Jesus said unto him, If thou canst believe—all things are possible to him that believeth.’ I came home thinking that I

would call on the Lord Jesus Christ, and I should find mercy, but found no relief.

“May 1st. This day will long be remembered by me. I feel as though I should sink down to the bottomless pit — Hell is before my eyes — O, that dreadful place of torment ! Never did I experience such a dark day. Hell stands wide open ready to receive me. O, what horror and distress I have felt, with bitter groanings and cries for mercy ! Unable to sit up, I go to bed, but cannot lie. Pen nor tongue can describe my feelings.

‘Prostrate I lie before his throne  
And there confess my guilt,  
I tell him I’m a wretch undone  
Without his sovereign grace.’

During the night, being very weary, I got but little sleep. Awoke many times crying, ‘Lord save me or I perish.’

“2d. My fears still increase. I hate sin with perfect hatred. The Bible still condemns me, and says, ‘Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish.’ Mr. T. called on me in the afternoon — as he is going to have a meeting in this street this evening, he asked me if I had given my heart to Christ. If the Bible appeared any differently to me. I told him I thought not. I asked him to pray with me. He, at first, hesitated, then consented to make a short prayer. He asked me if I was going down to the meeting. I told him I was.

He told me to give my heart to Christ before I went. I went down to the meeting, my feeble frame unable to bear me up. My wicked heart more agitated than ever. Mr. T. commenced the meeting by a hymn. He read thus :—

‘Behold a stranger at the door,  
He gently knocks — has knocked before —  
Has waited long, is waiting still,  
You treat no other friend so ill!’

O, if he had taken a dagger and pierced it through my heart, I could not have felt worse. O, my heart was too full to be expressed! Tears flowed from my eyes like rivers of water. I felt as though *I* had treated that Friend *so ill*, that there was no mercy for me. Mr. T. took his text, Rev. 3, 20 : ‘Behold I stand at the door and knock.’ He said that Christ was knocking at every sinner’s heart present. I sincerely felt as though I was one. He said the awakened sinner who would turn back to the world, would, hereafter, go to the door of mercy when too late, and say, ‘Lord, Lord, open unto us. And then will the Lord profess unto them, I never knew you, depart from me ye that work iniquity.’ He said, any sinner who would go home and go to bed without prayer, if he should awake in the night, let him think how he would cry, ‘Lord, Lord, open unto us.’ O, I felt as though I should sink down into the dust. Mr. T. came to me after the meeting, and said, go home

and give away your heart before you retire. I came home. O, I felt to say, would, would I had died in my cradle, or had given up the ghost, and no eye had seen me! For, the arrows of the Lord, are within me — the poison whereof drinketh up my spirit. I sat up some time alone in my chamber. None can tell what feelings I had. After a while I composed myself to lie down. I am weary with my groaning. All the night make I my bed to swim. I water my couch with tears. I felt as though I should be one who would cry, ‘Lord, Lord, open unto me!’

“3d. I am no better, but rather grow worse. O what terrors of hell I do feel! I cannot continue thus long. I am almost exhausted, and where shall I go? — down to hell! O, I feel it *now*: and what, will it be to all *eternity*? Christ is willing to rescue me. O, I pray that he would make me willing. I feel as though it is all my own fault I do not repent and turn to God, and give myself wholly away to him. I hope I shall never have another minute’s peace as long as time continues to me, unless I submit. O, I feel as though I am a poor, unworthy, hell-deserving sinner. Hell is too good for me. I cried —

‘O that my load of sin were gone.’

“Mr. T. came to see me about eight o’clock in the morning. I could hardly get up out of my chair to welcome him. He stayed but a few moments. He



said ‘ They say you are going to the meeting, this evening. Now give your heart away to Christ before you go. You may die, even before the meeting.’ O, how it struck me ! I felt as if I should sink down to the bottomless pit. The blackness of hell appeared before me. He bade me good morning, and left me, poor, unworthy, hell-deserving sinner, to settle it between God and myself. I knelt down and prayed without much cessation, till about half-past ten. In that same position my soul was filled with joy and peace of mind, which I cannot express. That horror and dismay which possessed me, turned into a pleasant smile. Christ appeared to me in every thing. In the afternoon, I went to meeting. Was very much delighted. Had some conversation with ——, which increased my joy. I stayed in the evening to a meeting. Came home about eleven. I felt so happy I could not sleep. It was peace, happiness, and joy, which I never before felt.

“ 4th. The glory of God shone forth in my soul this morning. Every thing wore a pleasant smile. My thoughts were directed up to heaven. This world was nothing to me. I feel that joy which is unspeakable and full of glory. The character of Jesus appears infinitely lovely, and I could say with the Psalmist, ‘ Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none on earth I desire besides thee.’ The awful gulf I had escaped, filled me with astonishment. O ! if I could

take my young companions by the hand and lead them to Christ, I would. But it is all in vain.

“5th. I still go on rejoicing in the Lord. I feel perfectly resigned to death, if it should come — to go and to be with Christ. This afternoon, Mr. T. called on me. With what joy I met him. With what delight I converse with him. I feel that he was the instrument in the hand of God in warning me of my danger, and leading me to Christ. But I give God all the glory. I feel that I have met with a very great change since I saw him. And now I can rejoice still more. My sister feels as if she had made her peace with God. What joy I feel on her account. I think I can rejoice with the angels in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. Now she feels that she can rejoice with me. O! what sweet comfort and delight we take together, which we never knew before.

“6th. This day is the Sabbath. I go to meeting. Oh, how much of God I have enjoyed. Such views of his holy character, and such desires of glorifying his holy name, I never knew before. While singing praises to God, it appeared to me beautiful! The sermon was from 2d Cor. 5: 17. ‘Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.’ I thought I never had heard preaching before. I felt, indeed, as though old things to me had passed away, and behold all things had become new in Christ Jesus. I stayed to a meeting

held in the evening, and a very solemn one it was. I came home. Never before did I experience such a happy day and night. I now hate the things I once loved, and love the things I once hated."

There is in the moral world, as much a tendency in means rightly adapted to produce desired effect, as there is a certain connexion in the physical world between a given cause and its effect. The power of the Christian minister consists in directing these means, in given circumstances, so as to secure, *under the influence of the Spirit*, their legitimate tendencies on the mind of a community, or of an individual. Successfully to adapt these means to secure the designed effect in religion, requires various qualifications of intellect and heart. And to the minister of God who has to do with the souls of men, a knowledge of the intellectual and moral powers of that being whom he is to influence, is indispensable to his success. However, it may be acquired — whether from books or from his own observation, or from both — the minister must possess this knowledge, or else he will be, in religion, what a quack is in medicine. Few ever read human nature more minutely than did James Taylor. Few understood the operations of his own mind and heart better. He knew what moved himself, and, by consequence, he concluded with much accuracy what would move others. And here lay the secret of his success in the efforts in which we have last contemplated him. He possessed

other advantages, it is true, which many have not, who may be equally zealous, and equally judicious in their efforts, and who are correct in their perceptions as to fitness of times and things. I allude to his elocution — his voice — his personal appearance — and manners — all at once at his command to conciliate, to attach, to alarm, to sooth, and intelligently to guide. With these advantages he went forth with a heart full of love towards the Saviour of sinners, and of desires for the salvation of his fellow-men. No one can review the account of the labour he went through, without wondering at the mental ease with which he accomplished it, or without painfully sympathizing in the fatigues and exhaustion of body in his “labours more abundant,” which were enough to prostrate the most robust of constitutions. And those efforts we have seen eventuated in successful results, which made many a pious kindred happy in witnessing the approach of those held dear to the altar of their God, and pledging their devotion, with evidences of their sincerity to the Saviour of sinners. His Christian friends saw in this successful effort, only the confirmation of their already high wrought expectation of his future usefulness in the ministry. And they felt assured that one whose early course was ever attended by such manifestations of the favour of his Lord in the salvation of souls, would, as he advanced to the station of one fully commissioned as a public ambassador of Jesus Christ, be characterized for his successful

ministrations far beyond the general experience of his contemporaries in the ministry.

That the writer, in these reflections, mistakes not the impressions of others by his own, may be gathered from a note justly inserted here, which was received from the Rev. Mr. Kant, the pastor of the congregation in Trumbull, in which Mr. Taylor laboured, as we have seen, with so much acceptance and success. It was written after the arrival of intelligence that the friend whom they loved, and whom they will have reason to remember through eternity, was no more. It was addressed to the eldest brother of the deceased.

“Trumbull, June 22d, 1829.

“Dear Sir :

“The obituary notice of your brother, contained in the Richmond paper, I received shortly after his demise. I was affected, as were also many of my parishioners, who shed tears at the remembrance of the happy days which they had spent with him. But shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? We know he will ; and he leaves us not to mourn as those who have no hope, but rather, in contemplating such a happy close of an earthly career, our own souls would wish to have been in his soul's place — so delightful were his prospect and anticipation !

“Mr. Taylor laboured with us five or six weeks, during a revival in Trumbull. At that time I was led to

observe the manner of his conversation with young people on religious subjects — how winning, how affectionate! He could speak of the fearful looking-for of judgement and fiery indignation awaiting the unconverted with alarming effect, without creating any antipathy against himself. Sinners were won by his sweet voice and Christian courtesy, while they trembled for their souls and felt the necessity of repentance. His words were all for his Divine Master. I never knew him to trifle. He allowed himself, indeed, no relaxation of thought. Whilst here, he laboured till he was obliged from debility to desist, and then his only wish was to recruit, that he might renew his efforts in the service of his Redeemer. Could ministers be found as unremitting and ardent as he was, few, where the Gospel is preached, would be left without convictions at least, if they were not hopefully converted through such instrumentality. But what *body* could long contain such a glowing soul? Such fervent, constant, indefatigable zeal would require more than mortal strength.

“From the desk his piety shined with equal ardour. It beamed with intensity of desire to win souls to Christ. It kindled flames in the souls of others — especially the young, whose consciences he had a happy manner of reaching. His discourses were piercing and convincing. They aroused thoughtless sinners to think — to see sin as exceedingly hateful in the sight of God, and inevitably destructive to themselves, and many have gone home from hearing him, shedding tears over their desperate

situation, breathing forth their deep emotions in a suppressed exclamation, 'What shall I do to be saved?' He had also a word of comfort for the weak and wavering. He carried the still small voice of the Gospel to their ears, which dropped like a soothing spell upon the believing soul, gladdening and refreshing the heart."

This is the sympathetic testimony of the pastor of the congregation in Trumbull, where Mr. Taylor laboured with results which caused some hearts to break, and some eyes to shed tears of grateful remembrance over the intelligence of the departure of a friend, who had, under God, successfully urged them to Christ. The tribute of these tears was appropriate, as they carried back their thoughts to the hours which he spent among them, assured as they must have been in the review, that he had given them some of the last energies of his waning strength, and which none can doubt but facilitated the crisis which finally wrested from his own bosom the expectation, long indulged, of entering the ministry; and of one day preaching, as the ambassador of Christ, the reconciliation through his name. May those for whom he indulged his choicest sympathies, and for whom he laboured in hours of debility, and with tears, cherish the impressions which his lovely piety and zealous effort, and Christian courtesy left on their minds, and meet him, after an imitation of his life of holiness, as he exhorted them, where Christ has gone before to prepare the "many mansions."

## SECTION VII.

MR. TAYLOR, after having advanced as far in his exertions, at Trumbull, as we have followed him in the extracts which we have made from his Diary, seems to have been persuaded by his friends, who were growingly solicitous about his health, to leave Trumbull. His next entry in his Diary states, that he arrived at *the Hill*, the residence of his father, where he found the health of his mother better than he anticipated. The day succeeding, he makes the following entry: "Calculated to set out for New-York this morning, to journey with my dear mother, but it rains."

Agreeably to this purpose, he afterwards accompanied his mother to New-York — spent some time there, and again returned to the Hill. From his father's, he again went to New-Haven, where he makes the following entry: "I am again in New-Haven to prosecute my course of studies. I am still resident at Mrs. J.'s, our inmates are three young men, and six young ladies. The young ladies are members of Mrs. J.'s school — not one of them a professor of religion. May their coming here be their salvation. Had nearness of access to God at the hour of my evening devotion. In view of past visitations, I was thankful. I was humble and broken-hearted in view of my abuse of his goodness.



Alas! alas! I cried from my inmost soul. All that was base and ill-deserving I could call my own — unprofitable, I truly felt. I verily believed that I might enjoy yet greater and mightier things than ever before. My hope has been, that I may sink yet deeper into the love of God than ever. O, that the blessing of this evening may be but the commencement of glorious manifestations of God to my soul!”

As we shall advance, we shall see by further extracts from his Diary, that this last aspiration of his devout spirit had its desire. His path was ever a bright one — so bright, that it excited the admiration and surprise of all who were among his acquaintances. How he should exhibit so continually one unclouded countenance of religious enjoyment, and of excited but ever mild and placid spirit of Christian vivacity and Christian sensibility, was the subject of general inquiry, in the way of expressed interest in the loveliness and the evenness of his Christian character. But, his path ever so bright, was yet one that shined “brighter and brighter” unto the hour, when his departing spirit took its bright way to the eternal city, whose light is the Lamb of God.

As allusion will not again be made to Mr. Taylor’s efforts in Trumbull, it may here be said, that he did not forget, on his return to New-Haven, the people who had elicited so much of his Christian sympathy. As a relaxation and a pleasure, he sometimes mounted his horse, and made his friends in Bridgeport, and Trum-

bull, and some surrounding places, an occasional visit. His next entry in his Diary mentions a ride of this kind.

“ Monday, P. M. Rode to Trumbull, and again met brother Kant and his people, who seemed glad to see my face again. Indeed I was glad to meet them. Spoke from Matth. 12 : 22. Took interest in my subject. At sunset, I met the young converts. Evening, professors met. At the anxious meeting, between thirty and forty present. Things still interesting in Trumbull.” This is the last entry we have, associated with his efforts in Trumb . But some months afterwards, when his health was rapidly declining, and his friends had dissuaded him from any public effort, we find him addressing a letter to this place, urging one of those who had hopefully become religious under his instrumentality, to consider whether it was not his duty to enter upon studies preparatory to the ministry. Although then many miles from them, in a Southern clime, he yet thought of them with affectionate remembrance, and having concluded the main subject of his letter, requests that ‘his love should be given to the young gentleman’s father and family — to the Rev. Mr. Kant — to the members of the church — *especially to the lambs.*’ ”

It will not be out of place to insert here another letter, in connexion with this last mention of Mr. Taylor’s efforts at Trumbull, and his occasional visits and labours at Bridgeport. It is a letter addressed, as was the one from the Rev. Mr. Kant, to Mr. Taylor’s eldest brother,

after the death of the subject of this Tribute, by the Rev. Mr. V. the pastor of the congregation at Bridgeport, Connecticut.

“While I deeply sympathize with you in the loss of one of our dearest earthly friends, yet I cannot suppress the strong conviction that in no other way could the best interests of the Redeemer’s kingdom be so much promoted by our now sainted brother, as by his early removal to heaven, and the public presentation of his holy, happy, and useful example to the world — especially to clergymen and to candidates for the ministry, for their imitation. Such an exhibition of one of the most amiable and lovely dispositions, united with superior talents, liberal acquisitions, ardent piety, and extensive usefulness, cannot fail highly to benefit the church, while it shall greatly magnify the exceeding riches of divine grace. I doubt not, from what I have known and heard of the character and usefulness of Mr. Taylor, that pleasing evidence may be exhibited, that in his short career he has been made the honoured instrument of converting more souls to God, than is the privilege of most ministers during a long life. It has been my privilege in my own family and among my people, during an interesting season of revival, to see his labours owned and blessed of God, to witness his spirit fast ripening for glory.”

## SECTION VIII.

As we have seen from the last extract from Mr. Taylor's Diary, he was now again pursuing his course of studies in New-Haven, writing a good deal in connexion with the different subjects of theology brought under examination, and attending the lectures delivered in connexion with the same subjects. Having formed the habit of always being engaged, he devoted more time to his books, and in the use of his pen, in connexion with his studies of divinity, than his friends desired ; as his residence in New-Haven at this time, was intended only to afford him an opportunity of attending to his studies as a matter *of recreation*, and as a means of spending his time in agreeable leisure, rather than as affording him an opportunity of entering upon a regular course of theological studies. His friends had even dissuaded him from giving his attention to any studies at all for a time, but his plea was that his hours would pass more pleasantly by the course he proposed to himself, of a residence at a theological school, and attending lectures, and occasional reading, as his state of health should permit. He was anxious to lose no time in his preparation, and determined in his own mind, contrary to the wishes of his friends, to advance with his class in their regular theological course. And it is matter of surprise

that in the state of health, in which he arrived at New-Haven, and in which he continued while there, that he should have left so many manuscripts written during this period. Always buoyant with the expectation of soon appearing in the pulpit with reinstated health, he devoted himself unremittingly to the studies of his profession, and in making those notes, and in the examination of those subjects which he believed would contribute so essentially to his future success in the ministry.

But with this much devotion of his hours and feeble strength to his studies, he yet felt himself able to accomplish more in the way of direct effort in behalf of those surrounding him than he had done, although he was engaging himself already in his application to his theological studies beyond the solicitous cautions of his friends. We consequently find him, soon after his reaching New-Haven, in June, revolving in his mind, what was his duty in relation to some propositions which were made to him, with desires that he would become engaged in several fields of religious effort in the town. He thus writes in his journal :

“This P. M. had unexpectedly a request to take charge of a Bible-Class in New-Haven. What is duty ?

“Had a calmly melting season at evening devotions. My soul was much refreshed. The spirit of the Son was so sent into my heart, that I know not that I ever experienced the same before. I felt an unspeakable

nearness to God, as my Father — it was a child-like feeling. O, it was precious — it was endearing ! I was comforted of God. I took a walk in the grave-yard. Death would be a welcome messenger to me, and I felt a desire to depart and to be with Christ. Rather than not subserve the cause of Christ, I would choose to leave the earth. Attended a meeting with brother W. A room full of young ladies, mostly of the world.

“ Thursday. In company with brother V. S. and H. went to Stratford to attend the General Association of Connecticut. P. M. Heard a sermon from Rev. M. S. Good. Evening, Mr. G. of Boston, preached. The effect was salutary to my own soul, and to others. After meeting, went with brother — , and enjoyed a meltingly sweet, and powerful season of prayer. Our hearts were broken, and our spirits contrite. \* My love for dear brother L. increased many fold to-day.

“ Returned to brother J. Otis', my host. Retired, and enjoyed a season of wrestling for one with whom I had just been conversing, with a persuasion to repent and to turn to God. My soul was happy, humble, child-like. I fell on my knees. I sunk prostrate on the floor, and wept and prayed — and wept and prayed, and was exultingly happy. My soul was overflowing with benevolence. The spirit of adoption swelled my bosom. It was a holy anointing from above. I retired and slept, no way solicitous whether I awaked in this or another world.

“ Wednesday, at 5 A. M., attended prayer-meeting. 10 A. M., listened to a missionary discourse. Was edified and blessed. P. M. The narrative of the state of religion in the churches was given. After which, the communion was administered. My soul was *filled with fullness*. It overflowed. I was stayed on God. Love reigned. After tea, I enjoyed a sweet interview with brother ——. I was greatly drawn out for his soul’s best interests. When with him, I wept much over him. I love him. O! may he be full of faith and the Holy Ghost. In the evening I heard Rev. Mr. Hewett on the promotion of temperance.

“ RESOLVED, *To live in the disuse of ardent spirits and wine, except for medical purposes, and the communion.*

“ Retired under the smiles of God.

“ Thursday. Shame on me. During the day felt the loss sustained by grieving the Spirit of God. Brother ——, wished me to go again and pray with him. I excused myself. My heart, too, was wicked enough to draw back from God in secret. At 5 P. M. retired and fell before God, and again the Dove returned. I was again refreshed, and again I am happy. Praise the Lord.

“ Friday. Returned to New-Haven last night. The stream of good things has flowed all the way before me, and not a little into my heart. I have wept much for joy, and the melting presence of God, since I have

been gone. The frequent visits of the Comforter have drowned my eyes in tears. I almost wonder that my eyes serve me. My spiritual strength has been increased. The enemy has had *home-thrusts*. Will God keep me unspotted.

“Monday. To the honour of free grace be it acknowledged, O my soul, that thou art delivered from the chains with which thou hadst bound thyself the last night by sin. This day has brought nought but self-condemnation. At the hour of evening prayer I closed my shutters, and excluded the light—for I felt that darkness became me. I attempted to arraign myself. I pleaded guilty, and acknowledged it. I verily felt unfit for any thing except to be *annihilated*. I felt unfit even for hell.\* No relief. I fell upon my bed, self-condemned, and reproaching myself for doing as I had done ; for, I was conscious that I possessed the power to act otherwise. I felt glad that God was happy. How much more happy, (was a succeeding thought,) perhaps he might have been, if I had not been disobedient. But again, I thought, though *I* had sinned, *this* was God’s happiness, that He had done *all* that he consistently could to restrain me, and to make me happy,

\* “As the brightest crystal soonest betrays the breath that dims it, so the most exalted natures are most easily offended in themselves at the slightest speck that mars the perfection which they are constantly aiming to attain.”



but that I had got out of the way, and this from *my own free choice*. Thus *I* was the sinner, and I felt it. My heart broke in view of my grieving God. My soul melted into tenderness. I wept. I felt returning love to God — to Jesus especially, and with uplifted arms I said, ‘O take me, dear Jesus, to thyself.’ I desired to depart and be with Christ, rather than to stay here and wound my God. And yet I said, I feel for Zion still — still I desire to be a co-worker with God in sending souls to heaven. Lord, do with me for thy glory. My soul could praise my God.

“July 6. Had a sweet, melting, exulting season at the hour of evening prayer. My soul leaned on Jesus, and breathed forth its tender ejaculations, ‘O Jesus — Jesus — sweet, loving Jesus.’ I longed ever more to sit at his feet.

“In view of our evening meeting, I committed all into his hands, where I left myself, and felt that, let God do with me as he would, even if he sent me to hell, I would not get out of his hands. It was so good to be at his disposal. Had a solemn meeting. Brother T. attended with me. About thirty young ladies present.

“Heard the other day that my dear friend L. P. had entertained a hope, and now is a professed follower of Christ. For him, as for no one else have I prayed. Many an agonizing struggle have I had before my God

on his account — some of which have been recorded.  
Wrote him a letter.

“July 8. Sunday. Yesterday received intelligence from my brother K. of the dangerous illness of my dear sister M. To-day a letter from my sister E. conveys similar intelligence. Probably ere this she is a disembodied spirit. Well — my soul says, *well*. For, in view of this providence, I have been sweetly refreshed by the assurance, that God omnipotent, and a God who is infinitely wise and benevolent, reigns. This to me is enough. I melted at the thought into tenderness of love, and with the sweetest confidence placed my all on God. I could commend my sister to God — her companion and little one. So, too, of my parents and brothers and other sisters. I do not feel afflicted, but I rejoice that God reigns without a rival. I would not for a universe take either myself or my friends out of the hands of God. To die in Christ I believe to be great gain. For myself, I have longed to die. Even to-night, I wished to die, that I might see Jesus, whom, having not seen, I love. I desired to be introduced to angels — seraphim and cherubim — principalities and powers — orders of beings of whom we know but little ; and then to see all the saints. I was willing to let my body go into the grave. And the thought of a HEAVEN OF HOLINESS, is my solace. The thought of Jesus, as ‘the resurrection and the life,’ went to my inmost powers and sweetly and meltingly comforted me. I believed

in him as my *risen* Saviour, and that I should also rise, having a glorious body like his own. Amen, and amen.

“July 13. This has been a day of fasting. To me, at the evening offering, it was a season of *feasting*: for, my soul fed on bread from heaven. My soul reposed itself, and wished to lie at Jesus’ feet. I felt unusual unworthiness before God. Yet I could tell Jesus that my soul hung upon him. My soul seemed to clasp him in the arms of love. I asked for a broken heart, and a broken heart was given to me. I asked for a contrite spirit, it was directly given me. O how my soul longed to drink in the Holy Ghost. A flame was kindled. My great desire was to be like Christ. In view of speaking to my fellow-men, I longed for a heart like Christ’s, to weep over them, and to have my bowels melt with love. I think I could appeal to God, and say, what is there that would induce me to labour for souls but the prospect of gloryfying thy great name. I felt a jealousy for the name of God, and wished honour to come to it. I felt, too, much like a little child before my heavenly Father. Abstinence to-day has wrought good to the inner man. Had some touches of his love in a grove of woods, whither I resorted early this afternoon.

“My sister M. is better, from last intelligence.” [This sister, although her case was considered hopeless by her physicians and her friends, finally recovered.]

“July 18. Had good news from afar. Brother T.,

who came from Princeton, has seen some of my friends there, and in the neighbourhood. The little band which I so often met at Mrs. — , are on their advance heaven-ward. It seems that Miss Sarah W.\* died in triumph, singing, ‘ O may I worthy prove,’ &c. My dear friend Mrs. L. too, has gone. The associations connected with days past, and the review which brother T.’s conversation awoke, led me to a precious and exceedingly happy season before my God. My soul melted with grateful acknowledgement for God’s goodness towards me, and to them. Was greatly humbled and prostrate before God, and was glad. Walked out into a retired spot, and paced the ground. My heart-breathings were after God, the living God. ‘ Sweet, loving Jesus’ — ‘ Sweet, dear Lord Jesus,’ sounded from my lips, while I meltingly contemplated my dearest Lord. I longed to go and be with him. Angels were very dear to my heart. I felt a love for the dear and holy spirits. Sin appeared *exceedingly odious*. Afterwards, had a pleasant season below stairs, in urging one and another to a holy life. Happy, happy, happy in God. Praise, praise, praise the God of my salvation ! ”

If it did not seem almost sacrilege here to interrupt such holy and happy thoughts as the last, and those which continue in this **DIARY OF THE HEART OF JAMES BRAINERD TAYLOR**, as his Journal might most justly be called, the writer would pause one moment over the preceding extracts, which seem to have flowed from

\* See page 98, the letters of this young lady.

the calm, and mellowed, and deep feeling-soul of this remarkable disciple of Jesus Christ, like a silver rivulet gliding through a velvet landscape of richest meadows. What eye can contemplate it and not see its moral beauty, and feel the hallowed influence of its purity gather with its mellowing power over the sensibilities of the soul? And where is the mind capable of appreciating the loveliness, and the beauty, and the sublime of moral feeling, but would envy the happy state of the soul of James Taylor, as exhibited in the unaffected and heart-developing narrative which has here been given? There may be an exultation in the emotion which heaves the swelling bosom of the conqueror, as he stands on the field of battle and views the vanquished lying in their gore, and thinks of the glory that shall encircle the name which he has acquired, and give one further gem to his earthly diadem. And there is a gush of ennobling emotion through the bosom of an intellectual being, when he has reached the same sought-for developement which places him upon the proud pinnacle of intellectual greatness. But these are emotions which reach not the *whole-being* of one constituted with intellectual and *moral* powers. And, for myself, with happiness as the simple object of my search, I had rather be JAMES TAYLOR, walking at the dusk of evening in a "retired grove," with his "heart-breathings," of a lovely, pure, benevolent, holy spirit—recollecting his successful efforts in winning immortal souls to ceaseless happiness,

and urging others to the enjoyments of a holy life, and himself exclaiming in the unaffected fulness of his bursting heart — “HAPPY, HAPPY, HAPPY IN GOD!!” than to have been the hero of ancient Pharsalia, or the modern Alexander on the plains of Austerlitz, or Archimedes in ancient science, or a Newton in modern philosophy. He had an *intellect to perceive* the relations and fitness of things physical and moral, and a *heart that rejoiced* when it perceived the coincidence between what was, and what ought to be in a world of immortal and responsible, yet fallen intelligences. And with such perceptions and such feelings, he went forward to accomplish what, in the very nature of this world’s circumstances, *it was desirable should exist*. With the consciousness of such a course, and with his sympathies all alive with benevolence towards his fellow-men, and of unfeigned love towards his God, he acted the *fit part* of an immortal spirit in its circumstances of earth. And how could it be otherwise than that his soul should look forward with exulting anticipation to the bliss of heaven? He consequently **WAS** happy. And of all men the writer has ever beheld, he was the happiest. Such is the testimony of all his acquaintances. Such was the uniform testimony of his brilliant and benevolent, and ever beaming, but manly countenance. And look at his own secret testimony, in his private Diary, of what is passing through his heart. It seems almost unkind to such an unassuming spirit thus to unfold the secret-breathings of

his private hours, for which there can be no other apology than the prospect of enkindling some kindred flame of religious sensibility in the hearts of others, and of leading to a like imitation of Christ in benevolence towards men, and of the souls' entire devotion to God.

The reader of this manuscript of private entries, finds, as already exhibited, one continued glow of a soul exulting in its happy approaches to its God. Even the heart-breakings over remembered errors, and contrition, deep as the feelings of a soul that appreciated the baseness of ingratitude, and neglect of generous kindness, from an unfailing friend can awake, in his case, all led to happiness of spirit, by adding to a generous soul like his, devouter attachment and deeper devotion on the return of that communion of spirit, which it was an ecstasy of misery to him, one moment to lose. "Happy, happy, happy in God." "Praise, praise, praise the God of my salvation," are the two last periods we have quoted. And as we advance with this narrative, written as a private remembrance of his own devotional hours, we shall see the same high-wrought emotion of soul running through his recorded evidences of religious enjoyment, which was sustained until his course on earth was ended, and his glowing spirit entered the upper courts as an immortal already trained to join, at once, in the elevated strains of a seraph in glory.

We might further pause here, and dwell upon the pre-

ceding extracts, as exhibiting another secret of Mr. Taylor's success in urging sinners to Christ. *He dwelled in his closet*, upon the circumstances of their immortal spirits, and in connexion with the amazing love of Christ for his own soul, and for others, his sensibilities were enkindled. And having thus wrought his feelings up to what is but a natural state of a mind which appreciates the circumstances of an impenitent being, he went forth to talk alike to the crowded assembly and to the single individual. The sincerity of a heart thus imbued, and thus enkindled, flashed conviction upon those who heard him, and those with whom he conversed. They saw, they felt; and in very many instances, they *acted* in view of this perception and this feeling.

But without dwelling upon this particular here, I proceed to make some further, and uninterrupted extracts from the entries of his Diary.

“July 20. At noon. Mrs. —, one of our inmates just left my room, after leaving her testimony that from the interview below stairs the other night, (vide note of the 18th,) she went and found Christ yet more precious. She seems to be renewed in the spirit and temper of her mind. Brother W. seems to awake to deep enjoyment, and Mrs. — also, of late. O, for a shower — for a shower. Of late, I have longed much for some Christian friend, into whose bosom I could penetrate and hold communion. But as to sweet interchange,



such as I have enjoyed with some Christians, I do not now and here find it. I have become acquainted with not a few who profess to know Christ, and are active in doing good. But, let the cause be what it may, there appears to me to be but a precious little of that *holy unction* which I have enjoyed with some in former days. Yesterday, spent the P. M. with a number of professors. But how little of the power of godliness. About religion, and in generals—but where is the getting down into divine things? O, for yet more of *holy living*—more of *holy unction*—more of a Christ-like, and so of a lamb-like, child-like temper—the effect of the Holy Ghost.

“Thursday. Returned from Middle-Haddam on a visit to my father’s. Have not been in the spirit while absent. And I feel that I have left undone many things which I ought to have done, and have done not a few things which I ought not to have done.

“*Saturday evening devotion.* Have just risen from the floor, on which I prostrated myself before God. In view of his greatness, my whole powers seemed enlisted to demean myself. I felt in a good degree abased before the Almighty God. In reading Edwards, I came to this sentence. ‘I have often had sweet complacency in God, in views of his glorious perfections and the excellency of Jesus Christ.’ My prayer was upraised for a disclosure of God’s perfections. I think I never before had such a clear view of God’s greatness, with

which I contrasted myself, and sunk before him overwhelmed with inexpressibly mean views of myself, as a wretch, insignificant and hell-deserving. My eyes were suffused in tears, crying ‘Ah me! ah me! the great God! the great God! the great God!’ I felt as if I did not wish to go to heaven in any other way, than by his free gift. For, I saw that the contrary would subvert his holy and gloriously good government. The grace of the Gospel in Jesus Christ opened to my view in a clear manner. I saw how *fit* Christ’s atonement is, and how gracious is the Holy Spirit to come and try to reclaim sinners. My cry was to be filled with the Holy Ghost—that I might exhibit the fruits of the spirit, which are love and its glorious train. How sweet, how ravishingly refreshing, and meltingly overpowering are such visits. My soul rejoiced to antedate the day when I shall be relieved from earth and enjoy a HOLY HEAVEN. Angels, I called upon. Ye angels, who cry holy, holy, holy—ye know not the evil of sin. Its tendency to dethrone God and to uproot all happiness in the universe, made it appear exceeding sinful—and so much so as to break my heart. O, how odious must sin be in the eyes of HOLINESS—in the eyes of God!

“Of late, my heart has been affected in view of my injuring the happy heart of my heavenly Father by disobedience—of wounding the feelings of Jesus—and grieving the Spirit. How could I ever have done so?

‘My dearest Saviour and my guide,  
I would be walking near thy side ;  
’Tis thine on earth the soul to bless,  
And yield in heaven its longed-for bliss.’

“Expect to speak this evening to a company who usually meet on Saturday evening. O, for wisdom to wield the sword of the Spirit! Spoke last evening to about forty young ladies.

“Walked out after tea, and paced the retired spot, where I resort from time to time. There, had an uncommon wrestling with God, for the upbuilding of Zion. My soul was in earnest for the meeting anticipated. I wept much, and bowed before the Lord in humble acquiescence to the will of Him who blesses me. In the meeting I had uncommon freedom. The room was full ; and I endeavoured with my might to plead the cause of God. It was solemn. At the close, I felt happy. Calmness and staying upon God pervaded my soul. O, to be kept by him who keepeth Israel — to be kept low, very low at the feet of Jesus.

“August 1st. Yesterday, at evening-offering, had a delightful, precious, sweet season before God, while reading the 4th of Canticles, and in prayer. The wind blew upon the garden, and the Beloved came and partook of the fruits. This evening too was melted.

‘How happy are they who their Saviour obey.’

“Had a sweet interview last evening with —, a Christian sister. My soul seemed to cling to her’s as to a kindred spirit. A letter from my dear friend L. P. is in strains refreshing to one, who has so long and so much prayed for him.

“August 3d. Last evening had a visit from the Lord. I was greatly refreshed and melted. Talked to the assembly of young ladies from the words, ‘*Grieve not the Holy Spirit.*’ This morning received a note desiring me to call. Went and found two individuals in deep distress of mind. They had spent the night in great sorrow — feeling that they had grieved the spirit of God. Sent them away, with two others, younger members of the family, to give themselves to Christ. Before I left, one of them came down, apparently, with a broken heart, leaning on Christ. May this be the harbinger of good things.

“Saturday night. Had a crowd this evening. Spoke with freedom. A. T. says she is happy. She looks so. Happy indeed for her, if she submitted her heart to God this morning, as I trust she did. Her sister —, in deep distress most of the day.

“Sunday. Bible Class interesting. Seemed to speak with some effect. —, in agony of mind to-day. What will be the result?

“Aug. 9. Last evening’s devotion was fraught with the richest of blessings — a broken heart and a contrite spirit. I think I never had such a sense of the necessity

of grace to subdue the heart — not because it *could not* yield, but because it *would not*. The inability of man is not *cannot* but *will not*. My soul was in sweet subjection.

“Walked out after tea, and communed with Heaven. Walking, and praying, and contemplating, and singing aloud, as I often do, in my retired walks, it seemed as if the Saviour almost spake audibly to me, ‘Are you willing to come to me?’ I replied, ‘Yea, Lord, yet willing to remain.’ My soul was sweetly melted, and I could praise the Lord. Blessed, thrice blessed is my soul. Having retired to my room, I sat me down by my window to look at the heavens. The thought of dying and going to Jesus was pleasant. And I felt ready, but I wished to destroy some of my papers. I thought that I would attend to this on the morrow. This morning, however, I awoke with illness indicative of an excess of bile. Took an emetic. Kind, dear friends and fellow-pilgrims of this my home, all interested themselves to help me. They load me with kind offices — all the inmates of the house, and the domestics. Friends send to inquire after me as though they loved me. In looking upon myself I am led to say, Who can ever love *me*? But I love not a few, and my heart is knit with theirs in the best bonds. Did not know what would be the issue of my illness. Neither was I solicitous. That God was with me — that was enough. Was so much recovered this P. M. as to walk


out. —, still without hope. A., her sister, a dear lamb.

“Friday evening. More attended my meeting to-night than ever before. Spoke from the words, ‘Rejoice with trembling.’ Some feeling. Saturday evening. Attended the meeting. Rainy. Few present. Pleasant season. Sunday. Bible-Class at noon. Solemn. More than one hundred present. Lot’s fleeing out of Sodom, the subject. At evening-devotions, was sweetly refreshed with a visit from my best, heavenly Friend. The Spirit took of the things of Christ and showed them unto me. My fellowship with the Father and with the Son was intimate and unusually dear.

“Of late, I have loved to sit and to lie prostrate on the floor while before God, all suffused in tears, and my heart melted into burning love. My soul has been so inflamed as to cause the tears to flow from my eyes as it were, like scalding waters. There is an ardency of affection that causes my soul to *lean* on the arm of my beloved, and repose on his bosom. Under such soul-ardour, I feel the most unworthy, and the least disposed to forgive myself the sins which I have committed against God.

“Mrs. — has come into great enjoyment. My testimony to her was blessed, after which she could not sleep, nor did she rest until she found the Lord exceedingly precious. Mrs. —, (another lady,) in deep trou-

ble, and wishes to be prayed for as one unconverted. May she come into full liberty. Mrs. —, (still another lady,) happy. Greatly filled with the love of God.

“ Monday. Addressed the teachers of the Sabbath-School at their monthly concert. Had freedom of utterance. The testimony of some was, that they never attended so good a meeting of this kind before. I endeavoured to be tender, and to excite to activity. I felt well, and things went well. I think that appearances are encouraging — Christians waking up to more life and godliness.  ‘ When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren.’

“ Saturday A. M. (after 10 o'clock.) The misery which I have felt this morning has been acute. It is mental anguish which arose from disobedience. Yesterday was mostly spent in preparing a subject for my evening meeting. In the afternoon, after lecture, I trespassed upon the hour of devotion by staying too long at the place where I had called. It being overclouded, I thought but few would come out to the meeting in the evening. I therefore invited another to speak for me. Ate too much at tea, and so felt a fullness that was burdensome. Went to meeting. There was a *crowd*. Regret and rebellion on my part ensued. I was vexed at myself, and I felt that I had, Jonah-like, run from duty. I was disconsolate, unhappy, and self-condemned. I attempted to speak at the close of the

meeting. Was altogether dissatisfied with my attempt : for, I felt that I did not do as well as I might, and that the meeting did not amount to much. Probably I was more intent upon pleasing man than God. This morning, I felt that this anguish was insupportable, and then I thought, how insupportable in hell ! Preparing for my Bible-Class for to-morrow, I was in the dark. All was dim. No life. Heart hard. Distressed, burdened. I stopped and sang,

‘ Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive.’

Resolved to go to Jesus, though my sin like a mountain rose ; kindlings of contrition were felt. I fell upon my knees. I sunk down upon the floor. Tears flowed — my heart broke — and such views, I think, I never had before. The Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost visited me with singular love-tokens. It seemed as if Jesus asked me if I believed he could bless me. Yea, Lord, I replied — and more, I believe that *thou wilt*. O, the nearness of approach my soul gained. Near, very near. And so of my heavenly Father and the Spirit. Matchless love ! matchless love !!

“ My heart broke in view of the labour devolving upon me, and of my inadequacy to the task. I need the help of Jesus.

“ In view of my labours for this evening, and for to-morrow, I promised the Lord to lay myself out. The



attending *intenseness* of soul for the conversion of sinners was great beyond description, and I think surpassed any thing which I have ever before felt. Mind affected my very body. The Lord be praised. May I walk softly before the Lord, and blameless. In view of my meanness, however low the opinion of others respecting me and my efforts, I felt consoled in the consciousness that none could think me meaner, or more undeserving than I did of myself. Let the Lord be magnified.

“Night. At evening devotion was again sweetly and meltingly refreshed. The meeting was full. Had aid from God. Solemn meeting. Others thought it one not lost. Spoke from John 9 : 26. ‘If any man serve me, him will my Father honour.’

“August 26. Said one to me to-night, will you not be our minister? The Lord knoweth to whom I shall minister: and New-Haven would be among the last places that I had anticipated.

“Sunday. Bible-Class more interesting to-day than usual. Some weeping. About one hundred and thirty present.

“Monday. Had an interview with a young man who is well nigh gone in ruin. He is a graduate. Endeavoured to reclaim him. At evening devotion had a melting season, which prepared me the better for a meeting which was to pray for ——, who continues in deep distress. It was a solemn and melting meeting to some.

“ Thursday evening. Was aided much this evening in addressing the church. Mr. Bacon having gone a journey and having left his church-meetings in my care, I attended them in addition to other labours. Well, if God help, I shall be sustained. Spoke from Ep. 5 : 26. ‘ Christ also loved the church,’ &c. Solemn, and methinks some will feel the subject. Some did. I was bold as a lion, and yet I endeavoured to be as a lamb, and dove-like, and so *win* and *press* the dear brethren and sisters. O, for more of the spirit of Christ !

“ Sunday. Not a little labour the last week in connexion with my studies. Wednesday evening met a number who have lately experienced religion, and had a pleasant interview. A sweet meeting.

“ Thursday P. M. Happened in at court. My usual hour of devotion arrived. I thought I would stay, and among other reasons, my heart was base enough to say, I have no meeting to-night, and I shall not need a *blessing so much*. My conscience smote me for this free act of my will, which detained me in the court-house. I came away soon. And though I came direct to my room and to my kneeling place—the peace of mind which I had enjoyed was gone, and I felt the consciousness of guilt. The bitterness of the sting was this, *that I might have done otherwise*. It was as much as to tell God that I did not need his blessing, only as I laboured for him. O how base ! How criminal. The discipline of the father towards a disobedient

child was felt. Thus I was, and thus I went to God, and confessed, and felt that I had lost — lost greatly — and perhaps irreparably his smiles — how long, I knew not, but well I knew that I deserved his frown forever. I think I again felt the consciousness of pardon, though there was no melting of soul. My affections did not go out after God in their wonted sweetness. I was not folded in the arms of love as the Lord the Beloved oftentimes hath embraced me. On Friday the Son of Righteousness again arose in his splendour and life-giving beams ; and again the winds blew upon this little garden, and the spices sent forth their sweet fragrance ; and again the Beloved came into his garden with his banner of love. Thus, I was refreshed and made giant-like for my meeting in the evening. There was a more manifest solemnity, and I thought more feeling than at any former meeting. The room full. And I think I never spoke with more power. Luke 9 : 14. Sentiment, *It costs something to become a Christian.* Yesterday was spent in preparing for Bible-Class to-day, and for the meeting of the last evening. The meeting was more fully attended than any previous. Subject, Rev. 3 : 20. I was much strengthened by the blessing I obtained at my evening devotion. O, how condescending and how kind is my God ! He enlists me in his service and harnesses me for the battle. The best armour is that which is put on in secret. My soul lay low before God. I was prostrate upon the floor, and yet I

wanted to get infinitely lower at the feet of Christ, and bathe them with my flowing tears. There I interceded for myself, and for those I was to meet. I went to the meeting and the help of the Lord was my help. Through his strengthening me I laboured, and may the result be joyfully talked of in eternity. My soul *loves* the work. My strength is renewed in waiting upon God. He gives me favour with the people. The eyes of the people look unto me more than I could have expected. Well—let all that I have—let all the auxiliaries which I may acquire be returned in double effort to build up Zion—*Zion, my beloved abode.*

“September 3. (Monday.) Yesterday was a high day to me, and to others. Four joined the Third Society—four young ladies from the world. Sweet season at the communion table. I thought I never before could trust Christ so firmly. It was good.

“On last evening (Sunday) I addressed the church from Solomon’s Song, ‘Who is this that cometh up out of the wilderness, leaning on her Beloved?’ Took interest in it, and also did others.

“Wednesday evening. Met a circle of young Christians at Mrs. T.’s. Subject, ‘Walk circumspectly.’

“Friday evening. The usual meeting at Mr. Leffingwell’s. Subject, ‘Let us alone.’ Unwell. Little interest myself—others were interested.

“Saturday night. Spoke to a crowd at the lecture-room. Subject, ‘Nothing better, but rather grown worse.’

Was renewed in the Spirit by waiting upon God. Felt like a new man strengthened with new wine. Very attentive.

“Sunday. Bible-Class full. Interesting. I met them for the last time. When I went, at first, I told them it was only *pro tem*. Other engagements, my studies, and infirm state of health, oblige me to relinquish. But it is somewhat like cutting off a right-hand. I have also relinquished the Friday-night meeting, from sense of duty.

“Wednesday evening. This is Commencement evening. Met a few lambs at Mrs. H.’s. It was a melting meeting. I met them for the last time, until my return after vacation. One who has met with us goes to Boston, not to return. Well. *Well,*

‘If all in yonder heaven shall meet,  
To sing, and love, and praise at Jesus’ feet.’ ”

These are the last records in the Diary from which we have been quoting, which James Taylor ever made, connected with the meetings, which he was now forever closing. How little was he thinking, at the moment he was penning the last paragraph, that it would be the record of the last meeting he should ever attend in New-Haven. And yet, something like a presentiment seemed to pervade his heaving bosom, as he speaks the last farewell to them before they separate. He finds his strength has already been too much spent to allow him

longer to keep up the several meetings which he was in the habit of conducting during the week. He tells them, as he meets with them for the last time, that it is his last message ; and with a feeling heart, and a solemn pause, he closes forever the exercises which had been to him a source of great religious enjoyment, solicitude, and increased debility ; though from his continued excitement, he did not perceive how greatly his continued efforts were undermining his remaining strength. Having concluded his other religious engagements, he meets, on the last evening of his stay in New-Haven, a small band of young converts. He records this too as a “melting meeting.” And it was the “last time,” perhaps, that he should address them. He mingles his tears with those who could well sympathize with each other, as they carried forward their thoughts to another world. He bids them adieu.

Thus were his labours in New-Haven closed. That his memory is most tenderly cherished by a great number in this lovely spot, where rural and moral beauty is justly said to exist beyond its prevalence in most any other place of our land, the writer well knows. And there are some there who yet mention his name with tears, so tenderly are the recollections of his efforts and his manners associated with the hours, when they were first successfully induced to surrender their affections to their God. It was a peculiarity in the history of Mr. Taylor, in his different residences, during his course of

studies and travels, that he always left *a tenderness* of recollection in the bosoms of those with whom he associated, which made them regard him as *a brother* and *friend*, as well as a religious guide, to whom, more than to another, they could give their confidence. Another might alike enlighten their minds. Another might alike excite their consciences, and alarm the soul unreconciled to its God. But few, like James Taylor, ever so thoroughly *won* the heart, and attached it to himself; at the same time he guided that heart to Christ. And yet there was nothing like sentimentalism in his habits and associations. Confidence, the first requisite of all durable attachment, was at once yielded to him, because he carried in his features and manners an intelligible demonstration, that he was acting out the simple and unaffected feelings of a heart glowing with benevolence towards man, and of love towards God. And that heart really felt for the best welfare of his fellow-men, *temporally* and *spiritually*. Consequently in his visits among his acquaintances, in whatever way they had been formed — whether casually, as a common citizen, or as a professor of religion, meeting his duties as a disciple of Jesus Christ in the ordinary walks of society, or as a public speaker, assuming the responsibilities of exhorting a people to repentance and salvation — he entered into all their sympathies, as one, who felt for another's woes, and was happy in another's joys. Without officiousness, his manners invited so much familiar-

ity, as makes a person at ease in the society of a confiding friend. He was regarded as one who had a heart that could and would feel, and a mind connected with such a heart, that could sooth another's in affliction, and in prosperity augment another's joy by partaking of it. And while all who were his acquaintances felt this, they felt further, that it was *the religion of Jesus Christ* that had made him thus. He therefore secured the confidence of all. And possessed of that confidence, his beautiful manners, and unaffected benevolence, and purity of heart, connected with a person at once manly and elegant to a degree equalled but by few, he left *a deep sentiment of affection* in the bosoms of all with whom he associated. When we add to this, the ardency of attachment which is generally the offspring of those relations which exist between a person who has become religious, and the individual who, under God, has been instrumental in bringing the mind of that person to serious consideration, we shall justly conclude that Mr. Taylor has left, in every place where he resided, friends who recall his person and his character to mind with a hallowedness and depth of affection, which purity, and character, and manners, and sympathies like his must secure. Such friends he left in New-Haven. They will ever remember him with tenderest emotions, and carry back their affecting recollections to hours, when their hearts have been melted under his persuasions to repentance, and to a holy life. If these recollections shall prompt



to greater fixedness of purpose to imitate the holy life of James Brainerd Taylor, as it was exhibited before them in his walk, and labour, and sympathy, and now in this **TRIBUTE**, as presented in the private records of his often bursting heart as he moved among them, then shall it awake another note of gratitude in their eternal song to the Redeemer, that an acquaintance with this devoted and shining, and happy disciple of Jesus Christ, was once, by them, enjoyed.

## SECTION IX.

THE Commencement-vacation in Yale College, during which time the studies in the professional departments are also suspended, continues six weeks. Mr. Taylor having spent this period among his relatives, mostly at his father's, he returned to New-Haven, glad to enter again on his course of studies, and to participate in the renewed kindness of his New-Haven friends. But it was little in his thoughts, that an incident was so soon to occur, which should so deeply shade the bright prospect before him, and so materially alter his purposes as to the manner of spending his time the succeeding winter. He had been much engaged in personal efforts for the best welfare of the young people in New-Haven ; and during this period had formed many agreeable acquaintances, and made a happy impression upon those with whom he had associated privately and in public. He looked forward not to an entire relinquishing of these efforts during the further period, while he should pursue his theological course, which to him had gained additional interest each day he had spent in the studies connected with his intended profession. But he had no sooner arrived at this spot of his great attachment and favourite pursuits, than he has to record the event which omened sadly for the continuance of

his life, and the future fulfilment of his dearly cherished hopes.

His *first note* in his Diary, after his return to New-Haven, (a break having occurred during the interval of his absence,) is as follows :

“Oct. 26, 1827. Having been absent from New-Haven about six weeks, I returned on the 24th, glad to breathe again this atmosphere amid such loved friends. Yesterday, after dinner, when I was about to sit down to my studies, having been busy fitting my room, &c., I coughed lightly, upon which there was a discharge of blood, so much so, that I called a physician. Kept house for the most part.

“This light affliction has executed its kind office. I think I can see in it a *timely* visit. It probably throws a barrier in the way of any exertion of speaking on my part, this winter. No return of bleeding having occurred, and feeling no inconvenience from what has already happened, I infer that the blood came not from the lungs. But to whatever results it may lead, I am no way distressed : on the contrary, I am raised in spirit. *To die is gain.* Was much blessed this evening. The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him in sincerity. I have longed for a more devoted soul in living to God, and I hope that the coming session will find me more like Christ. In view of my condition, I was broken-hearted, and wept for the longing which I had to win souls for God. This, this, *only this*, drank up my desire

to live. The Lord's will be done. Heaven is a good place for the holy, and an active being will find employment there.

"Sabbath, November. Detained at home on account of the rain. Dear Brother Knowles reached here yesterday, P. M. Came on account of my ill-health. Dear brother, he seems to feel that our interests are identified with the cause of God, and with one another.

"Have had no recurrence of bleeding. But prudential measures must be taken. On my physician I have thrown the responsibility. On his decision I must depend, and with them comply. It would be grievous indeed to leave here. They may let me stay if I will suspend application, and only attend the lectures, and apply myself to books as a mere relaxation. I feel that I can put my cause into the hands of God, and leave me at his disposal. Had a delightfully sweet and melting season at my devotions last evening, at the close of them—at first, was interrupted. On Friday evening, too, was most sweetly refreshed, while on Jesus I reposed. How calmly, and meltingly, and lovingly, I leaned on his bosom. I could say, my dear, *dear* Lord Jesus. Threw myself on the bed, and dropped asleep, this P. M. I awoke from a sweet dream. Thought I was at a meeting of Presbytery. Dr. Spring prayed. My heart broke, and when I awoke, I was weeping with a heart full of intense love for the cause of the dear Re-

deemer. The savour of this dream was sweet and fragrant.

‘Awake, *asleep*, at home, abroad,  
I’ll lay me on thy bosom, Lord.’

“November 18. Sunday. Have had, at intervals, acute pain in my sides during the week past. But the tendency has been to win my heart over to the Lord, and to chain my affections to the cross. I think I have seen to-night, that the Lord meaneth all this for good. It seems to me that he is determined to bring me to himself, finally. In the meantime, to prepare me in the best way possible, for that home, in the skies. Rather than not accomplish this, he will visit me with stripes. I do believe that he does all that he can, to melt my heart. And rather than not make me contrite, and childlike, he visits me with evil, and threatens me with more. To accomplish his benevolent designs towards me, i. e., to make me willing and obedient, I see that it may be *necessary* even to shut me out of the ministry. For, I see that his word, his works, his varied providences in a thousand ways passing before me, have not affected me, as they should have done. It was necessary that he should visit me with pain. This pain has done its kind office. My heart has leaned on my heavenly Father — and drawn my arms, as it were, around the neck of my dear, dear Lord Jesus. And O, how sweet has it been,

to lie at his feet and weep, and love! To-night, as I mused on my situation, I thought that, rather than relinquish my present prospect of preaching the Gospel and go to another employment, I would lay me down and die. Yes—for *this* too, I thought, might be a necessary *trial*, to strengthen the holy principle for the heavenly world. Here I wept. Tears ran down my cheeks, and my soul's desire was, 'Lord, let this cup pass.' Yet, my willing and submissive heart said, Thou Lord, knowest what is best, and that is best for me. I looked up with the sentiment felt in my heart, *I am willing to die and go home.* But then, the thought of going to heaven with so few souls! I cried, Lord, I wish to go thither in triumph, having in my train *thousands* of saved sinners. But my heart settled with the sentiment, Lord, do just as thou pleaseth. *Here* I rested. Amen and amen."

*Here closes the Journal from which I have been quoting.* It is the last entry he made. Can we wish that it should have been in one particular, otherwise? It is the triumph of a zealous and holy spirit, "*resting with a will entirely subdued to the pleasure of its God.*" And here his Diary closes. It is at the end of his paper. And another number he never commenced. The records of the further emotions of a heart, thus subdued and thus reposing in hallowed rest upon its God, must be learned from his letters, and from his conversations with his friends. Through these, and through the

communications of those who loved him, we shall follow him in his further short wanderings on his earthly path, until we lose his lovely spirit, as, at sunset, on a more than usually calm Sabbath-day, it took its brilliant passage to the bosom of its God. I say *brilliant passage* — for, if the flight of a spirit, lighted up with visions of the full bliss of the saints, and calmed by confiding repose in the enduring love of its Saviour, and longing with ardency to mingle as a disembodied spirit in the realities of another world, are particulars that make the course of a departing soul from this earth to heaven a way of light, then was the upward course which the spirit of the lamented TAYLOR, traced from this earth to heaven, a *brilliant passage* to HIM who gave it. . . .

It appears from these concluding entries in Mr. Taylor's Diary, that the new aspect which his disease assumed, considerably excited the ever wakeful solicitude of his friends. His eldest brother, K. Taylor, visited New-Haven to induce him to leave ; but after a consultation with physicians and friends, he returned to New-York, leaving his brother J. B. T., agreeably to his wishes, still at New-Haven, with the understanding that he was to make his residence there for the winter without applying himself to his studies, any further than was desirable as a necessary recreation. He was surrounded with intelligent associates, and kind and sympathising friends. One of these, a fellow-student in the theological department of the college, and a companion

at his private rooms, noted the following particulars of different interviews, which he had with Mr. Taylor, at this period of his bleeding.

“When first attacked,” says this friend, “he called me into his room, and remarked, ‘you see, my dear brother, to what God is calling me. I am not frightened. My mind is perfectly composed, and happy. I have desired to live and preach the Gospel, but the will of the Lord be done. I believe that God has in reserve a better portion for his people in heaven, than in this world. *This* is a good world. I am not tired of it. I am happy to continue here, so long as it is the pleasure of my heavenly Father that I should. I cannot say, so far as my individual interest is concerned, that I have any choice, whether to live or die. If God has no more for me to do, I should be happy to die here, and to go from this room to my home in heaven.’

“Here we both paused in silence for some minutes, when the recollection of his friends came over his mind, and he added, ‘My dear brothers have been so kind to me, and have so much anticipated my becoming a minister of the Gospel, that my heart is pained — deeply pained at the thought of their expectations being disappointed — but this is good for me — it is just what I needed.

“After a short silence, he said, ‘My brother, I am now sensible that I sinned in indulging that repining thought. I now feel perfectly resigned to the whole will of God. I am happy — perfectly happy.’



“The next morning he said, ‘My soul melted down before God last night, when I continued to ask him to let me live and preach the Gospel, but I cheerfully submitted all to him. O, brother, God has made such discoveries to my soul, as I never expected nor dared to hope for in this world. It is wonderful! wonderful! My body can hardly contain this immortal being that struggles within! I am willing to live my three score years and ten. I wish for it only that I may preach the Gospel. But I shall be happy to finish my work, and mount away to Jesus.’

“November 14th. Evening. He said, ‘This has been a wonderful day to me. This morning, I bled a little — just enough to remind me of my condition. I am thankful for it, for God has by it made this day an antepast of heaven to my soul.’

“November 16th. ‘Afflictions (said brother Taylor, this morning,) are good, because they come laden with blessings. I wish all the world to experience the same that I do — not my pains, but the blessings which attend them. Every pain through which I pass, I think that now I have taken one portion more of the cup — I shall never have *that* pain again, but the *blessing* which it brought to me will endure forever. After all, said he, what are my pains? They are not Gethsemane — they are not the cross.’ He then repeated the hymn,

“O what are all my sufferings here.” &c.

“Again he said, ‘I never before experienced such a fullness of grace. It seems as though my immortal spirit could not reside in this tabernacle—as though I *must* fly away to Christ. Yet my life is a history of sins and mercies. Never before have I felt myself to be so guilty a sinner. I deserve to have a mill-stone fastened to my neck, and to be anchored in the depths of hell.’

“Again, in the morning, after much pain and langour during the night, he said, ‘I am well, and calm, and happy. It was a happy night. My soul is happy in Him, and all will redound to his glory, whether I live or die.’”

## SECTION X.

WE have now reached a crisis in the plaintive story (but one that leaves its hallowed influences on the soul as we peruse it) of the friend, to whose character we are yielding our tribute of affecting recollections, admiration, and love. From this time, the scene changes to other localities; and incidents of travel, and the hopes and the fears, and the joys and the sorrows of an invalid-stranger, at different places on his sojourn for health, fill up much of the detail which will, as we advance, appeal to our sympathies, and give additional evidence that *a holy man may be happy* in every circumstance of his mortal life.

We have seen what was the state of Mr. Taylor's health during the latter months of the year 1827. After his attack by bleeding, on the 25th of October, he continued to remain in New-Haven, hoping that the incident would prove less alarming than the solitudes of his friends apprehended might be its consequences. He visited his father's, and again returned to his rooms in New-Haven. He continued to attend the lectures with his class, and was yet unweariedly industrious in the pursuit of his theological course of studies—his heart still yearning for the office which he had long anticipated with a holy joyousness. But the sad evidence that

his strength was diminishing, daily presented itself to the observation of his solicitous friends. His letters, while they breathed the true spirit of Christian submission and joyous anticipation, of finally entering upon another and happier state of being, gave painful indication, that a spirit so ripe for the associations of a heavenly world, would not long be retained in this. Still, his friends hoped that the desires which their affections prompted, might, in the wisdom of Providence, be granted ; and that change of scene and climate would yet restore him to health. For some time they had yielded to his desires to remain at New-Haven. But now, they were reluctantly forced, with great affection, in view of the increasing debility of his system, *to insist* upon his leaving his studies, and the friends in New-Haven, around whom his affections lingered, and try the effects of a Southern tour upon his debilitated constitution. His heart had already broken in view of the possibility that he would be brought to this ; but, should he even be turned aside entirely from the dearly cherished object of his studies and hopes, part of the bitter conflict was past, and he had been brought to say, "Thy will be done," whatever might be in reserve for his experience.

And yet, it was with some surprise he received the following letter from his eldest brother, after the interview which that brother had held with him a few weeks previously :

“ New-York, January 23, 1828.

“ My Dear Brother :

“ I have your letter, by Mr. C., for which I am obliged, learning by it that you are now, probably returned from the Hill to New-Haven, and confirming the many reports I hear that your health is critical. I have thought much of the remarks of those who have seen you, and judge still more from your letters concerning the state of your health, and am constrained, with great reluctance, to write you, because I apprehend that it is my duty. I feel persuaded that you will be ready to follow any course that may be pointed out to you respecting yourself, which may be made to appear to be a matter of duty.

“ I am not going over much ground before I come to the point, and only premise, that you must dismiss all tenacity and predilection to your own wishes, and *then* consider whether it is not best for you to relinquish your studies from this until next May, leave New-Haven and ride here ; and from here, perhaps to Philadelphia, Washington, Richmond, and Prince-Edward, where Professor Goodrich and Dr. Rice are, and there stop for one or two months, and study a little or not as circumstances may allow. I am very serious on this subject, and could I see you for ten minutes, I should know whether to lay my commands on you, not of violence but of love, and tell you that you *must* and that you *shall* desist, and take counsel

and be willing to think that it is not according to that we have not, but according to that we have, whereof we are bound to render.

“You may, if you please, show to Dr. T., or others, this counsel from me, and I am sure they all will coincide with me. I know that your usefulness, and capacity to do a great deal in the cause of Christ during your life, should that life be spared for years, demands this of you. I do not demand it of you except as I am bound to prevent your being so determined in a different course, as shall almost result to the taking away of your life. What is the object of your study? To be prepared to labour as a minister of Christ. How can you do this as you wish, and as health will enable you, if you are continually racked by pain, and are labouring under a decayed constitution?

“Now then, pack up your books and place them in F.’s charge, and mount your horse, and be willing to leave New-Haven for three months, and come to New-York as soon as you can with proper regard to fatigue. Take it moderately, and pass by fields of labour.

“When you reach New-York you can be fitted off, after resting awhile, and I hope, to regain your health. As I shall expect you here, I shall write you no more at the present, and anticipate a reply by return of mail.”

As this letter made its designed impression upon the

decisions of Mr. Taylor, we find him immediately adjusting his concerns to leave New-Haven for New-York.

Henceforth, we shall contemplate him on his course, through the medium of his letters. They will be inserted in connexion with some from his friends, that the thread of his way may be unbroken, and that the incidents, and sympathies, his musings by the way-side, in the parlour, on shipboard, and on the couch of friendship, or debility and death, may be presented as they occurred in his journeyings, or awoke in his hours of solitude, sociability, loneliness, and devotion.

To the letter of his brother, as above, he immediately returned the following hasty note :

“ New-Haven, Friday, A. M.

“ Your letter, my dear brother, before I had perused half its contents, entered my very heart, and awakened my liveliest emotions. Indeed I believe you ever seek my best interests. I feel ready to comply, though it has been with a broken heart ; now, I conclude it is best. Dr. Taylor coincides ; and you may expect me by the middle of next week. Should it be pleasant on Monday, I calculate to set out for New-York.

“ Though I did not expect the letter since our interview, I yet feel entirely reconciled, and subject myself to the counsel of those I love.

“ In haste,

“ JAMES.”

The time was now come when he was to leave New-Haven, a spot dear in his associations, studies, and friendships. And well it might call forth the most tender feelings under the circumstances now attending his departure, conscious as his diminishing strength must have rendered him of the fact, that he was liable at almost any moment, to be prostrated beyond the powers of recovery. He arranged his books. He consumed many of his private papers. He said his adieus to his friends. The last morning of his stay arrived, and he knelt in his usual kneeling spot for the last time ; and then, at the door, gave the parting hand to some who waited his leaving with a swelling heart, as he mounted his horse and bowed his kind good-by. A smile was even then on his lip, which nothing could destroy, and now betokened inexpressibly his confidence in God, mingled with a pathos of sentiment which was too holy and hallowed for aught else, than the eye of a doting and Christian friendship.

What were the feelings of Mr. Taylor, as the late home where he had indulged his many joyous anticipations, and sorrowful apprehensions, receded from his view, we may gather from the following letter which he addressed to a friend, from the house where he stopped the first night after his leaving New-Haven :



“ Stamford, January 30, 1828.

(“ On my way to New-York.)

“ Dear W. :

“ Say you, why on my way to New-York ? It is not a project of my own ; but kind friends have issued their commands, and bid me pack up and be on my way from that choice spot of happy associations. Thus far I have complied.

“ On Friday last, I received a letter from my brother K., urging me to relinquish my studies, mount my poney, and ride to New-York. From there to Philadelphia, Washington, Richmond, and so on to Prince-Edward, where you know is Dr. Rice’s Seminary, and where, if I should think best, I may remain two or three months, more or less.

“ Now, this is all great and overflowing kindness. But, my dear brother, at first my heart rather revolted at the idea of going. Before I finished the letter, however, I could not say aught why I should remain. I felt that I should do violence to the feelings of others if I did not go ; and now it would be a disappointment to my own feelings not to go. How different from what I felt two months since. Then it seemed impossible to leave. You remember the reason. It was the *burning desire* to live and preach the Gospel. I wished to remain and prepare for it. Since then, however, this intense longing has given place to a calmness of soul, which sweetly rests in the will of God — not so solicitous to live and

preach the Gospel, but that I rather desire that Christ, who is the Lord of the vineyard, should dispose of me as his best system requires.

“Thus you see how sweetly I have been fitted to leave all. Indeed, I go as cheerfully as I would into the pulpit. I feel all the calmness and composure which result from a consciousness of doing the will of God. Therefore, rejoice with me, my loving brother, and be happy in the thought that I am put aside for the present. Put aside! I am disposed to think that this turning me aside is to turn greatly to my account. To my account! I hope to Zion’s account.

“Who can say that my journey is not that I may survey fields of labour, which otherwise would not appear inviting? who can say that a link is not to be made out of this change of circumstances not the least important — nay a *swivel* in the chain of my preparation, and one, without which, the twisted chain would break?

“Do you know that Mr. Nettleton accompanied Dr. Rice to the South? And think you it would injure me to spend a few of my anticipated leisure weeks beside him, asking questions?

“Brother W., I love you. Your name I often repeat. And be assured I sometimes say, ‘Lord bless my friend.’

“I now go out not knowing the result. I go, perhaps, to recover my health. This is my primary object. I go, perhaps, to die. Well — I have the sweet prospect

of yet mingling with the holy in heaven. Never, never have I had happier days than since I saw you. I verily believe I have been on Mount Clear, and spied out the Canaan that we love.

“I need not tell you, that to leave New-Haven friends was trying. Having parted with them yesterday morning, I ascended the hill which overlooks the city, two miles distant, weeping. I turned my horse, and as I gazed on those lovely spires, and thought of friends, I sang,

‘Farewell! farewell! I must be gone,  
My home no longer is with you;  
But far away must travel on,  
Yet oft, *full oft*, will think of you.  
But onward still to Canaan’s land  
Alike we’ll seek the peaceful shore,  
Where pain its antedote shall find  
And friendship’s bosom bleed no more.’

“Yours in the best bonds,

“JAMES B. TAYLOR.”

“My health is no worse. Old General *Pain*, however, whom I have so long served, does not yet discharge me, and seldom even grants me a furlough for a day. This is not by way of complaint. Far from it. Such service has had its sweet with its bitter. You know what I mean. Should I desert the corps of vali-

tudinarians during my march Southward, I shall hope to fall into the ranks of the army of the Lord of Hosts, to do the greater execution.

“I left them all well at our good home, in New-Haven. I am now seated beside a good hickory fire, enjoying my lodging-room alone. Were brother W. to enter, I would give him my right hand, with a hearty welcome. But, until the pleasant interview — adieu.

“J. B. T.

“I may embark from New-York for Charleston, or Cuba. Determine when I reach New-York.”

Mr. Taylor having reached his brother's in Bond-street, New-York, he returned the succeeding letters to friends in New-Haven, and at the Hill :

“New-York, February 2d, 1828.

“My friends in New-Haven, I doubt not, will be glad to hear from me, though they may wonder at my so late date from this city. I little thought of remaining so long as I have. But my physicians have induced me to stay thus long, and under God I am glad to attribute relief to them. Believe me, when I tell you, that I am freed from that piercing anguish of which I spoke in my letter. It is gone. Perhaps not to return. Now, I feel myself gaining every half day. Instead of groans and sleepless nights, you might hear, were you beside me, only the calm breathings of soft slumber. Is not this much ?

So much, that I fondly anticipate the day when I shall stand on the watch-tower and sound the alarm.

“My present calculation is, to embark on Thursday of next week for Charleston, accompanied by horse and gig. Thence I expect to return by land to New-York — perhaps, I may pass through some of the Western States. Should you wish to write Mrs. F., I should very gladly be the bearer. Perhaps Mrs. B. would like to send letters.

“May I not hear from a home so endeared to me, before I shall sail? The thousand endearing ties still enchain me, in affection, to that *green spot*.

“Love to your household — to Zion’s friends and mine — cannot specify. In haste, as ever,

J. B. TAYLOR.

“A letter from Virginia mentions, that Mr. Nettleton accompanied Dr. Rice, and that he has been labouring with acceptance and with some power. I may see him.”

“New-York, February 3d, 1828.

“Having left New-Haven, I proceeded to Bridgeport, calling upon friends in Stratford. My ride was according to the prescription given to valetudinarians — *fatigued, but not exhausted*. After a cup of tea, I retired and slept most sweetly. The succeeding day, I reached Norwalk. Thence, on Thursday, I came to New-

Rochelle. On Friday, about noon, I reached Bond-street. All well.

“Nothing worthy of note occurred by the way. Please say to friend L. that I called on his patriarchal grandsire, and was not a little gratified the hour I spent around his fireside.

“On the road, I overtook a solid-looking tar, with a bundle, — his little all, — upon his shoulders. I hailed him. He answered. I found him in distress. After having afforded him relief, I gained a little of his history. Twelve years he was a slave to the Algerines. He was becalmed in a brig when off Algiers, and a galley captured them, took them in, and made them work in the quarries, getting out stone for the fortresses of the Bashaw. He must have suffered much, from his representations.

“Another pitiful object I overtook on the road. Do you not think that we should enjoy more of that happiness which flows from benevolent action by *anticipating* the wants of the necessitous, rather than waiting for them to make known their distresses, and then making their apologies for their solicitations?

“James B. T., 2d, is quite unwell. All well at J’s. I shall probably remain here some eight or ten days longer, before I go South. With these items, give my love to my several friends.

“JAMES.”

“New-York, 25th February, 1828.

“My dear Parents :

“I feel that you have been kept in suspense a long time ; but I could not have said much had I written before. Upon my arrival in New-York, about two weeks after I left you, I informed you of the ill-state I was then in. I am glad to assure you that I am greatly relieved. Nearly a week has elapsed, and I have not been goaded by that pain, under which you have seen me writhe. What I must yet contend with for a season, is a debility in the back, the effect of so much severe, and long continued distress. This relief from pain is cause for gratitude, and I begin to feel that I may yet recover and stand on the watch-tower.

“Should I arrive at Charleston after the usual passage of five or seven days, I shall find the climate of May in Connecticut ; and as I travel northward, bring it with me. They have already had peas in Charleston.

“I feel much stronger than when I was with you ; and will pray and hope that journeying will gather a little flesh upon my bones, colour in my face, and vigour to my constitution.

“Brother K. takes the interest in my welfare which springs from a brother's overflowing kindness. All well as usual, except little J. Love to the children.

“Affectionately, your Son,

“J. B. TAYLOR.”

“New-York, February, 1828.

“Dear F.

“If only a line or two, you will be glad to hear from me. I am in the doctor’s hands, who thinks that he will make the sick well.

“I probably shall remain in New-York some days yet. When ‘far away,’ if not before, you will hear from me.

“Inclosed you have \$ — for —, which a person gave me for the man who was living upon bread and water. No names were mentioned. You will hand it to him. His case only was narrated. The first application — but not the last. Remember me to him.

“Nothing new, save the morning papers say Governor Clinton died on Thursday evening.

“Last evening received an *invite* to attend a wedding — Miss Ellen —. If I am not too stiff in the back, shall go, etc. etc.

“Tell the doctors that I have been worse in New-York. I add \$ — for —. Mr. Brewster gave it.

“Your brother, and with great love,

“J. B. T.”

“New-York, 28th February, 1828.

“Mr. and Mrs. P.

“Friends very dear. Having left New-Haven, I am thus far on my way to the South. Ere this, I anticipated the pleasure of once more seeing you at your



mansion. My calculations were to travel by land, but owing to the season of the year and badness of the roads, I have concluded to embark for Charleston, S. C., accompanied by horse and gig. Thence I expect to return to New-York by land, passing through, perhaps, some of the Western States. My first stopping place will be at Dr. Rice's Seminary, where I may remain one month or more.

"The primary object of my leaving, is to recover my health. Since I saw you I have been an invalid. The attack which proved so severe a year ago, last Autumn, was commenced when with you last. On my return to New-York, I was seized violently. I have not been well since.

"The past winter I have been *racked* with pain, so much so, that till within ten days, I have not had a comfortable night's rest. This has produced a debility that was threatening, and were I to continue at my studies, probably I should not recover. I have, therefore, left all, and now make health the prime object of my search. My physician has done much for me by his prescriptions since my arrival in New-York. So much that I am relieved from that sword-like pain which so often pierced me. Every half day I think I am gaining.

"Should I arrive safely at Charleston, and be prospered in my journey, I shall hope to meet you in due time, with an invigorated constitution.

"A letter from you would reach me at Charleston, if

written soon. And to speak nothing of my due in this respect, how gladly would I break the seal of an epistle from friends I so much love.

“I presume a joint letter from Resseau and myself was received by Mr. P. while he was at the West. Please let Mr. Brown know these facts, with my affectionate regards to himself and Mrs. B.

“In haste, yours truly,

“J. B. TAYLOR.”

To J. B. T.

“New-Haven, February, 1828.

“Presuming you may receive this before you leave for the South, I send you a few lines in reply to your acceptable note.

“I was glad to hear of your pleasant jaunt to New-York. You will, of course, tell us of the *modus operandi* of your travelling equipage, and a thousand things associated with the wheel and axle.

“I noted your kind regards for the *beggars*, or rather from your management, the recipients of your gifts. Your question, I think, admits of no doubt, my sentiment on the subject of the poor-laws notwithstanding. I much mistake — or similar scenes on the road will prove an additional rivulet to swell what we pray may be a large stream, which shall contribute to your pleasures in your absence. What emotion is so hallowed as that

of sympathy, which awakes in a benevolent heart over the distresses of another? And a kind word and a few pence will often purchase for us the enviable emotion which results from the consciousness of making a distressed man forget, for a moment at least, his wretchedness and sorrow. There is *philosophy* in these things as well as piety, not now to trouble you with a disquisition after the manner of the doctors.

“An hour or two with you here this lovely morning would give to its beauties a double charm. Pray, what has become of our winter? The Southren skies seem to be on a tour over our Eastern hills.

“I design to pay my compliments to some of your friends this P. M. The good people here are very kind in their inquiries after our mutual friend JAMES B. TAYLOR. Farewell.

“ \_\_\_\_\_ ”

“Your friends are all well, I believe; and the next time I write, I suppose my letter will team with *love* from the Connecticut-people, and regards, respects, etc. etc., from those who talk properly. However, I mean no reflections. Of all the world in Christendom and *Wooster-street*, give me Old Connecticut still, although they say that some of their ugliest clever ladies are *pretty*, and with K. J., their divines stick to the nat’ral.

## To J. B. T.

“New-Haven, March 2d, 1828.

“I secure a few moments to give you a reply to your last. I have thought of you often, and as frequently wished to hear from you.

“It will give you pleasure to learn that the state of religious feeling in New-Haven at this time is deeper than usual. Your friend has his meetings on Saturday evenings. They are well attended by the young people. I was present at his last, and was pleased; but think he talks rather too learnedly for the greatest effect. He uses the words *momentum*, *illogical*, and *premises*; and besides, was too long. ‘I thought he never would get through,’ said some young people, (crazy heads and hard hearts of course,) as I passed up the street.

“In college, there appears to be more than the usual degree of religious feeling. Some of the students are not without thoughts on the subject of religion, with reference to their personal responsibilities. May God in his kindness lead them to Christ Jesus.

“Your friend T. was here two days since. He wished much to see you. He has been labouring in Massachusetts. He looks a thousand times better in health, and, I suppose, feels in spirits, in the same ratio. He thinks that you may have much that would be interesting to him in his new situation as a pastor — in religious anecdotes, for instance — and what would

tell before a committee of *Ways and Means*. Write him if you can. He desired me to say thus to you for him.

“Several of your friends desire their remembrance to you, when I write. Indeed, I believe you are the favourite of all the widows and orphans here — ay — and of a good many others besides, Christians and *infidels*, if you chanced to have an acquaintance with any of the latter class. ‘Pure religion and undefiled before God is this, to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.’

“I have written this in haste. Pray let me hear from you again soon.

‘The snows of yesterday are gone,  
The sunbeams freely play,  
The blue-bird flutters o’er the lawn  
And carols sweet its lay.’

“This last sentiment of your friend H., I suppose one may say, might give one to think about *spring-dandelions*.

To J. B. T.

“New-Haven, March 3, 1828.

“Dear Mr. Taylor :

“We gladly unfolded your first kind letter, and eagerly passed from line to line to know of your estate and prospect of health; and we laid it down with hearts

overflowing with emotions of which you can conceive more easily than I describe. We did so fear that the efforts of your kind friends, and the skill of physicians, could not long detain the spirit which seemed labouring to be emancipated from a tenement, whose tendencies were so much towards pain and decay. But to-day, by the perusal of your last favour, our feelings are wrought up to no ordinary tension in hearing of your comfortable state, and with the cherished hope that you are for a long time to come, to be given back to health; to your friends, to the church. I have hardly felt my spirits so raised since you went away. I need not say to you, what is their ordinary tone.

“I wish I had something good to say to you of myself; but I will try not to detail any thing that would give pain to a heart of so much Christian kindness and sympathy as yours. I may say something, that will cheer you respecting the religious prospects of this community. You are aware that the Conference of the churches met here with the North Church two weeks since. That meeting, in connexion with the previous steps of preparation, has seemed to give an impulse to the community, which I have not observed before. The people seem to be in an attitude of expectation and prayer; and a solemnity prevails, such as has rarely visited this city. Scarce a day since the Conference, in which we have not heard of some hopeful conversion.

Meetings are wonderfully multiplied and crowded. I

have heard of several cases of particular interest — have time to name only one. A young lady was invited to a ball the week of the Conference. She felt some convictions, but was induced to go — was wretched, and returned early home, and as soon as the gentleman who attended her left, she threw herself upon the floor in the most intense agony of spirit, and continued praying and crying aloud all night; and for several succeeding days was perfectly deranged. She is now calm, and those who have seen her, say she is in a hopeful state of mind.

“We cannot doubt but the Spirit of God is here. Many cases, besides the above, evince it. The ministers, this week, appointed a joint meeting of inquiry in the lecture-room. I believe Dr. Taylor has a meeting of this kind in college. I mention these things to you, because you have a regard for New-Haven-concerns. I am aware it would be rash to say so much to a stranger, at the present time. I think I have some present desire to be a participant of these blessed influences, which are attendant with so many mercies upon this people.

“Dear friend, you will allow me to express the gratitude I feel for your so kindly interesting yourself in my behalf. A heart smitten as mine has been, and cast unprotected upon a world, *cold, selfish, unbefriending*, feels with a deeper intensity such acts of kindness. May God reward you for this, and for every act of kind-

ness toward *any* of the mournful sisterhood, to which I belong.

“ You are going to the South in pursuit of health. We are all glad, being persuaded it is the best course. Our best wishes and prayers attend you, and we know that the ‘ Shepherd of Israel, who never slumbereth nor sleepeth,’ will go with you, watch over you, sustain and keep you — and we trust, we *trust* in his good time will bring you back in safety and health.

“ Our family, ‘ jointly and severally,’ desire an affectionate remembrance. Since you kindly proffer, I will trouble you with a letter to Mrs. F. This has been scribbled with many interruptions. You must excuse all, from your sister-friend, (if you give me leave.)

“ ——— .”

“ N. B. Dr. Taylor had twenty at his meeting of inquiry to-night. Last night there were as many amid the pitiless storm of rain, at the lecture-room. Pray for us — and for me and my orphan. Dear Mrs. — and family are well, and requested us, when we wrote, to remember them very affectionately to you. They are not able yet to forget you. We thank you for indulging us to hear of ‘ your weal and wo.’ Will you indulge us yet again, and let us know how it fares with you at Charleston, and onward.”

To his Brother F. W. T.

“ 6th March, 1828.

“ I am summoned to be on board the Othello, Capt.



Thorpe, at two o'clock, this P. M. I think I am better than when I wrote last. Can step much more firmly. Prospectively, things are favourable. Brother K. purchased a horse yesterday to subserve my health. He is young — five years old — looks as if he would roll me from Charleston hither.

“ In haste — Good-by,  
and with a heart of love.

“J. B. T.”

“ Your letter reached me yesterday. Remember me to friends.”

This is the last note penned by Mr. Taylor before he went on ship-board. The vessel left her moorings, glided down the stream, and soon passed out through the Narrows to sea ! The following note was returned by the pilot-boat :

“ Within a little of Sandy-Hook,  
Thursday, 7 o'clock, P. M.

“ Dear, dear brother :

“ I did not think to write you so soon, but as the pilot is about to leave us, you shall have the first line.

“ Our number of passengers is ten. Mr. Kindsman I find very companionable. There are two or three actors. The captain we find to be a professor of religion. At the table he called on me to ask a blessing.

Impression so favourable as to lead us to hope that a good influence may be produced.

“ Under a thousand renewed obligations,

“ Yours, truly,

J. B. T.”

“ 7th March, 1828.”

## SECTION XI.

WE have now followed Mr. Taylor until he has passed his last adieus to his kindred and friends, and committed himself to the sea on a voyage to the South in search of milder climes, and with hopes that the projected course which the solicitude of friends marked out for him to traverse, would reinstate him in the possession of lost health, and freedom from debility and pain which had attended him for so many months. How far these hopes were realized or proved fallacious, will be developed by the letters which he sent to his friends on his travels, written often under great fatigue after his day's journey, but always with feelings flowing from an affectionate and devout heart. By these letters we shall pursue him on his course, and yield him our sympathies as he records the "bitter and the sweet" of his way, and mingles on the same page the joys and the woes of a heart that always opened its secret chambers with the utmost freedom to his kindred and friends. He knew that he had their deepest interest and affection, and he unbosomed himself accordingly.

We give these letters successively as they were written; and they will themselves lay open the different circumstances in which they were penned by the friend, whom we shall not cease to follow with interest through

the remaining pages of this TRIBUTE. His first letter returned to his friends after again reaching the shore, is dated as follows :

“ Charleston, 15th March, 1828.

“ Dear Brother :

“ At about eleven o'clock, this A. M., we came along-side the wharf, all in good order. Our passage was delayed by calms and head winds, so as to take us eight days to reach Charleston. This, however, was no disadvantage to me. Probably, conducive to help me. My cough became less and less troublesome, so that now, but little remains. I was sea-sick as I had anticipated that I should be. I saw but few wonders of the deep, yet was quite long enough on ship-board to prefer the land to the sea.

“ We found our captain and mate both professors of religion. Some of your tracts were distributed. On Sunday I gave them a talk on the deck, and felt no inconvenience from it.

“ A valuable acquaintance I found in Mr. Kinsman. A lovely spirit. To the story of his conversion, I listened with interest. I think it likely he will purchase a horse, and accompany me Northward. If so, horse-back and in the gig, alternately.

“ I have not time now to say much about Charleston. Had I time, I have seen so little, as yet, that my tale would, of necessity, be short. Climate, summer-like,

and very grateful. Walk without surtout, and coat unbuttoned. Fine green peas — relished well at dinner. Corn in the garden, knee high. Other things, I suppose, corresponding.

“Fox, (for so I call him,) stood the voyage well. Not ashore yet.

“I give you this hasty sketch to show you, that through a kind Providence I am safely here. I have a different countenance already. You would see a blushing red on my cheeks. Pain in my side not troublesome. I walked a mile this morning with much less fatigue than when in New-York.

“My love to Eliza and the children.

“Yours fraternally,

“JAMES B. TAYLOR.

“You may hear from me again soon.”

“Charleston, March 17, 1828.

“My dear Parents :

“You will be relieved by hearing that I am safely at this place. I arrived on Saturday last, after a passage of eight days. The voyage was not at all rough, yet enough motion of the ship to make me sea-sick.

“When I embarked at New-York, I was introduced to a stranger, whom I afterwards found, and still find a valued friend, a Christian brother, and a delightful companion. Our hearts seemed attuned for each other’s society. This gentleman is from Portland, Maine, and

like myself, is in search of health. What made our voyage still more agreeable, was the circumstance that our captain is a professor of religion, and favoured serious things. At the table God was acknowledged.

“As we advanced Southward the climate became sensibly more and more mild. The day of my arrival on shore we had a summer’s sun. And you may imagine the difference between this and the Hill at this time, when I tell you that in January, strawberries although rare, were picked from the vines. Now they have them, but so few that they ask \$1 25 for a tea-saucer full. In the garden back of the house at which I lodge, I saw corn knee high. As I rode out yesterday, I saw peas four feet high. They are on the table daily.

“Charleston, as a city, exceeds my expectations. I had conceived of it as an indifferent place. There are several large and public buildings. The streets for the most part are not paved. It is a sandy soil. The black population far exceeds the white.

“The pious, with whom I have become acquainted, I am pleased with. There is some liberality among them.

“My dear friend, of whom I spoke above, N. Kinsman Esq., a lawyer, will probably accompany me, and so we shall continue together. A good Providence direct and sustain us.

“As to my health, I hardly know what to say — for, I fear of saying too much. But I seem to be so differ-

ent, and I feel so different from what I did at home, that I must say that I am another man. I have improved, and I do persuade myself that I am improving, beyond — yes, *far beyond* my expectations. My countenance is altered for the better. Pain does not assail me as formerly. Food sets well. Spirits good. I can put my foot down with a firmer step. Walk farther and with less fatigue. Cough well nigh disappeared. Eat my allowance. Take no medicine. Weigh 132 pounds, etc. etc. I am quite contented, and prospectively, a pleasant journey is before me.

“Thus you see, that under a gracious Providence, I am as I am. Ere mid-summer, I hope you will see me — shall I say fully restored? I say it, conditionally — the Lord’s will be done.

“Judge again. I have written thus far and feel no fatigue. I could not have done this, nor even one half of it, without resting, some time ago.

“March 19th. Yesterday called on Dr. Mc Dowell, to whom I was introduced through a letter from M. C. of New-York. I found him and family as is desirable. Evening was introduced into a circle of good folks, where I spent two or three hours pleasantly — at Dr. Palmer’s, another of the clergyman in this city. To sum up my reception, I have fallen into the hands of those, ‘given to hospitality!’

“To-day, I have visited a curiosity, and withal had my profile taken. The horse I brought with me I have

tried to-day in my gig. I think he will answer my purpose well. Probably, on Monday next, we shall leave this for Savannah, one hundred miles south. We go thither partly to see the city, and partly so as not to go north too soon. A letter from Jeremiah yesterday, stated that you were all well. Was glad to hear from home. Ate a few strawberries which my friend brought in yesterday. They tasted March-like.

“20th. Heard again from Jeremiah. A ship arrived yesterday, only seventy-five hours passage from New-York. Should you write me on the reception of this, direct to Fayetteville, N. C. It takes ten days for a letter to reach you from this place.

“As you ever do, so remember your son in exile. Yet though in exile, in the paternal hands of our heavenly Father.

“JAMES.”

“Charleston, 20th March, 1828.

“My dear Brother :

“On my arrival here I sent you a note, announcing the same, per mail. I have since been busy in delivering letters and forming new acquaintances.

“Mr. C.’s letter to Dr. Mc D., introduced me into a pleasant retreat. Have met a delightful circle at ——. The characteristic of those with whom I have associated, warrant me in repeating what I believe to be justly said of the South Carolinians, that they are given



to hospitality. This morning two dishes loaded with fruit came in, with an invitation to dine to-morrow. Another invitation to take tea in the evening. Another for the succeeding evening. Another to dine the next day. So you see, that although at a boarding-house, my seat is sometimes vacant.

“On Monday, I expect to leave Charleston for Savannah, one hundred miles south west. After remaining at Savannah a few days, one hundred and twenty miles will bring us to Augusta. I say *us*, for my friend and dear brother Mr. Kinsman will accompany me. You see how a kind Providence has given me an intelligent, companionable, and affectionate fellow-traveller. We shall ride as we may find it agreeable — alternately in the gig and on horseback. Fox goes off as if he felt it not — presses on the bit — and with no horse have I been more pleased. Mr. K. is a good horseman. This, in a traveller, is an acquisition, if not an accomplishment. Had we been aware how often horses are injured during the passage, I think we would not have risked one on the sea.

“As to my health, I repeat what I wrote to the Hill. I fear of saying *too much*. But that I have improved is perceptible at half a glance. Should I continue to improve as rapidly as I think I have done since I left you, my tour will do much indeed. Food relishes well. Eat my allowance. Can walk and ride with much less

fatigue, and plant my foot much more firmly. Mr. K. thinks I have gained ten per cent. since I left New-York.

“21st. Went this morning to see one hundred and eighty human beings go under the hammer. The sale, however, was postponed till Monday. The regular sale-days, Tuesdays and Thursday.

“Ate new potatoes to day where I dined, and as good venison as ‘ever comes over.’

“The family with whom I am stopping are exceedingly attentive, and the ladies very maternal. Among the good things which reach my room, every morning comes up a pleasant *bitter*. It is a hoarhound sirup with milk warm from the cow. This is considered very medicinal.

Will you please to say to J. that his letters are received, one per mail, the other by ship President, seventy-five hours from New-York. Should you write, and be sure I wish to hear from you, address to Fayetteville, N. C. *I have pretty much abandoned the idea of visiting the Cherokee nation.* The atmosphere here is delightful. We set to-day without fire. The wind since our arrival has prevailed from the north, and so made it cooler. Gardens are flourishing. Roses in bloom — peas in abundance — strawberries — spring vegetables. The city is more extensive than I supposed. Houses high and roomy. Streets not paved, except in a few in-

stances, for want of stone. Public buildings respectable.

“The tone of religious things in Charleston, though high in individual Christians, yet in *revival means* I should think they were behind. In the cause of Seamen Mr. Brown is enlisted. He is a lovely man, and a man beloved. I heard him preach last Sabbath evening.

“Please say to Eliza that sweet potatoes are poor, or she should have had her a barrel or two.

“As I can think of nothing else, therefore, farewell.

“Your affectionate brother,

“JAMES.”

In the preceding letter, Mr. Taylor remarks that he had “*abandoned the idea of visiting the Cherokee nation.*”

When situated at Lawrenceville, in the early part of his academical studies, he was by accident, (or rather, by his benevolent feelings which ever enkindled with best intentions toward a stranger,) thrown into the company of *Major Ridge, an Indian chief of the Cherokee nation*. This chief was distinguished under General Jackson in the Seminole war; and since, together with his son, John Ridge, has been conspicuous in the negotiations of the Indian treaties between our government and the Cherokees. Major Ridge, at this time, 1822, was on his way through the Northern and Eastern States, designing to visit his son, who was then at the

Foreign-School at Cornwall, Connecticut. Unacquainted with the English language, and alone on board of a steamboat from Brunswick to New-York, James Taylor perceived the circumstances of the Indian, and proffered to him his friendship and assistance in furthering him on his journey. He took the Indian to his brothers' in New-York, and accompanied him on to Cornwall, where he left him.

This act of kindness on the part of young Taylor, made a deep impression on the mind of Major Ridge, and drew from him a hearty acknowledgement of the favour, and a cordial invitation from him to visit their nation, with assurances that his act of friendship and hospitality should be reciprocated. The incident led to a short correspondence, and was always a circumstance which gave pleasure to young Taylor, and now, years afterwards, in other circumstances and so unexpectedly while he was directing his course toward the lands of the Indian-warrior, he felt that it would augment the pleasures of his journey to make a visit to the chief. But it was found to be too far out of the line of his contemplated rout.

The letters of these Cherokees will be introduced here, with but one passing and sad reflection, that the time seems not to be far onward when the dust of the last poor Indian will sleep as low as now slumber the relics of him whose TRIBUTE we are penning, and who took one of their number by the hand with the sym-

pathies of a friend, and the deep felt interests of a Christian.

“Ridge’s Ferry, Cherokee Nation,

“February 19, 1822.

“My very dear Friend :

“I rejoiced greatly to receive a letter from you. I had thought we were far from each other, but when I received your letter, it seemed as if you were near. I feel rejoiced to hear from you, and will converse with you as much as I can on paper.

“Dear friend, we were made acquainted by a kind Providence, and I hope I shall never forget all your kindness to me. When I think of New-York it seems near, and I feel almost as if there. When I went there I was a stranger. You were so kind as to be my guide and assistant to the place where my son was: For this I am under great obligations of gratitude. You not only rendered me all necessary assistance on the way, but when we arrived at Cornwall, you were so kind as to converse with me about religion. What you told me I ought to do, I am determined to do. I think I can say now that I do seek the Saviour, but do not find him. I hope the Lord will hear my prayers, and enable me to find the right way. I thank you for what you said to me, and rejoice to think of it, and also I rejoice that the Missionaries here tell me the same thing, and

that there are some, even in this land, who care for my soul.

“I scarcely know what to say that will be most important. I think I shall always remember your kind advice, and hope we shall be friends as long as we live. I am trying to do good, and seek the Lord, and though I do not find him, I still hope he is not far from me, but will help me and give me a new heart.

“I rejoice to find by your letter that you do not forget me, and as I am in your mind I hope you will pray for me, as you did when I was with you. I think I shall never forget you. I think much of your brothers in New-York. I feel thankful for all their kindness to me. Their wives also treated me with kindness. Remember me to them, and all their children. I stayed at New-York four days. Then your brothers assisted me in finding a vessel to come to Savannah, and I was but five days on my passage. I enjoyed good health till my arrival. But before I came home I attended the council of my nation. I found my wife and children well. I told my wife of all your kindness to me, for which she is thankful, and sends her love to you. Your brother made me a present of a glass pipe, and also a present to my daughter Sally. These arrived safe.

“You wished me to tell you respecting our country. We have never had a line between us and the Creeks, and have had some fears that this would occasion some difficulty. But this is now amicably settled, and we

have agreed where to have the line. Our country is now, I suspect, about two hundred miles long, and perhaps one hundred and forty miles wide in some places, and perhaps not so much. We have, generally, a good range for our stock, so as not to be obliged to feed them.

“I feel thankful that you have written my son at Cornwall, to make your brother’s house his home when at New-York. I feel as if he would be treated as I was when there.

“I hope we shall hear from each other. I will endeavour to write whenever I can get some one to write for me.

“As you are young, you may find it convenient to visit our country. If you should, I hope you will make my house your home. I hope, if it is the Saviour’s will, you will be willing to come and visit our people. If you should, you will be treated with kindness by them.

“I hope you will write soon to the Cherokee boys at Cornwall, and let them know that you have heard from me.

“I am happy to state that the schools under the care of the Missionaries in this country, appear to prosper. Many of our children are now instructed.

“My dear friend, I will now bid you farewell, and give you the right hand, and your brothers also.

“MAJOR RIDGE.”

The preceding letter of Major Ridge, as the reader will have perceived, was penned by an *ainanuensis*. The following, from his son, is in the son's own hand writing; and evinces talent and acquirement.

“ Cornwall, July 8th, 1822.

“ Dear friend, Mr. Taylor :

“ I am under great obligations to you for your acceptable letter of the 19th of June, and I should be wanting in gratitude should I pass over your precious letters in silence, which I hope is not in my disposition to do.

“ I had the pleasure of receiving a letter from you last fall, giving me to understand that my father had embarked, and tendering the polite invitation of your dear brother. I wished to answer you then, but did not know where I should direct my communication. On further consideration, I thought it best to defer writing until I received information of your residence. Please to accept of my sincere thanks for that, and for this which I have now the privilege to answer.

“ I have read your instructive admonitions with interest, and I feel thankful to you for your concern for my immortal welfare. But, at the same time, I will not conceal from you that my heart is stupid and indifferent to this subject. I do not ridicule, nor have any disposition to do so, with the jocularly of an infidel. Neither do I flounce on the doctrines of the Gospel with the con-



tempt of the deist. But you can conjecture the state of my feelings by looking over some of your Gospel hearers in Lawrenceville, who go to meeting to please their friends, or to satisfy their curiosity, but at the same time are not opposed. In short, you may form your opinion of me by yourself before conversion.

“We have animating and promising news from the Cherokee nation. Missionaries are prospered, and the nation is coming up to the meridian of civilization with hasty strides, and seems resolved to prove to bigoted opposition, that Indians are capable of receiving instruction and the endearments of polished society.

“Do you read the ‘Missionary Herald?’ There is an interesting letter from J. Evarts, Esq., Corresponding Secretary of the A. B. C. F. Missions. He has lately travelled in the Cherokee country. He states that the Cherokees are improving in their buildings and furniture, laborious habits are imbibed, and that they are friendly to the Missionary cause. They possess a territory of ten millions of acres, large enough to include Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode-Island. Their jurisprudence is well adapted to their improvement, and their judicial and executive powers are disposed with considerable skill and judgement.

“The American Board, you know, have a large establishment at Brainerd, and the two local stations, Tabony and Creek-path. At the latter, there is a church under the care of Mr. Potter, and does well.

At Tabony there are indications of seriousness ; and it is hoped that two persons have lately become converted. The indefatigable Moravians have two churches formed, one at Springfield under the care of Mr. Smith, and the other at Ao-ge-logee under the venerable Mr. Gambold, the luminary of Indian Missions. This establishment is in the neighbourhood of my father's old place. The other of my father's establishments is at the Fork, where he also has farms and a ferry, the place at which his letter to you was dated. The Baptists have also an establishment of considerable respectability in that country. It is situated on the Hiwasne river, in what is called the Valley-farms, and contains fifty-four scholars. There is a Sunday-School Society here, for the support of which the Cherokees have readily subscribed. At Creek-path there is a 'Female Society for assisting youth for the ministry.

" Here then, my friend, we find Indian improvement sufficient to stop the mouth of every objector. We here behold schools in operation, and Indians pursuing their studies with ardour, and as their teachers say, not inferior in talents to the children of this country. Their system of laws are worthy of an enlightened people, and are respected by the nation. Why may not a Boniface arise here, and carry the Gospel into the forests of the West ? Why may not a Solon or a Lycurgus rise here, and give an immortal splendour to the Indian name ? But should the Cherokees fall into their original degra-

dation, let it not be forgotten that, at Brainerd, Cherokees have surrounded the Lord's table, and have received the faith from the Saviour. Let it not be forgotten that at Spring-place, a Charles Hicks has outwardly acknowledged the Redeemer at the Baptismal Font. Let it not be forgotten that Mrs. Crutchfield, the first Cherokee convert, and Mr. John Brown, junior, have died in the faith and triumphed over death.

“Prejudice is the ruling passion of the age. And an Indian is almost considered as accursed. He is frowned upon by the meanest peasant, and the scum of the earth are considered sacred in comparison with the son of nature. If an Indian is educated in the sciences—has a good knowledge of the classics, astronomy, natural, mental, moral, and political philosophy, and his conduct be equally modest and polite, yet, he is an INDIAN, and the most stupid and illiterate farmer will disdain and triumph over this worthy man! It is disgusting to enter a farmer's house and be stared at full in the face by inquisitive ignorance.

“I find that such prejudices are more prevalent among the ignorant than among the enlightened. And let a received opinion be counteracted by solid facts, the ignorant will still hold to it, and carry it with him to his grave.

“The O-why-he-an young men you mentioned, were thankful for your remembrance, and send their respects to you. When you write to my father, direct your letter

to Major Ridge, Spring-place, Cherokee nation. Spring-place is the nearest Post-Office, and it is the place to which I direct my letters. Mr. David Brown is still here, and intends to prepare himself for the ministry.

“Please to accept of my respectful regards, and believe me to be,

“Yours respectfully,

“JOHN RIDGE.

“Mr. James B. Taylor.”

“City of Washington, Jany. 20th, 1824.

“My very esteemed and dear Friend :

“I was happy to receive your letter of the 9th inst. which was enclosed in a letter from Mr. David Brown from Baltimore. I am now in Washington with three other chiefs, on a mission from the Cherokee nation to the general government.

“The receipt of your letter has made my heart glad. The sentiments it contains are pleasing, and makes me feel as if I were in your presence, and hear you talk, as I would do were we face to face. When I first met with you when going to New-York, I was among strangers, and you gave me your right hand, and led me to where your relations were, in New-York city, by whom I was kindly treated. From thence you led me where my son was. This disinterested friendship I duly appreciate, and shall never forget. Therefore, when I call those moments to recollection, it makes my

heart warm with gratitude. It is true I was much concerned about my son. But my uneasiness of mind was removed by finding him — which pleasure and happiness I ascribe to an all-wise and merciful Providence.

“I received two letters from you. One since I wrote you. The other must have gone out of the way. I am sorry I did not answer it so soon as it was my wish to have done. As I cannot write myself, I hope, my friend, you will not consider it an act of willing neglect.

“My dear friend, I am happy to hear that you possess the hope of heaven, and find it good to love and serve the Lord. As it respects myself, it grieves me to say that I have not been so fortunate as yourself, but I hope I shall yet find the Lord. I have a persevering heart, and shall not be discouraged, and trust, in the end, that my endeavours will be successful. Our hearts have been joined in friendship, and I hope our souls may be united in heaven. The will of the Lord be done.

“I shall be happy to hear from you at all times, and will do myself the pleasure to write you whenever circumstances permit. My son John left here for Cornwall some days ago, and was so fortunate as to meet with David Brown in Philadelphia. Mr. Brown, in consequence of a fall from the stage, has not yet arrived from Baltimore. I hope to see him in two days more. Mr. Evarts has arrived. I am happy to hear that Mr. Brown is not very badly hurt.

“It gives me pleasure to inform you that our dele-

gation, have been kindly received by the government, as also by the members of Congress generally. Messrs. John Ross, George Lowry, and Elijah Hicks, my companions, beg leave to tender their respects to you as a friend, though not personally acquainted with you. Please to present my kind respects to your brothers, and accept for yourself the best wishes of your friend,

“MAJOR RIDGE.”

With this brief deviation, we return to trace the continued course of Mr. Taylor, by a connected insertion of his letters from Charleston, and onward.

“South Carolina, Parker’s Ferry, on  
Edisto river, 27 miles from Charleston,  
Evening of 26th March, 1828.

“To those I love in New-York,

“New-Haven, and Middle-Haddom :

“Seated beside my friend and fellow-traveller, Mr. K., I think of friends afar. Although more than a thousand miles from some of you, my imagination goes over hill and dale, river and ocean, and rests in happy musing upon those loved ones I have left behind. And I doubt not but that the affection of my dear father and mother follows the footsteps of their affectionate son in his absence. That they, and others, who feel an interest in my weal and wo, may learn of my welfare, I

purpose to send occasional letters while on my way, interspersing, with other things, the bitter and the sweet of my journey.

“ My last dates were from Charleston. I left that place of grateful remembrances yesterday, P. M., and came nine miles to Mr. O'H.'s.

“ A gentleman, who has been unwearied in his attentions while at Charleston, accompanied us over Ashley River, and took leave of us two miles onward. The kind hospitality and expressive sympathy I received at the hands of Charleston-friends greatly endeared the place to me, and I find my heart entwining still, in kind affection, around those whom I have there left. Dr. P.'s family were much given to hospitality. The Rev. Messrs. G. and B. used me as brethren, and Dr. and Mrs. Mc D. were not behind to entertain me. Mr. O'N. Mrs. T. and Mr. McL., to whom I also had letters, treated the stranger-in-exile as a brother. Besides these, other acquaintances were formed, which kept me busy and pleasantly entertained in their society. I bade them adieu, and if never before, I hope again to meet them among the holy above.

“ A letter from Dr. McD., introduced us to the house and generous hospitality of Mr. O'H. During the winter, and spring, and a part of the summer, the planters in the low country, remain on their plantations. But during what is called the sickly season, they retire to the cities. Mr. O'H.'s plantation contains about

six hundred acres. It produces cotton, rice, and corn crops. His dwelling and out-houses are superior to the generality. The negroes have their residences in huts, called *quarters*, at a distance from the house. He owns about sixty. From his dwelling you may overlook the whole plantation. Mr. O'H. is a bachelor, but has with him his sister and his sister's daughter. Be not apprehensive of my becoming heart stricken during my travels, though I may sometimes dream of love's *joys*, never having felt love's *miseries*. They gave us an excellent supper and breakfast. It tasted more like a cup of good tea at the North, than I have found since I left. After a good night's rest and an early breakfast, Mr. O'H. led us into his garden and through his establishment for clearing cotton, and having made us familiar with some things new to us, we afterwards proceeded on our journey. I gave them the parting hand, reluctant to leave. 'If you, or *your friends*,' said Mr. O'H., 'should ever visit Charleston, I should be glad to see you, and them.' A dear and pleasant retreat. I might have mentioned, that before retiring, the big Bible was brought out, and prayers requested. The same in the morning. We left some tracts, which brother K. put into my hands, and these will be read to the servants when congregated together.

"It was a novelty to me to see the negroes grinding corn by hand. As Mr. K. said, a day or two since, 'all goes by *singing* here.' So the negroes, a dozen of



them, as they whirl the rumbling stones, modify their harmonious noise by the twanging sound of their nasal notes.

“The gardens are full of roses. One species called the ‘Nondescript,’ or Cherokee rose, is cultivated here to make a hedge. By putting down slips two or three feet apart, they become an impassable barrier in the course of four years. I wonder they have not been introduced at the North.\*

“The church of this parish is more than one hundred years old. It is now under a thorough repair. Near it is what is called ‘The Club-House.’ There the planters resort once a fortnight, to consult for the welfare of the vicinity. Questions are asked and answered. Measures are adopted to advance their interests and convenience. A patrol is appointed, who scour the parish to keep the negroes in order, or rather to keep them in their several places. If any are found off the plantation to which they are attached, without a line from their master, they are chastised. The patrol have a right to enter their houses and see that all is in order. They ride armed, during the night as well as in the day, and disguised as to the object of their commission.

“The birds serenade us sweetly. The mocking-bird, which is native and wild here, is the most musical. He is indeed a perpetual songster. These cost about ten dollars in Charleston, but when young, the negroes

\* They are too tender a shrub for a Northern latitude.

sell them for a York-shilling, though it is somewhat difficult to raise them.

“To-day, I have ridden seventeen miles. We have stopped at a fine house, and being about to retire, I expect to sleep according to my fatigue.

“March 28th. Where we tarried over the night of the twenty-seventh, the man of the house was the profanest wretch I ever heard speak. Besides giving tracts to the servants, I left two to be given to the master after I had gone.\* At this place, in the evening, a negro came in and bartered two quarts of corn for a pint of

\* This allusion of Mr. Taylor to the profanity of his host, and the measure he pursued to place suitable tracts into his hands, reminds the writer of an anecdote told of him on an occasion of his going from New-York to Lawrenceville, at the time he was situated in the academy at the latter place.

He heard a man swearing boisterously, and to the great annoyance of all the passengers of correct feelings on board of the boat. Young Taylor went to the person just previous to the landing of the passengers at New-Brunswick. He asked the person to step aside with him, and told him privately that he had a paper for him which contained matter of the greatest importance, but the note was not to be opened until the person had proceeded some distance on his way. The curiosity of the individual was considerably excited, and he promised that the paper should not be opened otherwise than as requested. Young Taylor then handed him a letter, in which he had inclosed the tract call “*The Swearer’s prayer.*” The person, with care, put the letter into his pocket, and it is hoped, though it is not known, that he read it with feeling and profit.

salt. The principle food of the negroes is corn ; on rice plantations, it is rice. Salt they sometimes have, sometimes not. The negroes raise, on grounds allowed them by their masters, poultry and a pig.

“ Yesterday came onward nineteen miles, and spent the night. This morning, after opening my *window shutters*, (there were no glass windows in my bed-room,) I was greeted with a sweet serenade by the birds. A distant human voice, too, was heard. On inquiry, I found it to be the custom for one or more of the servants to watch a recently planted field, and frighten by their hallooing, the birds from disturbing the seed. They carry a whip also, which they crack to frighten the winged thieves. The Rice-bird is very troublesome.

“ At the ferry on Ashepoo River, I met a captain with his schooner, hailing from Middletown.\* He expected to arrive in Connecticut in about three weeks.

“ There is very little variety in this section of the country. Now and then you pass a good house, but not to be compared at all with those at the North. The majority are such as you would dislike to inhabit. The people seem devoid of taste in this particular. All they study in architecture is the arrangement of their *crops*, and in securing these, an experienced farmer of the North could show them, I think, that one half of the

\* Middletown is about six miles from the Hill, his father's residence.

manual labour they expend would suffice. All the implements, or the chief, by which they carry on their husbandry, is the hoe. And you may see in one field fifteen, twenty, or thirty hands doing what a pair of horses would accomplish in less time, and equally well. Many of the negroes (for their own comfort I suppose,) work without a shirt.

“We stopped to feed at Coosawhatchie. There, the Baptists had assembled, to hold what they call a *union meeting*. They assemble on Friday — have two sermons at a meeting — Three meetings a-day. On Sunday, communion, and disperse.

“We are this evening at a place called Grahamville, thirty miles from our starting-place this morning. Grahamville is a retreat for health during the sickly season. In the low-lands, through which we have passed, the whites consider it not safe to remain after the first week in June, until cold weather. They resort to places like this. From the appearance, the houses are for the occupancy of the planters who come here and reside during the unhealthy months. Here, is a church — school-house — twenty to forty scholars — tuition, eight dollars per quarter.

“On the road we have found plenty of good feed for our horses and for ourselves. Water in abundance, and crossing the roads. After the Southern style, I carry a tin-pail to water my horse, and a tin-cup to use for myself.

“The roads are excellent for the most part, although not turnpikes. We have to ride eighteen or twenty miles to find a stopping-place. The roads are lined not with houses, but timber in the rough, for houses. Pine trees prevail.

“29th. Reached Savannah this P. M., of which date you may expect to hear.

“P. S. To K. T.

“Please enclose and forward this to the Hill, when all in New-York shall have read it. Were I to write each, it would be saying pretty much the same thing, and doubling the labour.

“Affectionately,

“J. B. TAYLOR.”

“Savannah, 30th March, 1828.

(Evening.)

“My dear friends at the North :

“At the close of my last, which was dropped into the office to-day, I announced my safe arrival at this place. You will observe that we were on the road from Charleston since Tuesday P. M. We made an experiment on our way by taking turns upon the saddle and in the gig — riding for an hour each way. I find that riding on horse-back fatigues my own back too much, so that when night comes, the ill effects are severely felt. I could not have performed the journey on the saddle. I found, what invalids should never find, that it was


*labour* to ride on horseback. Thus, Dr. Smith and brother K. judged rightly in my preparations for the journey. The gig is preferable for me, at least for the present. It is a pleasure to glide along after Fox, on a good road, and the exercise from the gig will probably do a kind service for me.

“There was no rain during the time we were travelling. The weather was warm. The atmosphere mild. I had no idea when I put up my over-shoes — woolen muffler — lined gloves — cloak and surtout, that I should have no use for them. Except an evening or two, I have had no occasion for an over-coat.

“To-day I have attended church twice. In the A. M. heard a Mr. Quarterman, who, nevertheless, is more than *half a man*, both in size of person and in intellect. At least, he would weigh down *two* like myself, and good sense pervaded his discourses. I heard him last evening. He is settled thirty miles from this. Of about seven hundred members, his church includes five hundred blacks, who sit at the communion table. This P. M. joined in the communion at the first Presbyterian Church. This church, but lately formed, seceded from the first Congregational. Though a ‘little band,’ it was pleasant to be there.

“The Presbytery at this time is in session. I shall, consequently, have an opportunity of seeing and becoming acquainted with the ministers in this region. They came, some of them, sixty, and some more miles. Two

Mr. P.'s, originally from Essex, are here. One settled in Darien, the other in St. Mary's. Ministers, I perceive, look *hearty*.

“ On my arrival at the dock, (we came by steamboat down the Savannah twenty miles,) a stranger, whom we approached, conducted us to a livery stable for the disposing of our horses, and mentioned a house to which he also conducted us for board. Friends, to whom we had letters, would have taken us to the same.  *A good Providence.* We occupy a square front-room on the second floor of a large house, pleasantly situated. The pride of China, in full bloom, shades our window. The room is uncomfortable with the windows down. As to heat, it is June. Good-night.

“ April 4th. Savannah, of which I had conceived, as of a low, pent-up, small, dirty place, is situated on a sandy plain, forty feet above the river. It is open, airy, extending over considerable ground, streets at right angles, and spacious areas of a circular form frequently occurring. One of these fronts our window. On the whole, the city of Savannah is an earthly paradise, in point of location and beauty. The sandy soil is one draw-back. The streets not being paved, makes it unpleasant, and hard work for one to get about.

“ The marketing is done in the morning till nine o'clock. The best day for this is Sunday. Then the negroes come in from the country, and the variety is the greater. They cry articles about the street for sale.

This system of things is demoralizing, and should be stayed.

“The house at which we stop is a favourable one for invalids. Our landlady yields her sympathies to her boarders more as *guests* than as boarders. Should you have occasion to say it, you may speak of Mrs. Davenport’s house as one of known worth.

“A Mr. K. — (you do not know him, but brother Fitch does, who was in the same academy with him at Princeton,) is here in business, and is married. At his table I dined day before yesterday. Miss B., whom you know, is here. She expects to visit New-York in a few weeks. Mr. O. H. H. arrived here the other day from St. Augustine, much improved in health. He leaves this soon for the North, by land, on horse-back. Mr. C. H. I saw in Charleston. To me he never looked better. Rev. Mr. H. of N. has been spending part of the winter at Savannah. Improved, and will return soon. Rev. Mr. B. also from N. J. A Mr. K., student of Princeton Seminary. A case of hemorrhage. Better.

“A view which I took this morning from the Exchange-steeple presented before me a large extent of level surface. Rice plantations exhibit very regular figures from their peculiar formation. They are planting cotton at this time. On some plantations it is up and growing.

“I have been invited by a young planter to visit him,



and among other inducements, he says he will give me a *deer-hunt*. From this I must beg leave to be excused, until I can stick better to a horse than at present. From their account, they go upon a *dead-run* — through thick and thin — mire and mud — dirt and ditch — with gun in hand. Surely I had rather *eat* the deer, than at such an expense, to *take him*. Deer are plenty. A common sport to hunt them. It being yet further South, I declined.

“April 14th. Monday. Last Tuesday I set out for Liberty County, to visit some few planters, to whom friends here gave me letters, with an urgent request to see that section of Georgia. About twenty miles from this, on the banks of the Ogeechee River, lives a Mr. C., into whose mansion I was introduced. I spent a part of two days with him and household. His plantation and its appendages are exceedingly neat, and surpass any thing that I have seen. Mr. C. is a single man about my age. He is a graduate, and studied his profession in New-Haven. Although he is not a *professor* of religion, yet he takes a stand indicative of heart-felt piety. Every night he meets his negroes congregated for worship. Sings, reads, and expounds the Bible, and prays. *A praise-worthy example.*

“In Liberty County, twenty miles beyond Mr. C.’s, I spent a little time at three different plantations. At Colonel L.’s, Captain J.’s, and Mr. K.’s. On my arrival at Colonel L.’s, I met a gentleman advanced in life,

with a venerable head, portly, affable, cordial, pious. His house is associated with a refreshing season to me. Having retired, fatigued, and with some pain in my side, *I thought on health.* Our sympathising High Priest was near to bless me. The thought of him was balm to my spirit. I was fully persuaded that if he spake the word, his servant should be healed. To live and recover, I saw in some respects, to be desirable, yet rather than carry about a *useless* tenement, I felt it desirable to die — yes — though I seemed to love you all more than ever, I felt that I could give you all up, and die, even among strangers. My soul experienced joys that elevated me, and then I could so sweetly fall into the hands of God and meltingly say, ‘MY FATHER, MY JESUS!’

“ My excursion, I think, has benefitted me. On the whole, I am probably ten to fifteen per cent. better than when I left New-York. To-morrow, we intend to set out for Augusta. Mr. Kinsman has purchased a harness, and his horse will precede mine. Thus we now intend to travel.

“ Upon the receipt of this, you can address me at Richmond, Va.

“ Affectionately,

“ J. B. TAYLOR.”

“Augusta, Georgia, April 18th, 1828.

(“Friday.)

“My dear Brother,

“The evening before I left Savannah for this place, I dropped a letter into the Post-Office, saying, among other things, that I was about to set my face homeward.

“We left Savannah on Tuesday, A. M., and reached Augusta to-day, the distance about one hundred and twenty-five miles. Mr. K.’s horse preceded Fox, and thus we came together in my gig. With a little more practice, I think, upon a pinch, I could demand eight dollars per month as a stage-driver. — But, I feel like any thing else than a single light thought.

“Were I to describe my feelings, I should represent myself as *pensive*, and disheartened. I do not complain. Of all persons, I have most occasion to be thankful. I would not complain — no — never! But, my dear brother, I feel that I am not gaining much. For the week or ten days past, the old pain has returned to my side — not that which we used to call ‘*Mr. O. grab me,*’ nor the spasmodic, which drew in my side, but that which renders me sorely sensitive to the touch, and troubles me when I move in the bed. I shall hope, by resting a little in this place, to improve. Whatever may be the result, I hope in all things to be kept from sinning. Whether my days be few or many, nothing seems more abhorrent to my feelings than to be situated where I shall be a burden. But, both to try me and others, this

may be my lot. But desist — it is not good to *borrow* trouble.

“Were I to open my heart as the continued recipient of my brother’s liberal kindness, I should not know where to stop. But you do not wish it, and flattery is not in my nature, and could not reach the reality here. But while you labour to acquire, you give — And the King of kings has said, it is more blessed to give than to receive.

“The gig is in admirable trim, and probably, answers my purpose better than any other. The fine leather top is a shield from the sun, and would protect from the rain. As yet, the weather has been fine. The horse does well. His legs swell a little, now and then.

“I have drawn up this in haste. I have ridden through the street, and shall defer what I have to say of Augusta, till my next.

“I long to arrive at Fayetteville, to hear from you all. It would do me good to see you — especially just now.

“Affectionately,

“JAMES.

“Should you address letters to me at Richmond, on the reception of this, I shall receive them.”

“Augusta, Georgia, 19th April, 1828.

“To my dear friends at the North :

“My last to you was from Savannah, which place I have left behind one hundred and twenty-five miles.

“ You may be interested to know, what I omitted to state in my letter from Savannah, that there are three churches in that city for the blacks. They have black preachers. The piety of the blacks, if piety among them exist at all, is enveloped in deepest ignorance. Much of it consists in *movings, impressions, sights, &c.* which, if it embodies with it any thing of the religion of Jesus Christ, presents at best, but a miserable picture. Said a Baptist Elder the other night, ‘ Many of the negroes profess to be religious, but the worst of it is, they will have two or three wives.’ From all that I could learn, the consistency of their profession and action, is greatly questionable. Exceptions there are, and the state of things might be a hundred-fold worse.

“ I believe I did not give the snake and allegator-country, into which I entered, its meritorious notice. I saw one fellow basking in the sun, as I rode along, while another soused into the water with a splash sufficient to frighten my horse. They shoot the allegator, which is troublesome in taking pigs, and even calves. A rattlesnake, but a day or two since, struck his fangs into a traveller’s horse’s leg, and inflicted a wound, of which the animal died the second day after. Well that he reached not the rider.

“ As yet, I have hardly had time to survey Augusta, having arrived here only yesterday. The city is located on a plain, by far less sandy than Savannah — streets are very wide — and extend a mile and a half.

“We stopped at the Mansion House, which was recommended to us. But we found it too bustling and unsocial. This morning, by the kindness of a friend, we were conducted to another house, which had been named to us when we were at Savannah. Here, we were introduced to three sisters, one of whom is Mrs. S., the mother of Caroline Elizabeth Smelt, whose memoir you have read. Mrs. W. keeps the house, and now and then entertains strangers. Mrs. J. is the other sister. With them all, thus far, I am pleased, and I feel that we have again fallen into *maternal hands*. More of these when I know more.

“I have still to say, as I wrote brother K. last evening, the pain in my side is troublesome. It makes it difficult for me to turn in bed, or to stoop or rise. My cough is well nigh gone. In the morning, I expectorate considerably, not more at other times than I have been accustomed to do. My lungs seem not to be so much debilitated. Yet they are none too strong. All the public speaking since I left you, which I have attempted, has been once on ship board, and once at Charleston. I purpose to keep quiet.

“Mr. K. has gained two and a quarter pounds. His throat, I think worse than when he left New-York. My countenance, I think, has altered for the better. On the whole, I am stronger, yet there is room for growing more strong. After all, I am a poor tool. Peradven-

ture, my present tour is to prepare me for greater usefulness. I know not the will of Him with whom is the future. Enough to know that he now guides my footsteps.

“April 20. How pleasant to find the refreshing waters, when travelling through the wilderness. To-day, the good Shepherd has given me a rich repast. My soul has renewed its strength by feeding on angel’s food, if *angels* feed on the manifestations of God to them. While singing one of the songs of Zion my heart began to melt. It broke into sweet tenderness and love. The filial relation to God, was dear beyond description. My heart loved to repeat and dwell upon the sound, ‘My Father, my Father!’ Christ in his relation as Elder Brother, Friend, Shepherd, Lord, and All, captivated my inmost soul, and I cried with a broken heart,

‘Thou lovely source of true delight,  
Whom I, unseen, adore,  
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,  
That I may love thee more.’

O, how soul-humbling — how soul-elevating and consoling, to have such manifestations of Jesus, so otherwise than is made to the world! It is no longer a wonder to the soul that enjoys it, as it once was to Thomas, ‘How unto us, and not unto the world?’ This little room from which I now write, will ever be associated in my recollections as one of the Bethels where my soul

has been blessed. Never, perhaps, with more confidence could I ask for the Holy Ghost. May you, and may I be filled, and filled, and filled with the Holy Ghost. By this, we climb the 'delectable mountains'—stand on 'Mount Clear,' and look away to the fairer land. O, how fair and desirable it appeared to me this night! More desirable than my father-land. O, the prospect of meeting there the holy! When I shall have subserved the end of my being here, I expect to see Paradise, and hail the happy within the walls of the New-Jerusalem. My prospect brightens as God shows new beauties to my soul. I long for the time to arrive when I shall be a disembodied spirit. I wish to see the GLORY which Christ wished his disciples to behold. 'Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory.' Much is comprised in that word *glory*. Well, it will not be long, and the disclosure will be made.

"Whenever I am so peculiarly blessed, my longings are to preach the Gospel. There is an *intensity* that wrings my very soul into groans. Still, I lie in the hands of God, and if I mistake not, swing in his will, neither above nor below. And I feel persuaded, that the issue of my protracted trials will be my good, whether I live or die. Through your prayers I may be restored and given to the church, to which, under God, I long since gave myself, and have repeatedly surrendered myself. Good-night.



“24th. It may disappoint you, as I have been disappointed. But you would know my case fully. I had hoped that I should not have a return of bleeding. But night before last, I experienced a recurrence of bleeding, very similar to what took place at New-Haven. For two or three days previously, I had a stricture across my lungs. They felt as if they were tied up. Dr. C., a skilful physician, was called, who let a little blood from the arm, assuring me that he believed that the blood came not from a blood vessel, but was a mere secretion of the mucus membrane, which nature, to relieve herself, threw off. There was no debility — voice *clearer* and *stronger*. Last night about twelve o’clock, there was another discharge, about the same as the first, and this afternoon it has been repeated. I feel no inconvenience from it, but relieved.

“I have not room to say much about my hostess, and kind friends around me. You would be grateful to witness their attentions to the stranger in exile. *And I am happy.* This morning my spirit has been exultingly refreshed. Be not concerned about me. This morning was the time we had appointed to start for Columbia, but not being quite ready, have postponed it until Monday next.

“Yesterday we visited the Sand-Hills, three miles from town — the summer residence of many of the citizens. There I saw a friend of J.’s, Mrs. K. This

morning I saw Mrs. —, another friend of his. I meet them all around, and they speak of him with affection.

“I shall have more to say in my next. You may expect to hear from me again soon.

“Very affectionately,

“Your son and brother,

“JAMES.”

“Augusta, Georgia, April 27th, 1828.

“Dear Brother B :

“I remember your parting hand, and parting request. Excuse me for not earlier complying. Since I left you, doubtless you have been favoured with near communion with God. Those seasons are of dearest remembrance, in which the soul has drawn nearest and held converse with the Deity.

‘Prayer ardent, opens heaven, lets down a stream  
Of glory on the consecrated hour,  
Of man in audience with the Deity.’

And those places are the most hallowed, where the soul has been purified by the fire from above.

“From time to time, I have been greatly refreshed, and so strengthened to press my way onward and upward. You know that it is at such seasons of com-

munion we gain armour, with which to gird ourselves—in which we harness the soul for the battle—in which we are stripped for the race—in which we become giant-like—yet lamb-like—Christ-like, and thus prepared for conflict with the enemies of the King whom we serve, and with whose glory our interests are identified.

“Well, my brother, you are glad that it is thus with me. O, were it otherwise, what should I do! Whither, ah, whither should I roam! Truly, without the sweet consciousness of reconciliation with God, I were wretched indeed. With this, *I am* happy.

“This room, from which I now write you, is witness to the blessed and repeated anointing seasons. Last Sabbath evening I enjoyed a rich repast. Singing one of the songs of Zion, my soul began to melt, and my eyes flowed with tears, and my heart swelled with love and tenderness. The ‘Spirit of adoption’ was so shed abroad in my soul, that I loved to repeat the words, ‘my Father.’ I could lean confidently on the arm of Jesus, and bask in his smiles. The New-Jerusalem, as the abiding-place of the holy, drew forth the longings of my inmost powers. Heaven was desirable. O, how desirable! Yesterday, too, was a day of good things. The *goodness* of God overwhelmed me. The effect of this season of communion was an unusually deep, calm, quiet, serene, sweet, and continually refreshing *comfort*. The Comforter drew near. And O, how comforting! I needed it. My trials are

protracted. But they are sweet trials. They have precious accompaniments, and encircle me richly with love-tokens from above. Let your thank-offering ascend, that I am happy, — fully persuaded, that come what will, the dealings of our heavenly Father are kindly administered. Yes, we may challenge the world to point out in his word, works, and ways, one thing which does not *tend* to win us to his favour, and to secure us for his home in the heavens. What then, but thanksgiving, should escape our lips?

‘I’ll praise him while he lends me breath,  
I hope to praise him after death,  
I hope to praise him *when* I die,  
And sing Salvation as I fly.’

“Still pray for the invalid. Through your prayers I may be spared, yet to subserve the cause we love.

“Friend Kinsman is a dear brother. The more I am with him, the more I love him. I think him improved in health, and improving. So, too, I think of myself. Yet we are both far from being sound in body, and perhaps we shall never be, until we are clad with the body, ‘new and glorious.’

“From this, we proceed onward. We leave day after to-morrow. Your brother I have seen. I trust his course is in Zion, and to Zion’s God. Remember me

affectionately to Mrs. B. and your brothers J. and L.  
By the first of July, I hope to be in New-York.

“ In haste, yours,

“ In the best bonds,

“ J<sup>S</sup>. B. TAYLOR.”

“ Augusta, April 28th, 1828.

“ My dear Friends at the North :

“ As I am on the eve of departing from this city, I will comply with the promise contained in my last, ‘ To say more when I should know more of my hostess and her inmates.’ Verily, this has been the greenest of green spots, where we have lighted. There is no danger of saying too much. On the contrary, I feel the poverty of words to express the kind reception, ample accommodations, cordial, maternal, sister-like attention which I have received under this roof. If earth had representatives of Paradise, this would be one — for here, many a cluster of *unforbidden fruit* have we tasted, and I trust, have been mutually refreshed. To-morrow I leave, and shall cast many a lingering look behind. Why should I not when I leave

‘ Zion’s friends and mine?’

“ Columbia, May 2d, 1828.

72 miles from Augusta.

“ Two days since we reached this place. We have had no occasion to put up the boot of our gig on account

of rain, until the evening of our arrival here. We have had warm summer-weather for the most part, since we arrived at Charleston. To-day the mercury stood at 85°. When we started from Augusta, our purpose was to proceed on as rapidly as we could with comfort. On our arrival here we presented a letter to a physician, whose skill and judgement are greatly relied on — professedly pious, and seemed to take an interest in us. He inquired into our cases, and found that we were invalids, and believed that the most probable remedy in our cases was the warm sun of this and more Southern climates. He advised us, by all means, not to hasten our way to the North. His reasoning on my case, I thought to be sound and philosophical. Mr. Kinsman's case, probably, is not much unlike mine. Supposed to be affected internally, and in parts which medicine will not reach, it becomes necessary to produce an action on the surface. For instance, if the lungs are disordered, inflamed, or there is a superabundant secretion, a determination to the surface should be effected. This, the physician supposed, would be done by an atmosphere like this; and argued that, to effect a permanent relief or cure, in pulmonary cases, a man should not only spend the winter at the South, but the summer *especially*; for, he said, to spend a winter here is only a negative thing — simply avoiding the cold of the North, and gaining a pleasant winter residence. But returning too soon, one evades the Southern summer-heat, whose power, by

creating perspiration, determines the secretions to the surface, and thus gives the internal and affected organs a respite and an opportunity to heal. There is said to be a humidity in the atmosphere here in the summer, which, although the mercury rises no higher than at the North, produces double the perspiration. *Warm nights as well as warm days.* He said a man will perspire here more in one day than at the North in ten. I liked his reasoning and his candour.

“I have sent for my letters which I suppose I have at Fayetteville, and expect the pleasure of hearing from you all for the first time since I left Charleston. On Monday evening, I presume they will reach us. This is Friday. Till then, if not longer, I think it duty to remain. The horse’s breast, besides, is galled.

“Columbia is said to be the handsomest city south of the Patomac. It is located on an eminence — a plain, two and a half miles by one and a half. I have formed but few acquaintances, and therefore know but little of the people. I say nothing about my health, until I shall see Dr. W. again.

“For a few days past I have been in the family of a Mr. E., at whose board and lodgings I was invited, and cordially received. They do all to make me comfortable. Dr. W., the physician, has given me an invitation to make his house my home, on my return; on my *return* — for he insists that the South must be my residence, at least for the present. The *South* or my *grave*.

For two days past I have felt myself on the gaining hand pretty fast. Yesterday the thermometer stood at 87°. To-day it is scorching heat in the sun.

“On Friday morning we purpose to leave Columbia, and proceed North. By a letter from Philadelphia, it seems that they had sleighing on the thirtieth ultimo. This tells us that we have not been too tardy. If you see me by the first of July, perhaps it will be soon enough.

“Mr. K. has purchased a sulky. We found the gig too narrow for a hot day. Fox is better, and collar so fitted as will probably sufficiently favour him on the way. Had a fine saucer of strawberries for a dessert at dinner.

“Dr. W. has just left me. From his examination he says, that he thinks more favourably of my case than he did. He proposed a prescription which I shall follow, save spending the summer here. For a week before I left Augusta, I think, and since, there has been no blood from throat or lungs.

“After all, think not too much of my recovery. I myself, do not — save for this, to preach the Gospel. O, how I have longed to put in the sickle *here*. Last Sunday evening a crowded house of *young people* waited to hear the truth. Think not that it injured me, for I was the better after it. It seemed to untie my lungs. But I delivered a message. I long to follow it up. But no. Only in one case have I, and in this case the



young lady, but a little ago, went to her closet.\* Living or dying, the Lord be magnified.

“May 8th. This is the time of your *feast of weeks* in New-York. Will brother K. say to Mr. P., or the Board, that in Savannah, an objection was raised against the H. M. and P. Journal, from the fact that it was not published early enough in the month to reach them for their monthly concert. This, however, may be but a small consideration with the body of the community.

“Day before yesterday, mercury 91°, yesterday 82°. To-day 62°, and an easterly wind. Probably you are enjoying a New-England snow storm. I feel on the gaining hand — better and better, stronger and stronger.

“I propose to leave Columbia to-morrow morning, and part with my kind host and hostess, the latter of whom, just now, having picked strawberries, presented me with a fine bowl full, and has more in reserve. The reserved ones I would gladly export to your table. They are large and fine.

“Your affectionate son and brother,

“JAMES.

“P. S. To brother F.

“I hope you have secured Professor Fitch’s lectures from Mr. N., as requested.

\* This young lady has since become hopefully pious, and gratefully acknowledges the influence of Mr. T.’s conversation, in exciting her to secure, *the one thing needful*.

To Dr. P. of Charleston.

“Columbia, 9th May, 1828.

“Rev. and dear Sir :

“After so hospitable an entertainment in your city, and especially so ‘kindly affectioned’ a reception and attention from Mrs. P. and household, I fully intended you should all hear from me. According to my purpose, I forwarded a letter to Charleston from Savannah, announcing my arrival at the latter place, and giving a sketch of our journey to S., and of our excursion into Liberty County. That letter, I presume, was wrongly sent. I requested that its contents should be mentioned *generally* to my friends, and *particularly* to Dr. P. and family. Mr. B., who arrived here yesterday, said that you had not heard from us nor of us.

“Our stay at Savannah, and in the ‘region round about,’ was fifteen days. Having found that horse-back-riding suited neither of us, we shall hence travel each in his own vehicle. At Augusta we remained ten days. Leaving to-morrow, we shall have been at Columbia eleven days. Here we have fallen into kind hands, and our way has been kindly directed.

“Mr. Kinsman’s health, I think, is improving. That I am gaining, and daily, I think admits of no doubt. Yet we are both, perhaps, far from full health. For myself, having seen more of my case, I look not for long life, and peradventure, a renewed constitution

awaits me only in an exchange of bodies. But these things move me not. I rest in the persuasion that my past and protracted trials as to my health, tend to prepare me the better to live or to die, for earth or for heaven. Since I left you, I have enjoyed some love-tokens from above — the best of which are, a broken heart, a leaning on the arm of Christ and reposing on his bosom, and the spirit of adoption to cry with inexpressible sweetness of filial love, ‘My Father, my Father.’ Through your prayers I may yet be restored to advance the cause of Christ in his vineyard — to which service, with a melting and bleeding heart, I have long ago, and repeatedly given up myself. In this cause I would live, and labour, and to it gladly fall a sacrifice — yes — a burnt sacrifice. Yet, if from an imperfect sphere Christ shall remove me to a perfect one, who shall say aught against it? Settled as it has been long ago, that ‘To die is gain,’ I am glad that I am born *to die*. There is much in the society of the holy to be learned. To see, to hear, to know the glories which Christ has to disclose, wakes in my bosom a solicitude to depart, that would not be denied. Thither let our willing feet tend. Among the Patriarchs, the Prophets, the Apostles, and the Saints, I hope to meet my dear friends of Charleston, whom I love in our Lord Jesus.

“Remember me, with my Christian salutation, to my friends and brethren. To Mrs. P. and family, mention me as one whose heart still hangs in its associations

around them, and recalls their attentions to me while at Charleston, as among the recollections of my most pleasant hours.

“I regret that I saw so little of yourself. Having heard more, I love to subscribe myself,

“Yours in the best bonds,

“JAMES B. TAYLOR.

“Friend Kinsman, who sits beside me, expresses his regrets that an acquaintance was not made with yourself, and repeats what he has often said, that he shall never forget the kindness of Mrs. P. His respectful regards to your family.”

“Lewisburgh, 110 miles S. of Petersburg,

“31 miles N. of Raleigh,

“May 25th, 1828.

“My dear, dear Brother :

“Though worn out by the journey of the day, you will allow me to pour a little from the fulness of my heart. I am in a snug harbour, with the prospect of enjoying the approaching Sabbath, by keeping holy day. I need the day, both for body and mind — to renew my physical vigour for the journey, and to put on afresh the armour of righteousness.

“My former letters bear testimony to repeated seasons in which I have been refreshed. Last night, another such refreshing season occurred, and O, how timely ! I wet my couch with tears — sweet tears from a broken, submissive heart.

“ My dear brother, you know what a *solicitude* I have had to preach the Gospel, and that, but for the desire to prepare for this, how ready I was to relinquish all upon your visit to New-Haven. O, it was a burning of soul that would take no denial ! You know from my testimony how I yielded the decision into God’s hands, to dispose of me as pleased him. In this I have *rested*. Last night, it seemed pretty decisive to my mind what would be the result. I looked *no longer* for the blessedness of standing upon the beautiful walls, and as a watchman from the watch-tower, to sound the alarm. The evidence was, that the trumpet had failed. The fact stares me in the face. If I attempt to converse — to sing a mere verse — to pray aloud, the *once* tuned instrument is discordant. Shortness of breath is troublesome. If I attempt to walk up-hill, it excites the lungs so much, that respiration is difficult. And even throwing myself upon the bed produces breathing enough for one who has run a race. My lungs are very sensitive to night-air. Now, all this was not the case when I left you, nor when I set out for my journey for the South. The blessing came in view of the hold which my soul had had on the ministry, and with the interrogation to myself, *will you give it up?* Dear brother, I think my whole soul responded, and I hardly know how — ‘yes — yes, I will.’ And then there was a staying upon God, and a solid, indescribable comfort within. Thus, you see here, one thing after another is lopping. And in-

deed, more than ever I thought it became me to set my house in order. And I *longed* to live more Christ-like, and to exhibit constantly his lineaments. The prospect was pleasant, even of putting aside *prospective* labours, and entering into rest. If it should soon take place, will not brother K., my dear brother K., whom I seem to love more than ever, give me up? Yes, like a Christian. And so will others whom I love.

“These are my impressions relative to my health. Besides, I find that I am more fatigued than when I first rode, and even drove two horses. And it is a question whether I have been benefitted by my journeying thus far. I have thought of following my friend Kinsman’s example, and disposing of my establishment, and by stage and steamboat, to get among my friends as soon as I can, and make myself comfortable the little time I may have to remain. Love to all.

“As ever, yours,

“JAMES.”

“Richmond, 31st May, 1828.

“Dear brother J.

“I will assure you that the letters which I received at this place, among which was yours of the 26th, were indeed refreshing to me. Please say to K. that his of April 29th, May 5th and 21st, came safely to hand. I noticed their contents, and my several letters will have

replied to several particulars of his. I passed through Petersburg to this place, avoiding Prince Edward, travelling the four days past twenty-five, thirty-six, twenty-five, twenty-one miles. To-day and to-morrow I rest in Richmond. On Monday, I hope to near you.

“The reason why I have not written you individually, is, that my letters have been written to you *all*. They were superscribed to brother K., but addressed to my friends at the North. I pursued this course to save labour.

“As to labouring, we should rather accord with the counsel of our friends than be too decided to follow our own wishes. It were better I had done this, probably, in some times which are past. I now see that I have gone, many a time, beyond my *strength*, but not my inclinations. Better if I had been wiser. We should strive to be willing to labour or not to labour. This latter is a higher attainment than a *thirst* to labour at all hazards. I think I have come to this, as I mentioned in my last letter to brother K. Now, I feel that I *could* not labour. I have a physical inability. My lungs will not allow me. Well, I have lost that anxiety I once had to open my mouth, and stand forth an advocate. How this will terminate, I know not. However, I trust the issue will be joyous and not grievous. I hope my friends will be as submissive as I am. ‘Be still and know that God reigns.’ If I am happy in his disposal

of me, ought not *you* to rejoice? Praise him on my account.

“Think not from this, that I am in the last stages of decline. Were you to see my countenance, you would think me far from ill. Yet I am kitten-like as to strength, and a little exertion only overcomes me. I would gladly be a *Quaker* in the one particular of saying *yea* and *nay* only; and so I do, so far as I can.

“In haste, but affectionately,

“JAMES.”

The preceding is the last letter which Mr. Taylor wrote, previous to his reaching New-York. The brother to whom it was addressed, on its reception, hastened to meet him on his way, and with full hearts they welcomed each other in Baltimore. The next week they reached New-York, the point towards which his affections ever turned, and where he was glad once more to rest at “one of his loved homes.”

In retracing the way of Mr. Taylor, by means of his letters, at this period of time, it cannot but awaken a degree of melancholy in the bosom of his friends as they follow him on his course, ever happy in the enjoyment of his religious feelings, but evidently, each hour failing in his physical strength. From the very nature of his complaint, his own feelings, with regard to his health, were fluctuating, but always settling on the side of hope and favourable expectation. The consequence



was, that his letters had led his friends often to hope that he was improving ; and being unable, from the circumstance of his absence, to judge from personal observation, like all friends in similar cases, they hoped for every favourable change, and believed that their son, brother, and friend, would ere long, be returned to them much improved in the reinstatement of his physical powers. Some of his later letters, and particularly his last, and the *next before his last*, diminished these flattering hopes, and increased the solicitude of his friends. And when he arrived and received their affectionate hands, with a cordiality of hearts that sincerely loved, they bid him welcome, and said all that they could to cheer and render him happy, but then went to their closets and vented their feelings in prayer and tears. He was altered in his personal appearance, not for the better, while at the same time, the flush which was always on his cheek, and which was now often deepened by feverish excitement and hectic indications, gave him a still interesting appearance, and divested his features, which were of peculiar manliness, of that sickly and deadly look, characteristic of the last stages of most diseases, when the invalid has been greatly reduced in flesh.

Mr. Taylor was much weaker on his return to New-York, than he was at the period of his leaving it. His course, although devised by the kindest attention and affection of kindred, and the advice of physicians of skill,

was evidently an injudicious one, and can hardly ever be again recommended to one in similar circumstances of feeble health. The driving of a horse, and the care attendant on travelling with one, is always too much for a *debilitated* invalid, with symptoms of a pulmonary disease already upon him. The excitement of new scenes, and the very exertion he is putting forth in directing his own course, may conceal from himself the true state of his strength for the time being, but the result will be a prostration, from which nothing will revive him. Such is believed to have been the result of the tour which Mr. Taylor made through the Southern States, northward; although the truth of the fact had not yet flashed upon the minds of his friends, as they since behold it. His life, probably, could not have been saved by a different course. That it might have been prolonged some months, had his physical exertion been less, his friends now have reason to believe. And yet, they know not, in the wisdom of an all-wise Providence, but that his course was precisely such as shall result in his greater and eternal enjoyment in heaven, and to the greater promotion of the glory of God, in the salvation of others on earth. His acquaintance was extended. His character yet more thoroughly developed to himself and friends; and since to the world, than it otherwise would have been. And it is to be hoped that the exhibition of Christian principle, as developed in the circumstances in which we view him in his correspondence,

shall have some charm for its loveliness — some persuasive power for its moral beauty — some hallowed energy for its sainted purity, in wooing other souls, under a yet diviner influence, to Jesus the friend of sinners, whom he loved, and whom his soul agonized to serve.

Mr. Taylor had left New-York a good deal elevated in his hopes, that through the prayers of his friends, and the salutary influence of his tour, he should return again, renewed in his constitution, and re-invigorated, to stand a watchman on the walls of Zion, to proclaim the messages of an inviting Saviour. But on his near approach to the point from which he started, with such anticipations, we perceive, from his last two letters, that he had taken his tour only to return with a relinquished hope, and a sad but resigned consciousness, that “he is *no longer* to look for the blessedness of standing upon the beautiful walls, and as a watchman to sound the alarm. The evidence to him is, *That the trumpet has failed.*”

## SECTION XII.

As a drowning man, it is said, catches at a straw, so it is true, that the hopes of an invalid are revived by every favourable expression of an intelligent medical opinion. And the affection of friends encourages this. They would conceal from themselves, as well as from the object of their affection, what they would deem the probable issue of certain symptoms, were they discoverable in any other than in the case of the friend, in whom their sympathies have centered.

We need not say, as we advance, that it was thus, to some extent, with Mr. Taylor and his friends.

Having arrived in the city, he forwards several letters to those who had followed his path-way with the affection of kindred, and the interest of attached friendship. The first, as in duty bound, is to his parents.

“New-York, June 16th, 1828.

“My ever dear Parents :

“The note which I sent you the other day, announced my arrival at this city. You would know more particularly relative to my health. It becomes one, who, to the last, would honour his father and mother, to let them know of my weal and wo.

“The day of my arrival, and two days afterwards, I

was exceedingly prostrate, through weakness. You know, perhaps, that brother J. met me at Baltimore, a week ago last Saturday. Upon his arrival, I gave all care of horse and gig, etc., into his hands, and I became very languid. On my arrival in Philadelphia, I submitted my case to Dr. J., whose skill in chest-complaints is widely acknowledged. Upon his examination, I began to feel that I might live, recover, and yet preach the Gospel. He said that my *lungs* were *not* affected — that the mucus membrane of the lungs was in a state of irritation, but with care and proper regimen might be recovered. I was pleased with the man, and liked his reasoning. Dr. S., K.'s family physician, concurs with Dr. J.

“The pain in my side and back has so far subsided, that it does not trouble me worth mentioning. Extreme debility is what I labour under, with the affection of the mucus membrane of the lungs.

“I am at my old, sweet home. All is done for my comfort, and for my restoration, that I could wish. Eliza is the same faithful nurse. I wonder they do not get tired out. It must be a trial. Sure it is the greatest to me — greater by far to lie dependent and unable to do, than to sustain the disappointments attending my unlooked-for illness. But so it is. In the good providence of God, I am amply provided for. What they do is done so cheerfully, that it often melts me to think

of it. If not before, may they hereafter, in another world, be rewarded a hundred fold.

“E. said yesterday, that if I were to be laid on a sick and dying bed, she should wish to have me here, that she might be beside me all the time. But I am better than I was on my arrival, and peradventure I shall continue convalescing, till in full health.

“Does not mother intend to visit New-York this summer? Why not come down, and by-and-by I could return with her, or with any of the rest of you.

“I wish to see you all; until the time comes, suffice it to say, I am happy in God’s disposal of me.

“Your affectionate son,

“JAMES.

“You see I do not take much pains in the communication of my ideas. I write with my paper on my knee, and get over it as fast as I can, as all that I do is a task. All well. Should be glad to hear from you.

“19th. Since writing the above, I received father’s letter. A moment should not be lost in complying with your earnest solicitation, were it not thought best that I should remain here yet awhile. Reasons. Physicians at hand. Things necessary not always to be obtained in the country. Take exercise regularly. Good air. Gaining daily. Comply with the wishes of those who help me.

“You may expect to see me by-and-by. During the interval, you shall hear.

“War is declared by the Russian Emperor against Turkey.”

“New-York, 21st June, 1828.

“Ere this, through others, you may have heard of my safe arrival at one of my loved homes. And I will assure you, that I am glad to return once more to the bosom of my friends, and gladly receive their kindly offices.

“I write now more particularly to say, that my brother J.’s present purpose is, to entrust to you his eldest daughter. I am glad on her account. During all of week after next, you may expect her. Probably her father and mother will accompany her. Peradventure, J. B. T. also. Not too certain, for they bind me here with chains, though not heavy, yet strong — all for my good. If I come, you will give me bread and barley-water for breakfast — bread and a *small* piece of meat for dinner — bread and a cup of weak tea at night. I will bring the barley along with me, and as long as I stay, I must be as much of the brotherly fraternity as possible, who only say *yea* and *nay*. Love to all New-Haven friends.

“As ever,

“J. B. TAYLOR.”

“New-York, June 25th, 1828.

“I doubt not but my loved friends *at the Hill*, would

rather see my person than receive my letters. Yet, as it is a self-denial on my part, not to gratify them, it being considered best that I should tarry here yet a little, I will write again and let you know of my affairs.

“Were you to see me, you would not say that I had gained many pounds by my tour. If not in pounds of flesh, I have gained by avoiding the months of March and April, with their northern storms. Since the 15th of March, for the most part, I have, in my journeyings, enjoyed a summer’s sun.

“My letter written from Lewisburgh, you probably have seen. In that, I think it was, that I mentioned the fact of my relinquishing the idea of preaching. That conquest was a crown. Last night, methinks, I gained another. ‘Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, (trial,) for when he is tried he shall receive *the crown* of life.’ The trial which assailed me was a pain in my left breast, which to me appeared a new indication of mortality. It was welcomed with joy. I yielded sweet assent. My heart was melted into tenderness, and my whole soul felt *a preference*, if it were God’s will, to depart. To a *willingness* was added a *desire* to be gone. I longed to see my heavenly Father, whose matchless goodness had plucked me as a brand from the burning. I longed to be with Christ — to see that Spirit, to whom I am indebted for the much he has done for me. I longed for the society of angels and saints, and I thought of some whom I should see among the glorified. The



goodness of God as exhibited in my conversion, and the present comfort of soul in the midst of my protracted trials, was overwhelming.

“Thus my dear, dear parents, see how the Lord leaveth me not. Surely he is with me. And in gratitude for his presence, my pillow is often wet with tears.

“A few things here yet remain to be done. I wished to see my friends, and pay them a visit, if it should be the last. *Ah! it would not be the last to many.* After a little, we shall all become disembodied spirits, and commune in heaven with one another for ever. Happy constitution of things — to be here a short time to prepare for the ceaseless duration, and then to enter upon it. The thought of being a disembodied spirit and of going into the presence of God was greatly pleasing.

“Should I recover, I shall look upon the varied dealings of God with me as happily preparatory for my future usefulness.

“With love to you all,

“JAMES.”

“New-York, 4th July, 1828.

“Mr. and Mrs. P.

“My much loved friends :

“I suppose I ought to say that I am better than I was on my arrival here. For a few days after I left you, I was exceedingly prostrate. Giving up the care of horse and gig, and other things attendant upon a jour-

ney, I became as a bow unstrung. I think I am physically stronger, yet still weak enough.

“I need not repeat to you my great disappointment in being hurried as I was, through New-Jersey.\* On the whole, however, it was best. Since my arrival, my physician has laid an embargo on my tongue — so much so, that it is not made known that I am here at present, to prevent my seeing friends. Yet it is so much known that I find it my daily bane, though a pleasant one, to be obliged to say to friends a word or two. As I am exposed here to constant calls, and as I like them, my physician has recommended a removal, to avoid them; the humid atmosphere of this city is also another consideration. I calculate to retreat to my father’s, on the Connecticut, where I shall be elevated on a high hill, surrounded by fine scenery, dry air, twenty-five miles from the sea.

“I may be prevented the anticipated pleasure of seeing you so soon as talked of. Well, should the interval extend to the time while we live, a blessed eternity is before us, and then together with the holy, there is, prospectively, sweet interchange, and elevated communion.

“As you rejoice in my prosperity, you will allow me to tell you, that since I came to this, one of my loved homes, I have been blessed with a spirit of *longing* to

\* His brother J. finding him so debilitated, he thought it duty to insist that his brother James should avoid calling upon his friends in New-Jersey, save the family to whom the letter is addressed.

depart, if it were God's will. Yet how often has my heart broken, and my eyes filled in view of the dear, dear object of my hopes and life — THE MINISTRY !

“ May you each enjoy a hundred-fold from the fullness of God.

“ As ever, and more affectionately,

“ JAMES B. TAYLOR.

“ May I not be refreshed by a letter from you ? Remembrance to friends.

While the preceding letter was on its way to New-Jersey, the following, by the way of New-York, found J. B. T. at THE HILL, the residence of his father, where he arrived a few days after writing the above.

“ Lawrenceville, July 6th, 1828.

“ My dear Friend :

“ Both Mrs. P. and myself have become anxious to hear from you, to know how you are since your return, and also whether we are not to have the pleasure of having you with us a little while. I cannot think but that the air of our neighbourhood would be more favourable than New-York, and it would be a great satisfaction to us to have your society, and to administer to your comfort. Tell your brothers we will not tempt you to transgress as to diet, etc., and that we shall try to be very temperate in all things. Write, and tell us all about yourself, and believe, my dear brother, you have

few friends more interested for you. I should be insensible indeed, did I not feel some warmth of attachment to one who ever evidenced so much interest, not only for my present but eternal well-being. Still remember me, and pray for me, that as so much of my precious time has run to waste, I may have grace given to me to redeem what may remain, and that, having so much to be forgiven, I may love much. Oh, for that true and living faith in his name, which, as a fount in the soul, shall purify from sin — overcome the debasing attachments to the world — and implant spiritual and heaven-born affections.

“Yesterday, being the Sabbath, we had L. H. to preach for us. A very interesting sermon from Hebrews 7: 25. In the P. M., he addressed the Sabbath-School. I think him one of our choicest men. Resseau Brown came out with him from Princeton, and spent part of the day with us, and united in the expression of sympathy and affection towards you. He said that he should write to you this week. He looks badly, and if he does not relax a little his application, I fear his health will fail. I talked to him about it, but he seems somehow to have caught some of your notions, and replied, that he doubted whether he should live long, and of course had the more to do.\*

\* This interesting young man has since reached, like young Taylor, an early grave.

“Mrs. P. unites with me in affectionate remembrance to you, and in praying that you may yet be restored to health, and be continued to us.”

Mr. Taylor had now reached the residence of his parents, and met the welcome of his kindred at the Hill. Here he rested, exercising a little by riding, and at other times walking the fields, while leaning on the arm of a brother or sister, or venturing, with impressions of increased strength, without assistance, upon his own powers. From this he wrote, and here he received a number of letters. The first of the two succeeding addressed to him, came by the way of New-York, the last, direct. They are from his travelling companion, after he arrived home, and in connexion with whom, as having been often mentioned in Mr. T.'s letters with affection, a sufficient interest has been awakened to make them acceptable in this place.

“Portland, 9th July, 1828.

“My friend and fellow-traveller :

“Having arrived at that delightful place, called *home*, which I left five months since, yesterday, I consider it due to you to let you know of my state, as near as I can communicate it.

“My passage from New-York to Providence, though not very quick, was pleasant to my body and mind. Riding from Providence to Boston, forty miles, in one day,

was too much for my strength. I did not recover short of two days, at which time my wife and my son met me, and after the excitement of meeting my friends, I revived and remained at and about Boston two weeks. The city and surrounding country exceed any views I ever saw, excepting some on the East River. My strength, however, did not increase, and on the fifth instant, we arrived here in the steamboat, having had a very rough passage. I became sea-sick, which affected glands, liver, and lungs, to my great relief. I have been better ever since, and my physicians say I have a better *chance* for recovery than I had last fall.

“My friends all inquire for Mr. T.; want to know how he is, and if he is not coming this way. I have written Mrs. D., and my cousin at Philadelphia, and thus far have written you, and find it more of a task to write than I ever thought it would be.

“If Mrs. S. were here, sitting at the window at which I am, she would paint, if her account of her ecstasies at fine views were correct. Some large handsome houses and wide streets between me and the water — then our harbour — then a point of Cape Elizabeth — then a passage of water through which all our vessels pass — then our island — and then the Atlantic, all before me. The weather is warm and very pleasant. The garden and trees around our house never in finer order. My sleep and appetite pleasant. My pulse ninety-six. Strength and flesh about the same.

“And now, my dear friend, how are you? I long to know, and am, with respects to your brother and family,

“Yours, very affectionately,

“N. KINSMAN.”

“Portland, July 26th, 1828.

“My dear Sir:

“Your favour of the twentieth instant, came to hand yesterday, in which we all, (who are at home,) took an interest. You, too, are at *home*, sweet and blessed *home*. How peaceful — what a resting-place. Here, while sick, we give up even the care of ourselves to our friends. I have only one care more, and that is to go to our beautiful grave-yard, with a friend not of our family, and choose the small spot of ground, where, in the Lord’s time, I wish to be placed.

“Now do not, my friend, suppose I am more out of health or spirits, than when I left you. Not so. I am apparently on the recovery. My tongue and throat are no longer coated or sore. Have not been obliged to take an anodyne the two last weeks. Sleep without coughing, except once or twice in the night. Complexion clear and eyes bright. Strength increasing. Good appetite — though I think the *frogs*\* would not agree with my *mind* at least. I am, however, yet hoarse, and pulse at ninety-six. All other symptoms

\* Alluding to a story which J. B. T. told of a man swallowing small frogs while alive, believing that they might be beneficial in his state of *supposed* pulmonary affection.

give way — to what? I must tell you that, however much I have been prejudiced against *patent medicines*, yet, when in Boston, I saw such a certificate, voluntarily given by a man of standing, as to correct judgement, in favour of —, that I have been induced to try it. I have just finished the first bottle, and you may judge whether *home* and *friends* have done all this.

“I am just starting off for New-Gloucester, a country town, twenty-five miles north of this, where two of my daughters are romping in the fields for change of air. My son, I found worn down on my return home, with the cares of my family and office. He, too, has left us for a few weeks, on a journey for recreation and health.

“President Tyler, you know, has accepted our invitation to settle with us, but cannot leave H. until September next. I wish some good preacher were here to supply us until then. What a pity you were not the man. May we all be willing the Lord should direct.

“In haste, your friend,

“N. KINSMAN.

“N. B. I have yet some irritation about the trachiæ, though I think it healing. Notwithstanding all my flattering appearances, I think I have not more than two chances in five for recovery from this attack. My Philadelphia physician writes me, I must *live* in future for the sake of *living*.”

From THE HILL Mr. Taylor now addressed several



notes at different times, to his friends in New-York and elsewhere. Extracts from these, to continue the thread of this narrative will be given.

“ July 29th.

“I owed it to my brother K. to answer his letter before this. It has not been for want of time, but getting along pretty much as usual, I should have only the old story to tell. You heard from me, I presume, through a letter to Eliza, sent more than a week since.

“ Conversation engrosses but a little of my time. As to eating, my diet is confined principally to bread. Drink tea, milk, and water. Food sets well. Drink some liver-wort. Ride more or less on horse-back and in gig.

“ During the day, spend some time in metaphysics, philosophy, and theology. From the fact that I am able to do more, and with greater facility, I persuade myself that I gather strength. I think my cough better. Blisters continually applied, have kept me not a little sore. However, it is good philosophy to endure a smaller evil to root out a greater.

“ Yesterday, I felt sick of being sick. Not so much on my own account, but on account of those so benevolently affectioned towards me. I hope it did not rise to a complaint of Providence. But the idea of so much and continued expenditure in various ways of time, and money, and feelings of others on my behalf, and with so

little, if any, amendment, sadly affected me. The proof, too, that I have of its all flowing from a fulness of kindness on their part, only tended to make me feel more ; for a soul that feels undeserving and dependent cannot but appreciate such favours, and is glad to unburden itself by expressing a corresponding gratitude.

“This morning, I felt stout enough to preach. I am encouraged, and live with the hope of one day triumphing over debility and disease, and standing forth a well man to subserve the cause of God on earth.

“When shall we see you at the Hill? You know how gladly we all would welcome you. The Hill looks finely.\* The trees are doing well, and grow luxuriantly. The lover of scenery will never tire here, but always find enough to feast his love of the beautiful amid so much enchantment of nature. Love to E. and the children.

“Yours, as ever,

“JAMES B. TAYLOR.”

“The Hill, August 4th, 1828.

“My dear Brother :

“I think myself gaining in strength and flesh,

\* This is the name by which the family residence of Mr. Taylor was known among his friends. See the sketch on the Title-page. The scenery at this point of the Connecticut is considered to be very fine.

though but little of either. Enough, however, for encouragement.

“I have been reviewing my course of studies, so that I am well nigh prepared for examination for license. Two of my class were examined, and licensed, in New-Haven, week before last. The Association meets there again on the last Tuesday of this month, to license the remainder. This being one thing which I wish to get out of the way, and being prepared for it, I have thought best to be licensed, also. My sermon I wrote, for the most part, when at the South. I presume, your sentiments on this point, will accord with mine. Among other reasons, these have weighed somewhat on my mind amid the uncertainty of my recovering, so as to be able to preach. Should I be able to sustain the duties of a Naval Chaplain on board ship, and a sea-voyage be recommended, I should gladly enter such a sphere of labour for the sake of doing good, and defraying expenses. Should I become the resident of a West India Island, as has been suggested to me, if found to agree with my constitution, I had better go commissioned to preach than otherwise. Should I go South to spend the winter, it would not be a disadvantage to go as a preacher. Should I remain at home, a burden would be off my mind. So far then, as I can see, I cannot but conclude that it is my duty to be examined and licensed with my class.

“I expect to go to New-Haven by-and-by. F. is at

home, and preparing a Latin piece for commencement. I think he wisely concludes to spend the coming year at New-Haven. All well.

“Yours truly,

“J. B. TAYLOR.

“Monday morning. Your letter by Saturday’s boat, I received. I now have the seventh blister on my breast. I look pretty well to my diet. I read aloud my sermon last evening, which was succeeded by less irritation than a conversation of ten minutes would have created four weeks since. So I am encouraged. On Thursday morning, I purpose to go to New-Haven, and remain until the succeeding Wednesday.”

“New-Haven, 21st August, 1828.

“My dear Brother :

“You have known much of my joys and sorrows ; and there is no one to whom I love so much to communicate them.

“I arrived here yesterday on an errand long anticipated. But I have given up the idea of being licensed. An interview with Dr. Taylor, which I have just had, convinces me that it may be better to defer it. If licensed, the temptation to preach may be so great, that, at an hour when invited, I might suppose myself able, he said, and one sermon may kill me. He added, the question ought not to be agitated for a year to come — for the *winter certainly* — whether I am able or not.

And should you, he went on, become as ruddy and fleshy as Mr. —, alluding to one of our most corpulent men, you ought not to preach, but get well and *confirmed* in your health. More. Your duty is not so much to do good now, as to wait your full recovery to do the *greater good* by-and-by.' I wept — yielded — and now tell you the story.

“He perceived the better appearance my countenance assumes, and was glad of the fact, that I am convalescent. I do think myself decidedly on the gaining hand, and were I now to do the *right thing*, there is not only the possibility but the high probability of my recovering, and living some years yet to bless mankind. Dr. T. remarked, that peradventure, God was intending me for another clime. Pray that I may be led in the right way.

“To attend the review in which the class will be engaged, for a few sittings, till Monday, when they are to be licensed, I may remain in New-Haven a week or ten days. It will be instructive to sit and *hear* questions asked and answered.

“In Mrs. Isham's family there are four young ladies hopefully born again, lately, and much seriousness prevails in the family. Tell J., and he may write C.

“Should be glad to hear from you while here. Dr. S. is in New-Haven, quite an invalid.

“Yours, as ever,

“J. B. TAYLOR.”

“The Hill, September 7th, 1828.

“Dear brother B.

“Although you are in my debt in the exchange of letters, you will hear me patiently, and I trust gladly.

“I have been gaining so much lately, that were you to see me, you would acknowledge a perceptible change for the better. And were you beside me, I could now converse longer than at the moment I saw you, when I could but little more than give you my hand. My lungs have become less irritable — my countenance less palid — strength increased. Who knows but that I may yet stand on Zion’s watch-tower?

“The scenery around me is delightful, and one above many. The views on the south-east and south-west are bounded by a range of lofty hills of circular form. Interspersed are plains and meads, and shady groves. We overlook the village about a mile distant — the Connecticut glides at the foot of a gradual descent, disappears at a distance, and reappears again as it winds its course towards the ocean.

“Why I write you at this moment more particularly is, to comply with your request, that I would present objects which will open to you the way of doing good. I know a young man of talents, more than ordinary, who is athirst for an education, — poor in this world’s goods, but whose profession tells us is rich in faith, and who has in view the ministry. He is a member of the Sophomore Class, in Yale-College, and will become a

junior next term. He has been kept along, through the promise of another young man, to use his influence in procuring for him this autumn, *on loan*, \$100 or \$150, for the term of one year. His calculation is to go out and teach school, at the expiration of his junior-year to procure the money, and refund it with interest. Is it in your power, (I know it is in your heart,) to aid this young man? It is not his cause—it is not mine—it is not yours, abstractly considered, that I plead, but the cause of benevolence, and of God, which we all love to further.

“Should this young man die, all the security he could offer besides his note, would be to point you to the resurrection of the just.

“Yours, affectionately,

“JAMES B. TAYLOR.

“Please address me at New-Haven. I expect to be there on Wednesday next.”\*

September 9th, 1828.

“Dear Brother :

“Instead of sending this letter, I had hoped to see you in person. But owing to a late attack, of which I am now well nigh recovered, I concluded that it would

\*The above note was handed to Mr. B. by a friend, to whom Mr. B., in the benevolence and generosity of his heart replied, “I would do *any thing* which JAMES TAYLOR would recommend.”

be better for me to remain at home, than to undergo the fatigues of Commencement at YALE, though F. would like to have me there. Though prostrated a little in my strength by this attack, I probably am bettered by it. I find my lungs less and less irritated.

“Thus, I am here at anchor. No head wind but blows some one good. I hope to ride out the storm patiently, amid so many comforts. The sky, so long lowering, often seems to break away, and winged hope places me where I have *longed* to be, — in the vineyard.

“Yesterday I read,

‘The youth,  
Who, in the glowing morn of vigorous life,  
High reaching after great religious deed,  
Was suddenly cut off with all his hope,  
In sunny bloom, and unaccomplished, left  
His withered aims — saw everlasting days  
Before him dawning rise in which to achieve  
All glorious things.’

“My heart broke as I read, and I wept. O, my dear brother, it is hard work, but it is good work! And I am gaining, and ought to be thankful. A course of suffering may be the necessary means to prepare me for a sphere of high action both in this and in the other world. Think not that I complain. No. I think, for the universe, I would not take my cause into my own hands.

Should you have time, will you give Mrs. P. a call?



And why not give *us* a call on the Hill? Your heart has been gladdened with a parent's joy, by the return of H. Gladly would our parents, and all, see you and yours.

“Ever, and much obliged,

“JAMES B. TAYLOR.”

It will be perceived by the preceding letter, that Mr. Taylor was now at his father's, after having returned from New-Haven, whither he made occasional excursions, and the last one with the expectation of being examined and licensed with his class in the Theological Department in Yale-College. For the time, he relinquished all further idea of applying for the commission to preach the Gospel, towards which he had so long looked with intense desire and happy anticipation. But not many weeks after, while at his father's, he learned that the Middlesex-Association was soon to meet, and in conversation with a clerical friend in the neighbourhood, his relinquished purposes as to immediate examination, which he had given up in conversation with Dr. Taylor, were revived. And with these renewed purposes he attended the Association, which met at East-Haddam, October 8th, 1828, and in the language of the memoir, “Read his trial sermon on the text, John xii: 26. ‘If any man serve me, him will my Father honour’—was examined with respect to his own religious experience, his knowledge of Christian theology, and his

ability to teach and defend the truths of the Gospel—all which were approved, and he was licensed, according to the practice of the churches of New-England, to preach as a candidate for the Gospel ministry.”

From this Association he returned to the Hill, where a letter was awaiting him from his brother at New-York, desiring him immediately to revisit the city in reference to arrangements for his winter residence, where mutual counsel and the advice of physicians should direct.

In view of this request, Mr. T. prepared to leave his father's house again, hoping that he was improving in health, but not knowing what would be the result of the proposed measure.

The person who has ever felt the filial sympathies, and whose bosom has swelled with the devout attachment of an affectionate child towards kind and endeared parents, can enter into the feelings of James Taylor, as he was again about to leave his parental roof, for another clime. How could it be otherwise than that the thought should obtrude itself upon the sensitive spirit of one with affections such as were his. That he was about to leave his endeared home, *perhaps* forever? Not for himself did he feel. He knew and valued the deep affection of his kindred. And it was for them he felt. He thought that they might be disappointed, grievously; and instead of again greeting them with his wonted

smile, the news, ere long, might be sent them, that he rested in a foreign grave—a departed stranger.

It is remembered by the family, that they had gathered around the breakfast table on the morning of his departure. All was as cheerful as smiling countenances, which tried to conceal sad hearts, could make it. But it soon became evident that it was a forced state of cheerfulness, and the heart could no longer conceal itself. With a calm and unfaltering voice, Mr. T. said to his father, that if he did not return, such and such things were at his disposal. It was too much! His father moved his chair from the table, and buried his head in his handkerchief, and wept aloud. The rest vacated their seats at the table, and sought their chambers, and wept there. A short time passed, while Mr. Taylor retained his seat, and the different members soon returned and resumed theirs. It was a blending of tears, long pent up, which gave them relief; and now they talked more freely, and with hopes and prayers that he would yet be returned to them much recruited, in the coming summer. Soon after, the carriage was at the door, and he and one of his younger brothers drove from the home of his many and *dearest earthly* associations. HE NEVER SAW IT MORE!

### SECTION XIII.

IN due time, Mr. Taylor reached New-York by the way of New-Haven, from his father's. The following are minutes from a brief journal, which he commenced, on his reaching his brother's in New-York, previous to his embarkation for the South, and ended on the day of his going to sea.

“BOND-STREET, NEW-YORK, 1828.

“October, 15th.

“On the eighth instant, was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Middlesex-Association, convened at East-Haddam, Connecticut. It was a pleasant season. Formed a new and delightful acquaintance in the family of the Rev. Mr. Parsons. Mr. and Mrs. P. seemed kindly affectioned, and given to hospitality. I stayed with them, and became warmly attached to both.

“Met my old friend and dear father in the ministry, Rev. Mr. Hotchkiss.

“On the ninth, A. M., left my parental roof, on my way to a Southern clime. Our mutual tears flowed at the sound, FAREWELL! Dear, kind, affectionate kindred.

“Tenth. Reached New-Haven, and one of my kindly remembered homes. Again enjoyed the social and friendly intercourse of kindred spirits. Our Christian

communion was doubly sweet. I enjoyed refreshings — especially at Sunday evening exercises, in which all were melted. Left Mrs. Isham's on the thirteenth.

“Yesterday evening, met those I love in New-York, and again occupy a loved habitation, and again receive the kind sympathies and offices of my kindred.

“Met Mrs. Palmer and Mary, who embark to-morrow for Charleston. They urge me to accompany them. I lie moored, and with sweet patience wait the decision of physicians and friends. Will God direct.

“Last night, though restless and wakeful, I was meltingly blessed. My soul's enjoyment of God and heaven in the night season filled me with solid peace and strong confidence in him. I think I know, and have felt for a season past, especially last night, what the ‘*strait*’ is, in which Paul was. I wet my couch with tears. I longed to fly away to Jesus. Yet I longed to stay and labour in his cause. I can neither say, let me die, nor let me live. My heart cries out for God to lead and dispose of my all. I am in his hands, and he will guide me, even unto death.

“18th. I am now waiting the arrival of medical men to examine and pronounce upon my case. Should they say less than that I am in a confirmed consumption, or at least, on the confines of it, I shall be disappointed.

“Yesterday P. M. and evening, I enjoyed sweet meltings in view of the many mercies surrounding me. Surely, if on my way to an early grave, I am going

down most comfortably. Dear K. and E. load me with benefits.

“It is sweet to look beyond time. I think I can look upon my labouring days as gone by, and peradventure, I shall soon enter upon a long resting day. It has made my heart ache and break, to think that I should be put aside so soon. But grace is sufficient. I am sweetly patient. The Father smiles upon his child. A sympathizing Jesus attends me. A comfort and joy of the Holy Ghost pervade my soul.

“In the retrospect it appears to me that God has designed to perfect me through *suffering* — pain of body and disappointment of spirit as to the ministry. Well, I am a witness to the wise dealings of the *Wise One*. God knows what is best, and that is best for me. He hath so led me, as he leadeth one to holiness, and happiness, and to heaven. Amen.

“Oct. 19th. The physicians came. The result of their examination was unexpected. Dr. A., of the Lung Infirmary, pronounced my lungs good. So far as he could discover with the Stethoscope, and otherwise, he considered me sound, save the affection of the mucus membrane, which they would endeavour to relieve. So, it seems, I may yet recover, and yet live to preach the Gospel. Still, uncertainty hangs over my debilitated and overdone system.

“From the examination, it was discovered that the origin of my painful days and nights, for two years and

more past, was a *spinal affection*, which disease commenced, continued, and I hope terminated, without being found out. Should not physicians be more particular to examine, in time, local affections?

“28th. Yesterday, had sweet thoughts of Jesus. The thought of becoming a pure, disembodied spirit, refreshed my soul. And last night, after I had retired, a precious love-token was handed down to the unworthiest. The Lord remembereth that I am but dust—that I am of a weak, debilitated, and feeble frame. Often I find it a laborious task to repeat the four lines,

‘Now I lay me down to sleep,’ &c.

“Greatly fatiguing to repeat the Lord’s prayer. How mercifully the Lord accommodates himself to this weakness. The other night, I had but just laid down, and *thought on*

‘Religion gives sweet pleasures while we live,’ &c.

And my soul was sweetly melted. So, at times, during the day, in my lonely hours, as I sit and while away the time, unable to apply myself to study or reading long. Last night was most refreshingly baptized—an unction from the Holy One. It rendered me happy—*happy* on my way to a happy heaven, and the residence of the glorified. Having laid me down for the night, I thought

on my anticipated departure — on leaving friends, and yet going on my way, peradventure, where others should become endeared. I thought on meeting one at P., (L. H.) He seemed to inquire whether I had solicitude to preach the Gospel. No, I replied, as the thoughts passed through my mind. The days of my solicitude, I added, are gone by. Then, I remembered seasons of anxiety, deep, nay *burnings*, that I had had for the work of a minister of Jesus Christ. My eyes ran down with tears. I wet my couch, and was greatly melted under the sweet consciousness of an honest appeal to God, who had ever marked my steps. The seasons of longing have not been few in which I have groaned for the work, and for preparation for it. The thought of relinquishing this object, now I rejoiced in, if God will. Nay, I was rather desirous of leaving all behind, and to go to Jesus. I see, I think, enough worth dying for.

“29th. Yesterday, A. M., my young twin brothers arrived in New-York, and have become located as clerks. May they prove ornaments. O, for that shield for them that wards off the darts of the enemy! From letters, it seems, that our loved family felt much on their leaving. With solicitude they are followed, and the morning and evening altar burns incense for them. Of the seven sons, I am the invalid. Of the seven, I am apparently the fastest on my way to the grave.

“To-day, I wept at the thought of soon leaving my dear friends far behind. I shall part with them more



an invalid than when I went South last spring. It grieves me not to think of bidding them adieu, even if it prove my last farewell. I love them. When happy, glorified, how much more. *Peace and heaven's choicest benedictions attend them.* It is sweet to think of falling into the arms of Jesus. It was melting to *confide* in God as Father, who adapts himself to the frailties of his little one. I wept in his presence as I remembered my disobedience. What great grace is mercy. There is forgiveness with God. Delightfully pleasant was it to contemplate the Holy Spirit as *Comforter*. I longed to see of the things of Christ more and more brightly.

“How mercifully does the Lord deal with me — an invalid, and weak indeed. He carries me along in a chariot, all paved with love. Roll on then, ye wheels, and bring me a welcome saint, to the dwelling place of Jesus, my dearest Beloved.

“Nov. 1st. Last evening, enjoyed the meeting held in this house. Was sweetly refreshed under the prayer of dear brother J. B.

“Returned to-day from the last sitting for my portrait, taken at the proposition of sister Eliza. I enjoyed the season, in communion with those dear men, while they painted. Brothers — and —, I think are men of God.

“3d. I have written several last letters. To Mrs. Dr. P., Mr. Kinsman, Dr. T. and my relatives.

Thus ends this interesting scrap of paper. To these letters, here referred to, and to others, we go back, to learn further particulars in connexion with his arrangements, and the selection of the place for his winter residence, which was to prove the final and peaceful home of his long agonized body.

“Bond-street, 15th Oct., 1828.

“My dear Parents :

“Having safely arrived here, you will be glad to hear of my way, and arrangements in relation to my winter destination.

“My stay at New-Haven was longer than I anticipated. Wishing to avoid the fatigue of the ride from New-Haven to New-York, I took the steamboat at New-Haven. The wind was so high the boat did not venture out on Monday. Tuesday morning I left New-Haven and reached our friends in the evening.

“At New-Haven I had much enjoyment. Owing to the fatigues and exposure during yesterday, I did not sleep well. But the hours, though sleepless, passed happily. I think, my dear parents, I feel as Paul felt, when he said, ‘I am in a *strait* betwixt two.’ Earth, in many respects, is desirable. Heaven, in many, more. Believe that your son, though an invalid, is happy.

“I am as well as when I left you. Nothing is yet particularly fixed upon as to my winter residence. Mrs. P. of Charleston, I saw to-day, who still urges my

going to her home, and, to be her son until December — then to go to St. Augustine, till the spring. She sails to-morrow. I may follow on in a week or two. I may go to Dr. Rice's. You will hear upon our decision. Samuel sends love”.

To J. B. T.

“New-Haven, Thursday-noon, Oct. 14th.

“Dear Mr. T.

“Accompanying this I send your *cane*, which we found standing solitary in the parlour. It seemed to be mourning after its master, and to understand quite well the feelings of our household. Had it tongue and voice, I have no doubt it would have kindly assured us of its tenderest sympathies in being obliged to part with so dear a friend.

“Dear Mr. T., we send this cane, begging it to testify of our truest regard for its master, and our fervent wishes for his best happiness, wherever he may be called. Our thoughts, our prayers, our *gratitude* will follow him in all his peregrinations, and we shall earnestly desire to know, whatever pertains to his ‘weal and wo.’ Allow us, also, to be comforted with the hope, that though mingling with other scenes more interesting, important, and absorbing, the household of the widow may not be forgotten; believing, as we do, that ‘the prayer of a righteous man, availeth much.’

“When you can find time to send us a line, we shall be very, very thankful.

“I am, dear friend and brother,

“Yours, with much Christian affection.

“C. I.

“I felt disappointed that I could not say that dear, withering aching word — *farewell*.

“Bond-street, 28th Oct., 1828.

“My dear parents will be glad to hear that I am apparently on the gaining hand. I have submitted to a new examination of my chest. Dr. A. pronounced me sound, as to the lungs. He discovered the cause of all the extreme pain which I have endured. It seems that all my many-formed complaints, rheumatism, desepsia, and so on, has been a spinal affection. Thankful ought I to be, that it was not worse. He thinks the disease cured, and *self cured*. You know the prescription has been diet and abstinence. It is otherwise now. Well, that I stole the march of them a little this summer, at the Hill.\* I feel that I am gaining strength, though expectoration is not diminished.

“During this week, I shall probably, complete my out-fit. K. and E. study with exactness for my comfort, and anticipate my wants.

\* He alludes here to his indulging in eating fruits, while at his father's, particularly peaches and cream. By it, he grew fleshier and stronger.

“The place of my destination is Prince Edward County, Virginia, with Dr. Rice. Probably I shall be off as soon as ten days hence.

“I feel somewhat encouraged, and *quite contented* — in prospect. I may recover.

“My hearty thanks for all your loaded kindnesses the past summer. My faults forgive.

“Brother expected the boys last week. Why their delay? Will not father be here before I leave?

30th. The boys arrived this A. M. G. will go into Mr. D. G.’s store. A. will remain with K. The offices are in the same building, and consequently, they will all be near. You may expect to hear from me on my departure.

“Affectionately,

“JAMES.”

“Mr. and Mrs. P.

“My much loved friends :

\* \* \* \*

“Oct. 31st. The above, as you perceive, I wrote nearly a month since. Hither I have come to sojourn, but three days longer. On Monday, the canvass will be spread to waft me not to your dwelling, but to a haven appointed by physicians and friends. I am to set sail for Petersburg. Thence I go to Prince Edward County, Virginia, to winter, unless in mercy, I am taken to a clime more desirable.

“I have detained this in hopes that in person I might see you. I had designed to pass through Princeton and Lawrenceville. But as my health does not warrant the fatigues of journeying, and the excitement of seeing friends, I am denied the pleasure. It is a self-denial. Peradventure, I may return in the spring better able to enjoy the society of those I love. If not, the land of dear delights is before me.

“Do you ask how I am in my protracted afflictions? The Lord doeth all things well. Sweet thoughts of Jesus melt my soul. Communion with heaven is soul-elevating and soul-transforming. In a word, I am a happy, though a sick and dying man. The Lord most gently and mercifully hands me down the hill of life, and the final step seems not a great way off. O, it will be sweet to take this last step and walk into eternity! To me, the grave wears choice attire — Paradise, more choice. I wish, and often with longing, to see Jesus as he is — to mingle with the holy above, and to sing the songs of the shining ones. O, think not that I am gloomy or depressed! Far — far — very far from it. Think of me as one visited from above — as one rolled on in a chariot of love — as one who loves you. And think of me, and pray for me as one feeble, shattered, tottering, and almost falling — falling into the arms of our Beloved.

“If my last, my most affectionate adieu.

“JAMES B. TAYLOR.”

“Bond-street, 31st Oct., 1828.

“Dear Mrs. P.

“I am now seated to write a few last letters, ere the sound of the withering adieu.

“Gladly, and for reasons not a few, would I have the sails spread to waft me to Charleston; but on Monday next, they must open to convey me to another port. My winter residence is fixed upon, and my physicians think the location preferable to other proposed places. I embark for Petersburg. Thence I go to Prince Edward, Virginia. There, and in the region about, I propose to remain during the winter.

“Thanks to God, to you, and to your dear family, for the interest you all have evinced for the invalid. I am sure more than my thanks will await you at the resurrection of the Just.

“You would know of my affairs. Health of body and the prosperity of the ‘inner man,’ now mostly occupy me. Physicians have consulted my case, and the result of their examinations has been more favourable than I had anticipated. I love not, however, to flatter myself, though they speak as they do, and I trust are honest men. Why should I desire life here, when the grave has lost its alarms to me, and heaven woos my longing spirit to itself?

“While I make health my primary object, I am glad the responsibility is on others in directing my case. Let me assure you, that I am handed down most gently

and most mercifully, whether my steps are rapidly or slowly tending to the narrow house. The good shepherd takes peculiar care of his feeble lamb. Am I a *child*, born from above? It would fail me to tell of our Father's smiles. Am I a disciple of Jesus? He *teaches* me. Is he a High Priest? O, I enjoy his sympathies! He allows the intimacy of an Elder Brother. I lean on his arm—repose on his bosom. The Holy Spirit often baptizes me, and burns up as with fire, the 'dross and tin.' Yes, my dear friend, it seems to me, so to express it, that I am going *in a heaven* to the happy dwelling-place of the holy. I say this truth to the honour of *great grace*.—For the most part I am *happy* in God.

“How long before this body, already shaken and tottering, shall fall, is known alone on high. If soon, I see quite enough of reason for sweet, melting, joyful, and exulting submission. Is God benevolent? Are those who bear his moral image benevolent? Will God and his children forever sustain this character? What now constitutes their high pleasure? Voluntary, benevolent action. In heaven, I think, kind offices are performed and reciprocated. There we shall carry forward our powers of doing good. There we hope to engage in a higher sphere, and render a perfect service.

“I remember M.'s testimony to the renewals of the Spirit. She will suffer the exhortation, 'Hold fast whereunto thou hast attained, and let none take thy



crown.' O, the increase of power arising from the communications of the Holy Ghost. Clad in the whole armour of God, we may march onward and upward in Zion's way, conquering as we go, and secure the heavenly crown. Through your prayers I may wear it yet more bright.

"We were glad to learn from the papers of your safe and short passage. My brother and sister join with me in love to yourself. To your family, the affection of one who remembers them kindly.

"In the best bonds,

"JAMES B. TAYLOR.

"To my Charleston friends, please say of me, as you learn by this epistle. A letter from the hand of any of your household would be welcomed. Direct to the care of Rev. Dr. Rice, Prince Edward County, Virginia. It would meet me.

"Bond-street, 1st Nov., 1828.

"Among my last letters before I embark, one must go to the Hill.

"You will be glad to know that I think I have gained some strength since I left you. In no respect do I think myself worse.

"Day after to-morrow is the appointed time for the sailing of the *Tantivy*. The passage to Petersburg is generally made from two to six days. Every want is supplied, and I am very contented and happy in what I

believe the will of God. Were it not for my excess of raising, I should think more flatteringly of my case. But you must think of me as most mercifully dealt with by our common Lord. Think of me as free from pain, and very comfortable. On my arrival, you may expect to hear from me.

“ With love to you all,

“ A son and brother, affectionate,

“ JAMES.

“ Should you visit Bond-street, you may see a portrait of J. B. T., suspended to the walls. It is pronounced good. I have been five times — finish to-day.”

“ Bond-street, 3d Nov., 1828.

“ Very dear Sir :

“ About to set sail, you will be glad to know of my destination for the winter. My physicians and friends think the valley of Virginia preferable to other proposed locations. Prince Edward County, and the region round about, are said to be free from that humidity which is perceptible in Charleston and at St. Augustine. To Prince Edward, by the way of Petersburg, I propose to go.

“ My health, on the whole, I think improved since I saw you last, and since I left New-Haven for New-York. Some days after my arrival here, I was visited

by Dr. A., who, in consultation with my regular physician, gave it as his opinion, that my lungs were sound. I was disappointed in the result of their examination, though their opinion be confirmatory of Dr. J.'s, last spring. Having given Dr. A. a history of my case from the beginning, I prepared for an examination with the *Stethoscope*. The exposure of my back, presented to Dr. A. a singular feature, which he pronounced to be the origin of that pain, of which I have spoken to you. In this sentiment, my physician concurred, although it must have been with the conviction that he himself had mistaken my case. The rheumatism, the debility, the 'I-do-not-know-what, is the matter with you,' as said one physician, turns out to be a *spinal affection*. This, it seems, commenced, continued, and now, it is hoped, is removed, and not a man of the profession found it out. During the whole of my distress, (and at times, it was acute beyond expression,) not a man said, let me see the seat of that pain. That pain is over. God meant it for great good to me. I blame not the men, for they have all been solicitous for me, yet it may teach the lesson to *examine before prescription*.

"The excess of expectoration from the mucus membrane allows me not to flatter myself. I do not. And I love to look at the narrow-house. I am quite contented — quite happy.

"You may have heard that I was licensed some weeks ago. When in New-Haven, I stopped at your

dwelling, and at your room, to tell you. I feel relieved by the act. Think not that I shall exercise my office. I have no desire to do it, in present circumstances. I believe, with my present and even with much improved health, I am not warranted to preach.

"I read your sermon with interest and pleasure. I think it will happily counteract the wrong impression gone out. And I believe, they have only to know us to *love us*. My regards to Mrs. T.

"In haste,

"Your obliged friend and pupil,

"JAMES B. TAYLOR."

"Bond-street, 3d Nov., 1828.

"My dear F.

"This is Monday. To-morrow our bark takes her course over the ocean-wave.

"I think myself no worse than when you left me. Stronger on the whole. I expected to hear from you before this. Write me to the care of Dr. Rice. The sermon came. The boys are here. Gusta, in one of the best locations. Augustus, in K.'s office. Write them to do well. Tell me all about all things.

"Good-by, good-by, my dear brother.

"JAMES."

From the preceding letters and notes of a brief journal, we perceive the state of Mr. Taylor's mind, on the

ove of again parting from his friends at the North, for his winter residence at the South. The opinions of his medical attendants had raised his expectation, as is evident from the tone of his farewell letters to his friends, however little he was willing to flatter himself in view of his onward prospects of health. And yet, it was all a "peradventure" with him, and he was fully aware that he now left his friends more debilitated, than when he said his parting adieu to them the winter before. Hope, however, the solace of all, even in their deepest depression, was also an inmate of his bosom, but ever indulged in submission to the will of God. A long season of debility and pain had given him opportunity to reflect upon his critical circumstances of health, and with the alternations of hope and its relinquishment, which are common to all invalids in their last stages of debility; his convictions prevailed, that he could not long be a resident of earth. His friends, still unwilling to see the truth, and always hoping that the providence of God would accord with their prayers for his recovery, encouraged his yet, at times, lingering, at others, more vivid hopes of being reinstated to renewed health. What invalid, surrounded by doting friends, smiling at every opportunity to make him comfortable and happy, in body and in mind, and desiring himself, from the very instinct of his nature, a continued existence, will not be persuaded of his improved state of health, when those friends assure him in a thousand ways, that his appear-

ance is better—that they think he is stronger to-day than he was yesterday, without hinting to a period further back, which would present too great a contrast—that they trust that this remedy will be beneficial, and that soon, very soon, they hope, all will be well again—what affectionate heart can resist such affectionate solicitude, tendered in such affectionate tones? It was under such influences that Mr. Taylor penned his many, but short, farewell-letters, with the shaded apprehension, however, very often stealing over his brighter visions of renewed health, that it would, after all, prove in vain; and a better body and a fairer land, soon awaited him.

He was summoned on board. Some received his parting salutation at the house. Others accompanied him to the vessel. Here they parted. The vessel soon left her moorings, and under-way, was seen standing out the Narrows to sea.

How differently shaded are our recollections of an event of other years, as we look back to it through the incidents which have occurred at an after period. Thus, there were forebodings of the heart, that this might be our friend's last farewell, as the vessel shot into the stream. But no one was willing to admit to his convictions the probability, as he gazed on the bark that was now conveying JAMES TAYLOR, the last time, from the home of his attachments and relationship, that he was now tracing his course to find his final resting-place

in a soil far distant from the home of his kindred. But, **SO IT WAS !**

Among his many friends, who loved him with an ardour of no common friendship, one reached the dock too late to take, at last, a *sorrowful* leave. This friend, in his disappointment even of that melancholy pleasure, thus gives vent to his feelings, in a letter written soon afterwards to Mr. Taylor.

“ I shall never forget the morning you left the wharf. I had cherished the fond hope of giving you the parting hand when you left. But I was disappointed, and the circumstance greatly distressed me — so much so, that I could not divest myself of the unpleasant sensation, until the inquiry presented itself to my mind, shall I be so distressed at comparatively so trivial a circumstance, and yet remain so insensible of the aggravated sin, which I so continually commit against Infinite Love ? This thought brought me to a throne of grace, where I found relief. But to return. Just as I arrived at the upper end of the dock, I met your brother J., who said the vessel was just about to cast-off. I made all haste and got on board of the ship, along side of which, your vessel had been laying, and from which she had just let go her fastenings. Had you not already left the deck, I should have been freed from the unpleasant feelings which I afterwards experienced. But, as you had to *beat* out of the river, the wind being ahead,

I yet fondly hoped to get a glance at you as the vessel should stretch in towards the wharf when she should put about on her tack towards the city. With this hope I went from pier to pier, until I reached the last one, projecting from the Battery. After all this effort, I had the mortification and disappointment of seeing the vessel still further receding from me, until she made a stretch from Governor's-Island, and glided majestically down the bay. Bitterly disappointed as I was, I yet hoped that I should at some future period, (in God's own good time,) again behold your face. Amid all our disappointments and trials, we have the gracious assurance that all things shall work together for good to those that love God.

“ Mrs. B. and myself, and a few Christian friends, spent an evening at your brother's last week. Your *likeness*, with others, ornamented the back-parlour. I think your brother's one of the best I ever saw, but some of the company thought yours yet better. We enjoyed ourselves well, but yet better should have done, if you had been one of our number. Mrs. B. joins me in love to you.”



## SECTION XIV.

WE shall now continue the letters of Mr. Taylor, tracing him to his winter and final home ; and until his hand becomes too weak to express the thoughts of his warm and devoted heart.

“ James River, Va., 30 miles from its mouth.

“ November 7th, 1828.

“ My dear K. and E.

“ It is now the fourth day since I gave you the parting hand. Having passed Sandy-Hook-Light, I experienced, as I had expected, all the nausea of seasickness. Although it was pleasant and we had a fine breeze, I betook myself to the berth, as that unsocial being, so rendered by the unpleasant sensations created by the tossing of our bark upon the billows — a scene, under other circumstances, sublime even in imagination. I kept my station for about forty-eight hours. Though I would avoid this sickness a second time, I think it may result in good to me. I am now quite over it. Only one of eleven passengers neglected *to cast up his accounts*. For two days we were enabled to lay our course. The third, when within thirty-five miles of the Chesapeake, the wind veered, greatly to our disappointment. We passed the Capes last evening, and to our

no *small joy*, came over by old Point Comfort, into Hampton Roads. Thence we have proceeded up the river thus far. We have a demonstration at this moment, that our craft was not built for land conveyances. All hands are heaving o-hoi-oh, at the windless. About twelve o'clock last night, with a smacking breeze, we ran foul of an oyster-bank. Here we have been at anchor, since. No blame to the Captain. We hope to be under-way soon, and with a fair breeze.

“You may suppose that I found but little rest in leaving a soft bed for a downless berth, even to nearly laying on my bones. I turned from side to side, and upon my back; and thus, by turns, from night till morning, and from morn till night. I shall be glad to get on *terra firma* again.

“Nov. 9., Sunday evening. I am again on land. The captain landed me at City Point to-day, about twelve o'clock. At the landing-place, men, women, and children, might be seen, as is usual on the Sabbath, with no one to teach them the way of life. But when absent before, I spoke of the immense moral power that must be brought to bear upon these souls, sunk in sin, before they can be raised to holiness, to happiness, and to heaven.

“A scene yet more appalling awaited me at the tavern, where I sat and dined, waiting for the steamboat. Here were men, intelligent looking men. But how unlike moral and accountable beings did they act. Be-

fore the scene ended, they had on board of the steam-boat a Bacchanalian frolic. Thus, providentially thrown into such circumstances, I was glad, if such hearts must be developed, to look into the blackness of theirs.

“At the remembrance of God’s goodness, I have wept to-day, again and again. I thought of you both, and as often my uplifted prayer has been ‘Lord, bless them.’ To-night, after tea, I enjoyed a most melting season; it was repeated. I thought on my exile. My soul flew to our heavenly Father, and it seemed as if he would take me up as his little one! How meltingly sweet. I thought on Jesus as a sympathizing friend. How near he came! I thought on the Comforter whom I had often grieved. Here I think I had a most joyful, *blessed*, consoling view — such as I think I needed and never before had. It was a conviction of *the power* of the Holy Ghost. I could very strongly believe, that though chained down in one way, God could glorify himself, in so giving me the Holy Spirit, that he could make me *singularly a monument of his grace*. O, it was sweet beyond expression, to think of God’s being happy in making me happy, and yet leaving me to be an invalid; and I *longed* that he should be happy in dealing with me after his own manner. Believe me, I was happy. Yes; my soul was so happified, that I could rejoice to be just what I was, and where I was. But a little, and I read in my loved little Bible, ‘Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth; for thy love

is better than wine.' It would be too long to tell you the whole story. And I must not write too much. But this truth won my heart, captivated my soul, and I had an unusual feast of love. The Lord give you a double portion.

"Petersburg, Nov. 11th. Yesterday I called on Mr. R. At his and Mrs. R.'s urgent request, I took up my abode with them. How long a time I shall spend, is uncertain. Mrs. R. says it must be weeks. I may stop a day or two, or more. I met here, unexpectedly, Mr. F. J. He expects me at Richmond on my leaving Petersburg. From there, he will accompany me, or send me by a careful hand, to Prince Edward. Thus you see how I am continually taken up as a feeble one. There is no direct public conveyance to Prince Edward. Mr. B. offered me his horse and gig for the journey. Very kind in him. How manifold the goodness of God. What saith the Scriptures? 'He that leaveth father and mother, houses and lands, shall receive manifold in this life.' Houses and lands I have not left, but fathers and mothers I find all along, and as much of houses and the productions of lands as I need. Praise belongeth unto God.

"Eliza, does the picture resemble its original? Mr. G. has been unanimously elected professor by the Synod of Va. Dr. C. is expected to visit Prince Edward. Dr. S., also. Mr. Nettleton is at Stanton, about one hundred miles from Prince Edward. With

the exception of a little cold, no ill hath befallen me.  
Love to the children, and brothers.

“With the affection of a brother who loves you,

“JAMES.

“I design to write you every two weeks. In this way, if you will send the communication to Middle-Haddam, they will also regularly hear from me, and thus I shall be saved the labour of additional writing.”

“Saturday evening,

“James River, 7th Nov. 1828.

“My loved friends at home :

“Having escaped the dangers of the sea, and over with my sea sickness, I am happy to remember you all, and again to address you. Though far away, I love my father, I love my mother, I love my sisters. Brothers — they are all from you.

“On Wednesday, I embarked from New-York, and had it not been that the vessel grounded last night, I might have been in Petersburg at this hour. Now I am fifty miles distant. I have sustained some of the disagreeables of being on ship-board. But, by-and-by, I hope to enjoy a soft bed, an easy chair, pleasant society, etc., etc.

“Though a preacher, we shall probably have a silent Sabbath. As to my preaching, you need give yourselves no uneasiness. I am entirely inadequate to the task.

“Petersburg, 11th Nov.

“I reached this place on Sunday evening. I am staying with the Rev. Mr. Rice. From this, after a few days, I expect to go to Richmond. Thence to Prince Edward. I find fathers and mothers who seem to take pleasure in contributing to my comfort. I am blessed of the Lord by his smiles. I have written K. and E. The letter may be forwarded to you. I calculate to write them once every two weeks. You may expect to hear from me through them. Write me. Direct to the care of Dr. R.

“My love to you all,

“JAMES.”

“Petersburg, 12th Nov. 1828.

“Yesterday, I forwarded a letter, per mail, to New-York, and another to Middle Haddam. By these you will have learned of my arrival and proposed after-course.

“Yesterday evening, (for they denominate the P. M. *evening*, here,) in company with Mrs. R. and a Mr. J., I rode to visit a Mr. H. and family, three miles distant. We were met by Mr. R. Mr. H.’s piety is of higher order, I should think, than is generally met with. The interview, to me, was peculiarly gratifying.

“A cotton-field before the house presented an aspect which would be novel to you. A few pods were gathered for me, which I purpose to send or bring you as a

curiosity. You may wait for a verbal description of its cultivation. A horseback-ride on my return, did me service.

14th. Day before yesterday I had taken my seat for Richmond. On my return to my Petersburg-home, Mr. and Mrs. R. urged me to tarry yet with them, at least till next week. I finally consented. Mr. R. has gone to the 'Presbytery. I snugly occupy his study, *without studying*. Thus far the weather has been changeable. Sunday, raw north-easter. Monday, pleasant May-day. Tuesday, fine. Wednesday, cool north-wester. Thursday, *raw*. To-day, raining.

“If my present feelings should appear strange to others, in view of my past experience, to me they come in merciful relief. Relative to the ministry, I have not only lost my anxiety and given it up cheerfully, but of late, at times, I have felt rather an indisposition towards it — rather supposing that God intends glorifying himself by me in some other way. What if that solicitude and burning anxiety which once well nigh drank up my spirit, were now possessing me? I am not able to preach. O, it is a *mercy* to be content, just where I am! So the once suffering but now glorified Paul said, ‘In whatever state I am, therewith I have learned to be content.’

“19th. Mr. R. returned yesterday. I expect to reach Richmond to-morrow, twenty-three miles. If unpleasant, shall remain. Since the fourteenth, the weather

has been, for the most part, unpleasant. On the fifteenth, Indian-summer. Sixteenth, cold and raw — seventeenth, mild, rather summer-like — eighteenth, I awoke and found the roofs of the houses white with snow, and snowing still. To-day, the disagreeableness of cloudy, damp, raw, uncomfortable atmosphere. Thus far I have been disappointed in the weather. Still, with all the changeableness of the clime, I have been gaining. Mrs. R. thinks I have improved much.

“RICHMOND, 21st.

“Yesterday morning took leave of Mr. and Mrs. R., whose kind offices have endeared them to me. Their urgent and repeated requests that I would remain with them during the winter, may occasion another visit, especially if not well located at Prince Edward. They are *mightily* glad, (a Virginianism for *very*,) that their son is located with Henry and John James at Amherst. Mrs. R. sent her regards to K. Eliza may expect a multi-flora rose-bush, which Mrs. R. will have in readiness, when I go on in the spring!

“In the stage, there was a black boy in irons. He had run-away from his master. I heard, the other day, of a planter who intended to rid himself of his slaves, and instead of them, procure poor white children, orphans, if possible, and besides giving them a common education, to train them up to work his land, until they should become twenty-one years old. Boys he means



to make farmers, and the girls to understand housewifery. Good intention.

“Mr. J. conducted me to his house, where I found his sister. I occupy a pleasant room, and feel quite at home. No want of attention. Mr. J. thinks I have gained astonishingly since he saw me a few days ago in Petersburg. I not only look improved, but I feel myself on the gaining hand. Peradventure, I shall continue to be convalescent. When in Petersburg, I submitted my case to Dr. R. It was at the suggestion of Mr. and Mrs. Rice. I consider him a scientific man, *ready to give a reason*, why and whence. He corroborated the decision of Dr. A. He considered my lungs sound. Dr. R. was attentive and entertaining — wrote a long letter of opinion and prescription before I left. I requested him to append his bill, but he chose to waive the fee.

“After remaining here with Mr. J. a few days, I shall proceed on to Prince Edward, where I expect to meet intelligence from you.

“A fact relative to the A. H. M. Society. A clergyman mentioned to me that the impression among some Presbyterians is, that the Executive *prefer* men from the East as their labourers — that they send Congregational ministers into the bounds of Presbyterianism — the tendency of which, they affirm, is to disorganize. To this I replied, ‘that the A. H. M. Society, if I mistake not, send *all* the good men they can procure — that

so far as I was acquainted, there existed no partiality for seminaries, and that I had supposed more had gone from *Princeton*, than from any other institution.' Why not think a little about this matter? Whence does the support for the society come? The East must not be left out. Must every Macedonian cry which a Presbyterian cannot reply to, remain unheard and unanswered? Cannot a Congregationalist, who loves the truth, preach the Gospel? Then you must cut off our loved New-England. But let it be known that Congregationalists can give money to support — can go into the bounds of Presbyterianism, and, if expedient, become good Presbyterians, and in sweet union help together to roll on the car of the Gospel. I may thus speak, because I stand on neutral ground — a member of a Presbyterian Church, though licensed by a consociation. The clergyman alluded to, is liberal, and said he would become, without hesitation, a Congregationalist, were he to be located within their bounds.

“Evening. Mr. J. took me out through the suburbs of the city. Though here, last spring, I saw but little of the place. There are some fine buildings for private residences — few, however, which do not exhibit some deficiency. A common unpainted fence will mar the beauty of fine architecture. When you talk of taste and enterprise, you must not come to the South to look for them, although there are some noble exceptions.

“In the morning, I saw John Randolph. Believe

me, I had rather see John the Baptist, or John the Divine. Randolph's costume was a blue coat, drab small-clothes, white top boots and spurs. He did not mount his horse with the air of an athletic rider. His steed was white. So also his servant's horse.

"Mr. J. said to me to-day, as a message to you, 'your brother knows me. Assure him of the pleasure it gave me to meet you at Petersburg, and of the still higher pleasure of having you at my own house.' It is pleasant to be here.

"I have just given Joseph, the servant boy, who is very attentive to me, a history of his namesake, the son of Jacob.

"With love to you all, good-night.

"JAMES.

"This must suffice for you all. When perused in New-York, send it home. They will be anxious to hear. Yesterday, summer-like. To-day, the rain is pouring.

"Petersburg, Va., 15th Nov., 1828.

"Dear F.

"On the eleventh, two days after my arrival here, I dropped a newspaper into the office, saying, *Hic tuus frater Jacobus est.*

"My purpose to write you has, until now, failed, in consequence of one and another engagement, and now I break off from a book, to me very entertaining, to

give you a few lines. Have you read an ‘Essay upon the Influence of the Imagination upon the Nervous System?’ Well worth perusing.

“My passage over sea from New-York, was attended by all the disagreeableness of a rough voyage. Soon after passing Sandy-Hook-Light, I was metamorphosed into that unsocial being which sea-sickness ever transforms one. We came up to Old Point Comfort, with very comfortable emotions.

“On the evening of my arrival at Petersburg, I was refreshingly visited. The Lord made my cup to run over with love, joy, and peace.

“I have found Mr. and Mrs. R. *cordial*. Mrs. R. is sister to Dr. A. of Princeton. I occupy Mr. R.’s study in his absence to the Presbytery, although, myself, an idler. By Wednesday or Thursday I shall probably go to Richmond — spend a few days there with a friend who proposes then to take me to Prince Edward, ninety miles.

“I presume, by this time, you are settled, and going on. You did not write, or, if you did, the letter was not received before I left New-York. Let me hear of all that makes you happy, and if ever you are sad — for I am always interested to know of your affairs.

“Having entered upon the study of your profession, make conscience of studying to approve yourself unto God. To live and be happy — to please God — to be blessed and to be made a blessing — this should be our

first, constant, and last aim. If I sought one thing more than another in my preparatory course, academical, collegiate, and theological, it was to be signally anointed of God for the great, the good, the desirable, the highest work of man. I am now happy in this consciousness. With the little probability of ever doing this work, I am greatly glad that I thus sought this preparation. I can testify that I found it. All along I was anointed. And I most affectionately and urgently present this as *pre-eminent*. All else will take care of itself. Rather, let all else suffer, than forego the baptisms of the Holy Ghost.

“It is very pleasant for me to think that God can glorify himself in me and let me be an invalid. My confidence in God’s power to endow me greatly, has much increased of late. Think of me then, not as desponding under his debarring me from the vineyard; but think of me as quite contented and happy — as rather desirous of being sick, believing it to be his will. Think of me as handed down very kindly, tenderly, and mercifully, if rapidly on my way to an early grave. Heaven looks very desirable.

“My health, I think, has held its own since I left. Perhaps a little improved. The weather, thus far, has been very changeable — sometimes, not unlike a New-England north-easter.

“Mention me to Dr. T. with my regards. To the brethren whom I know, to friends in town, my usual

salutation. I wrote home and to New-York, on my arrival. Any thing new and interesting send me.

“ Ever truly and affectionately,

“ JAMES.”

“ Richmond, Nov. 25th, 1828.

“ My last letter, I presume, has reached you before this. If so, you know of my affairs. While I am most kindly entertained at the domicil of Mr. J., who, with his sister, anticipates my wants, and seems *to study* to make me comfortable and happy, let me assure you that I find my lot a happy one. Is he happy on whom our Father smiles? His face, with paternal sweetness, is turned towards me, and wakes in my bosom a filial spirit. Is he happy to whom Christ manifests himself otherwise than to the world? His visitations cheer me in my exile and affliction. Is he happy who entertains the Promised of the Father? The Comforter takes up his abode with me. Is it pleasant to think on angels as our ministers, and prospectively, our associates? Is it pleasant to think on disembodied spirits, and long to be one? To-day, as I laid me down, fatigued and weak, I soothingly felt it more desirable to wither, and faint, and die, and go to the HOME of the holy, than to live and labour.

“ For a fortnight past, I have felt more like coming back to health than for a year previously. I know not to what else to attribute it but to symptoms of recovery.

“28th. I wrote Henry the other day. With Mr. J. I have already remained longer than I had purposed.

“December, 3d.

“To-morrow, weather and other things permitting, I expect to set out for Prince Edward. Mr. J. proposes to accompany me in his gig, and with his servant on horse. We shall make our journey so as to be four days on the road.

“To-day I felt a little home-sick — not sick of this kind home. But I thought of my father — I thought of my mother — I thought of you all. Gladly would I see your faces. But think of me as having all and abounding, having received of my friends here the kindness of paternal spirits.

“Farewell.

“JAMES.

“I have been kept quite free from colds. On the whole, it is hoped that I am convalescent. Weather more settled and pleasant.”

#### TO HIS YOUNGER BROTHER.

“Richmond, 28th Nov., 1828.

“Dear brother S.

“This city does not compare with New-York. There are three or four streets along which there are respectable buildings. Some of the private residences in the borders are large and imposing. Curiosities are

rare. About three miles from this, on the banks of the James River, is a place called Powhattan, now the residence of a Mr. Mayo. More than two hundred years ago, when a number of people came from England here, and were the first whites that settled in Virginia, there lived at this place a powerful Indian Chief. His name was Powhattan. Among the whites, there was a man of great worth and adventure, Captain Smith. In one of his excursions of discovery, he proceeded up the river Chiccahommini, which empties into the James River. While on shore, Captain Smith was attacked by the Indians, captured, and taken to Powhattan. By this chief he was condemned to have his head laid upon a rock, and his brains to be beaten out by a club. The daughter of Powhatan, whose name was Pocahontas, interceded with her father for Smith's life. She was only thirteen years of age. But her prayers availed not with her father. The head of Smith was bowed down upon the rock. As the blow was about to be levelled upon the head of the captain, Pocahontas rushed between him and the executioner, and 'folding his head in her arms, and laying her's upon his, arrested the fatal blow. Her father was then prevailed upon to spare Smith's life, and after a great many savage ceremonies, he was sent back to Jamestown.' The stone on which his head was laid, is still pointed out at Powhattan. I have seen it.

"In fine weather, I ride out. Much is done here by



the servants for our convenience. They will do your errands, brush your clothes, wash your feet, etc. etc., and with all their hearts, too. But I like to put a shilling now and then into their hand. You will see more black faces than white ones through all this country.

“I am very pleasantly situated, and may yet remain here eight or ten days. Request K. to write me to the care of Mr. Fleming James.

“How comes on your Arithmetic? My repetition of this thing is induced by the solicitude I have, that you and G. and A. should *excel* in it. Put too all your energies, and you will succeed. Make business, too, of reading your Bible, in the way I proposed to you. Be wise in the knowledge of the Bible. Above all, make God your Friend and Father. In my exile and affliction, I am happy. It is *religion* that gives me joy.

“Your affectionate brother,

“JAMES.

“My love to Gustavus and Augustus — to the children at K.’s and J.’s. I shall be glad to hear from you.”

## SECTION XV.

TO MR. K. T. FROM DR. RICE.

“Union Theological Seminary,  
5th Dec., 1828.

“My dear Friend :

“I have been too busy lately to write before this time. I expected to have it in my power to tell you of the arrival of your brother. I have heard of him in Petersburg and in Richmond. I have sent an invitation to him to come on, but he delays. Mr. James was to have come up with him ; and the last week has been very fine weather, but we see nothing of them. Mrs. Rice is getting quite impatient to have Mr. Taylor here, and to be his nurse.

“I hear that the physicians think your brother's case very bad — the result extremely doubtful. I believe, if he can recover at all, that he may here. One of our nearest and best neighbours is a Mr. B. (from Vermont,) who is now an active man in business, after having been brought apparently lower with pulmonary disease than your brother. And he has a brother just getting up now, who has lain in bed nearly two years from something like curvature of the spine.

“We have received various articles for the Semi-

nary. I need not say that I thank you for your kind attentions.

“19th. Mrs. Rice unites with me in fraternal love. Excuse haste. Always pray for us, and believe me to be most truly Yours,

“JOHN H. RICE.”

This is the first letter which we have inserted from that venerated man, long known for his efficiency in his office, and greatly loved for the kindness of his heart, and deeply regretted for the loss of his abilities to the church of Christ. Providence directed the subject of this Tribute to the residence of this beloved but now departed man, as his final home. They were, in many particulars, kindred spirits while on earth. They doubtless now find, in heaven, their sympathies allied in feeling, and their perceptions of truth harmonious. Their bodies are slumbering side by side, waiting a common resurrection.

It will be necessary, and within the scope of this compilation to introduce as we proceed, many of Dr. Rice's letters, as well as the letters of some other individuals, friends and kindred, to complete the incidents of the sad but yet joyous story before us — the conclusion of which has been more than once alluded to in the preceding and passing remarks. It will continue to be remembered, that it was for the relatives and friends of MR. TAYLOR for whom these letters were originally

arranged. And therefore no apology will be required for the insertion of the letters of any surviving person, so far as needed, for the completeness of the plan of this "TRIBUTE OF FRIENDS TO THE MEMORY OF ONE OF THEIR NUMBER."\*

"Union Theological Seminary,

Monday, December 8th, 1828.

"Again, and again, and again, have I been constrained to exclaim *mercy*. 'Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.' On Thursday last I left a loved home of which I have spoken to you in preceding letters. In company with Mr. J. seven miles from Richmond, I was introduced to a Mr. Shepard and lady, by whom we were most cordially received and hospitably entertained. I was much gratified to find that Mr. S., who is a magistrate, was exerting himself for the suppression of intemperance. The spirit of reform is advancing. I should judge that a thorough-going spirit was in the hearts of some, where as yet, little effort has been put forth. Mr. S. is a wealthy planter. He has seeded six hundred bushels of wheat already for the coming harvest. When you are dropping a 'Home Missionary' direct one now and then to W. S., Richmond, Va. It may result in good

\* This was the original title of this TRIBUTE, which was changed for the one that now stands as the title-page.

to the cause. By reading, he may become liberal with his money. If kind offices and urgent requests to remain with them, had been sufficient to detain us, I should have delayed. But *this* was my destination, and hither I must come.

“ After travelling about thirty miles on Friday, which was a pleasant day, we reached a Mr. Freeheart’s, to whom and family Mr. James introduced me. From them we shared the hospitality which it would give me happiness to reciprocate. Our way was still onward. Saturday, although a rainy day, we rode thirty-one miles. Very comfortable at a public house. Not to-night — to-morrow, I will try to tell you more.

“ 9th. On Sunday morning, after a ride of seven miles, we reached the ridge on which stand the college and the Seminary. From principle I would rather not travel on the Sabbath. I had hoped to reach Prince Edward by Saturday night. But the journeyings were not ended until dark, and the roads were bad. From the place where we remained over night, the people come here to worship.

“ Mrs. Rice met me at the door with a hearty good shake — received me with that maternal tenderness, solicitude, and cordiality, which made me feel that I had come *welcome* to a new home. At once I was laid on the sofa, and made *so* comfortable as you can hardly imagine.

“ While at Richmond I heard that a room was in

waiting for me, and that they were solicitously expecting my arrival. I occupy a south room on the parlour floor, about sixteen feet square, with every convenience.

“I should have said that Dr. Rice and Mr. Goodrich were absent, to preach. They returned in the P. M. and welcomed me as cordially as Mrs. Rice and Mrs. Goodrich had done. I love them all much. I believe I shall love them all more. Said Dr. Rice, ‘when you wish to ride, call for the horse *Davy*.’ The carriage, too, has been tendered for my service. Mr. Goodrich offered his horse.

“As yet I have not looked about much. The building is a fine edifice. An addition, however, is greatly needed. All the rooms are occupied. When the Doctor’s house shall have been finished, more room will be afforded. The prospect is increasingly flattering. The friends and patrons of this Institution may rely on it, that they have done well in aiding its establishment. More, when I shall know more.

“My health, I think, still improving at a small rate. My countenance is wearing a new aspect.

“As ever,

“JAMES.

“P. S. BY DR. R.

“My friend *James*, (for so I feel him to be,) has allowed me room for a word or two. We are very glad

to have him with us. Mrs. Rice was quite anxious for him to come, that she might have some opportunity of testifying her regard to you. But James has made such progress in gaining her affections, that I apprehend she will, before the winter is over, love him better than she does you.

“I am not able to make up an opinion about your brother’s health. It is a case which one cannot easily decide about. He looks a good deal better than I expected. But, that is not a sure index. He is the Lord’s. My love to all.

“Yours, fraternally,

J. H. R.

“Union Seminary,

December 10th, 1828.

“My much loved Parents :

“Though your son be far away, his filial feelings often awake in remembrance of you, and swell an affectionate heart. It will be gratifying for you to know that I am at my journey’s end. Could you stand by and be a looker on at my present habitation, you would say that every comfort surrounds me: Let me assure you that I am most happily located. My room is on the south-west corner, with every convenience. Books of every variety surround me, of which, however, I can indulge myself with but few. Climate delightful. To-day, thermometer 59°. Like June in Connecticut.

“ But what shall I say of my friends here ? They are *more* to me than I am able to express to you. Dr. and Mrs. Rice are to me all and more by far, than you could expect. They, and Mr. and Mrs. Goodrich are so ‘ kindly affectioned,’ that my heart is greatly won. And think — this is only the fourth day of my stay. You will be glad and be comforted to know that I am so kindly dealt with. Pray that I may be blessed, and be made a blessing while I remain here. Be comforted to think that while I am from you, fathers and mothers rise up in all my way to do me good.

“ In Petersburg, as you will have learned by my letters, I had a sweet home. So also in Richmond. Mr. James, with whom I spent my time in Richmond, brought me here.

“ 11th. To-day, at two o’clock, the thermometer stood at 72°. — summer heat. It is thought my health has improved. Yet, I advance slowly.

“ This neighbourhood is settled by intelligent and pious people. Last summer and spring Mr. Nettleton laboured here. About one hundred professed to have become religious. Near the Seminary is the College — Hampden and Sidney. About thirty Students. A mile off is the court-house, and some buildings. I am south-west from you about five hundred miles.

“ With love to Emeline, Almira, and Eliza.

“ Letter No. 4, I sent to K. the other day. I



presume you have heard from me through these communications. I shall gladly hear from you.

“Affectionately, your son,  
“JAMES.”

“Union Theological Seminary,  
December 11th, 1828.

“Mr. and Mrs. D.

“The friends I love. Your note to Dr. Rice apprized me of your arrival and location. I regretted your being so far distant. I had hoped that you would be nearer.

“From the time of my leaving New-York I was about one month in reaching Prince Edward. After my arrival in Petersburg, I remained ten days. At Richmond, I spent two weeks.

“Probably I am better than I was when I saw you at loved New-Haven. It may be that I am convalescent. I have not for three years previously, felt so much like recovery as for the last three weeks. But, even now, I look at my case only as a *peradventure*.

“The ‘inner man’ gathers strength. Of late I have been happy to think that God can be happy and make me happy, and yet let me be an invalid as I am, and be glorified in me withal. Praise him on my behalf and think of me as of one that is happy.

“I am prohibited preaching. If I were not, I yet feel physically inadequate.

“ Being safely and happily moored here, after having been tossed about from place to place, I shall probably lie in this snug harbour ‘to winter.’ Come and see me, if you can. Write again, and again.

“ With much love to father Nettleton, if he is with you, I am

“ Yours, in the best bonds,

“ JAMES B. TAYLOR.

“ When you write to New-Haven, mention the invalid to those we love.”

The following letter to Mr. Taylor is the last he received from his *fellow-traveller*, whose day, like his own, was now waning fast to its close. Affecting coincidence ! Nothing further was heard, after the reception of this letter, of the state of its writer’s health, until a communication from Mr. Taylor’s friends, which was never read to him, arrived *a few hours before his death*, which contained in *pencil marks* not intended for his eye, the four words, “ Mr. Kinsman is dead.” Happy travellers ; together now on their path of light, and love, and glory.

“ Portland, Dec. 13, 1828.

“ Brother Taylor :

“ Your favour, written on the eve of your sailing for Virginia, was doubly welcome and interesting, and particularly as it suggested that you were pretty deci-

dedly on the recovery. Yet I could not see any thing in it, on second reading, very encouraging, except an increase of strength, and that varies so with myself, that I cannot depend on it as a criterion for judgement. I could now say the truth with regard to myself, that my tongue continues to look healthy—that I have had no night perspirations for some weeks—that my pulse is at eighty instead of one hundred—and strange to say, no appearance of fever—eat and sleep well, &c., &c. All this would lead you to suppose that I, too, am convalescent. But I can write with equal certainty, that my strength and flesh have both diminished, ever since I wrote you—that I set up but three or four hours in the twenty-four—that my throat is as sore, and that I am as hoarse as ever—that my lungs are more feeble, and at times sore—that I expectorate much—take cold while in my chamber from change of weather, although not exposed. My physician says he thinks I cannot have much reason to expect to live longer than through the winter, although he was quite encouraged as to my recovery ever since my return, until within a few weeks.

“I have been during my weakness and distress *more* than willing to depart. And if I could have the faith of St. Paul, how could I be reconciled to live in this world much longer? I dread pain, not particularly the pains of death, but all the sickness and distress necessary to separate the soul and body.

“Your letters give me much pleasure. I should be childish without them. If we are permitted to live ever so long, we shall never be willing to let many weeks pass without an exchange of letters. The variety of trials we passed through on our journey I can never forget. I am surprised we ever lived to reach our homes.

“Have you heard any thing from Augusta, or Savannah? Let me hear from you soon.

“N. KINSMAN.”

TO MR. K. T., FROM MRS. R.

“Union Theological Seminary,  
17th Dec., 1828.

“I have long intended to write to our good friend Mr. Taylor, and now I have a double inducement, as I can give you pleasing intelligence from your dear brother, and my *beloved Christian friend*. You have done, dear friend, many kindnesses to us, but none that I esteem so highly, or that has gratified me so much, as your sending this child of our heavenly Father to us,—and I already feel that his intercourse is one of my greatest blessings. Pray that it may not, like many others which are so richly bestowed on me, be unimproved. Your brother seems to have just the spirit that I have for some time been earnestly longing for, but have never seen so fully attained to by any other! He seems per-

fectly resigned, and cheerfully submissive to the will of his heavenly Father, and constantly to rejoice with exceeding joy in the goodness, mercy, and loving kindness of his Lord and Master.

“We think we see manifest improvement in the health of your dear brother. He seems to talk with much more ease; and now has scarcely any cough; complains of no pain, and seems to suffer from nothing but debility. Indeed I ought not to use the word *suffer*; for, he does not appear to suffer at all, and the physicians give us hope that he may recover. Oh! how I shall delight to see him able to preach, and to hear him proclaim the glad-tidings of that great joy which is so precious to his own soul.

“The physicians have commenced with the *Moxa*, which Mr. T. bore admirably. You see he is literally tried by fire. I need not say to you that I esteem it a privilege, and *feel* it a pleasure to attend on your brother.

“Our dear Seminary we hope is flourishing. I wish much you could see it, and become personally acquainted with it. We are now nearly as full as we can be. Only one room, which is not constantly occupied, and that often has a visiter. And yet an additional number of students are expected after Christmas. The new house is going on finely, and will be ready for us by the spring.

“I will leave the next page for either your brother or

Mr. Rice to fill. He unites in love, and best wishes to you and all yours,

“with your affectionate friend,

“ANNE S. RICE.”

“P. S. BY J. B. T.

“Tuesday evening.

“Among the fields attached to the Seminary is one particularly valuable for the production of *anti-dispeptic pills*. Some of them have already been tested. They prove superior to all the heterogeneous compounds vended at the shops, and as cheap as the devotion of one or two hours labour daily for the public good. They are no more nor less than various kinds of *stumps*, which the students dig up from the new field, and they are preparing the way for a large garden. I mention this fact simply that I may add, that any benevolent hardware merchant would further the convenience, and facilitate the purpose of the young men, by sending on a few spades, a few shovels, a few hoes, and a few axes.

“And by adding a supply of apples yourself for the benefit of friends, you will gratify susceptibilities which I, in common with most people, possess for good fruit. So, though you are now very often remembered, we will the more frequently associate you in our minds, as around this sweet fire side we shall share the kind tokens of one whom we all love.

“Adieu.

“J. B. TAYLOR.

TO MR. K. T., FROM DR. R.

“Union Theological Seminary,

23d Dec., 1828.

“My Dear Sir :

“Your brother James wins more and more on our affections. Mrs. Rice will hardly ever consent to give him up again. I know that she delights in ministering to him. And happily, he has fewer wants than any sick person I have ever known. What the issue of his disease may be, I know not. Had it been understood in the beginning, he might before this time have been perfectly well. But until lately not a measure suited to his case has ever been pursued. At present he uses no remedy except what is called the *Mora*, which is nothing more nor less than the burning of a blister on the patient by fire. This is a remedy of great severity, and it is said, of great efficacy. Your brother's health certainly gives some indications of amendment. He has, however, at present, a slight cold. But he talks and walks better than on his first arrival.

“I think the spirit of the Seminary at present is better than usual. We have more piety here than at any other time, and clear indications of an increase. We do wish to send out very holy and devoted men. May the Lord make us more and more so continually.

“I write in a state of very considerable exhaustion and you will excuse my hasty scrawl. My best love to

Mrs. Taylor. In this Mrs. Rice joins me most heartily.  
May the Lord bless you, and all yours.

“With truest affection,

“I am sincerely yours,

“JOHN H. RICE.”

“Dear Brother :

“It will give you pleasure to hear that I am improved in my speaking powers. You remember the hacking cough which attended any little effort of my talking. Very little of this irritability remains. I feel more like *health* about my lungs. This morning I feel very comfortable.

“The Moxa mentioned in former letters has been applied four times. The process is exceedingly painful, so much so, that I think I shall not endure it again. It is literal burning. No pain which I have experienced compares with it. A flame from a cotton roll is made to concentrate upon the flesh by the use of a blow pipe.

“Mrs. R. is my nurse. Never have I met with a stranger whom I love, as I love her. She is *every thing* I need in my exile, to make me comfortable. Dr. Rice I love perhaps as much as you do.

“I should not have sent by this mail, but to say to you that Dr. Rice asked me if I should be in want of any funds, before I returned to the north. I had to answer that I should not, having enough prospectively. His wish was to draw on New-York, for books. I proposed



and urged it, that he should draw on you, believing that you would accept the draft with pleasure. It will be doing him a favour who is doing me many, and who would do you more.

“ Love to Eliza and all.

“ This may wish you a happy New-Year.

“ Affectionately,

“ JAMES.”

“ Union Seminary, 31st December, 1828.

“ Dear sister Eliza :

“ The year just passing has been fraught with signal mercy. To me, mercy has been extended in various ways. You remember the *drawling* pain that caused my nights to be tedious, and the spasmodic pain which racked my frame. These pains are past and I am freed. In all my goings I have been upheld. Love has been the inmate of my bosom. And a further mercy. I am glad that I have been directed here. This, my home, is a sweet home. Mrs. R. is my kind, very kind nurse.

The climate with the exception of a few days has been delightfully mild. I walk out without a surtout. The church is within a few rods of the Seminary.

The people are very kind. They come and see me, and send love tokens. They wish me to go to their homes and stay ; but I think no very considerable inducement would prevail on me to change my quarters. The physicians are kind, knowing, and skillful men. I

have confidence in their decisions. Dr. A., Dr. R., and my three physicians here, Dr. Morton, Dr. Wilson and Dr. Farrer, all agree as to my case, and the manner of treating it. From the beginning they believe me to have had the same disease, and regret that it was not discovered earlier. So do I. For then, instead of rheumatism, debility, dispepsia, and consumption, it would have been known that there was a curvature in the spine, and a disease of the bone which has manifested itself in the pain which I have endured. Thanks however for the sympathies of all my medical advisers. But they should have said, "let me examine." It is believed here, that the vertebrae of my back, or otherwise the back bone is still diseased. The affection of my lungs is accounted for from their compression and contiguity to the irritated parts, owing to the curvature of the spine. There is some apprehension that this affection in the back may increase; but hear what the venerable father of the physician, Dr. Wilsons, says. Not to me, but to others, he made the expression: "I see no obstacle in Mr. Taylor's way, why he may not become a well man, but he must be patient." Patience, I suppose, must have her work a year longer. After all, you know there are many changes within a year; but so I seem to feel, that I *may* become strong again within a year.

"In the morning, by the time I am prepared for breakfast, I am fatigued. I then eat. Afterwards, read

a *little*. Ride three miles ; come home, and gladly fall into my chair.

“This leads me to brother K.’s letter. I appeal to you, sister E., and I appeal to a multitude who have seen me away from my northern friends, (I will not say away in *exile* any more, for that is a doleful word, and seems to leave a wrong and unhappy impression upon your mind,) if I am not right and K. wrong, when I differ with him about what he deems an “infelicity of disposition in me to dwell in thoughtfulness on my *exile*,” &c. He meant this all in kindest sympathy ; but he has mistaken me, and he will let me assure him, that for the most part, for years, I have thought myself the *happiest* of mortals. I did not think he could so misunderstand me in the use of the word *exile*. When I have left you all it has been from the conviction that I was pursuing my duty. It is duty that bids me stay where I am. And be assured, I am very happy here, and though busy doing nothing, I am happy even thus ; neither am I much endangered by excitement, — calmness rests on my composed brow, and the peace of God which passeth all understanding keeps my heart.

“I have all and abound. May you each be comforted with the same comfort wherewith I am comforted of God.”

“Your affectionate brother,

“JAMES.

“Increased happiness to you the coming year. My love to K., the children, and the boys. Remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Bruen, and to Mr. and Mrs. W. Send word to Peekskill of me when you write.”

FROM DR. RICE TO MR. K. T., AT WASHINGTON.

“Union Theological Seminary,  
9th Jan., 1829.

“My dear Friend :

“You are now within one hundred and eighty miles of us, and shall we not see you? How glad we should be to have you under our roof, I am unable to say. But we are not so selfish as to wish you to neglect duty, or incur loss, for our gratification. We therefore do not insist on your coming. If, however, you could do so without violating your obligations, you would make us glad indeed.

“I have much to write, and almost no time to devote to it — I therefore proceed at once.

“Your brother seems to be perfectly satisfied with us; and in regard to all means of recovery, I think him as well situated as he could be. His physicians, too, give him hopes, but tell him it will be a work of time. As for myself, I sometimes hope, and sometimes despond. He has during the last week been much more feeble than I ever saw him before; but within two days, he has rallied considerably. I have thought that, for

some time, the weather has been almost too warm. The thermometer has stood at 64° to 70°, in the shade. I saw the other day a very fragrant bunch of violets. The air, however, has been dry and very pure until yesterday, when we had rain all day from the north-east, — now it is very clear. The distant mountains are covered with snow; we have a piercing north-west wind, and the thermometer is four degrees below freezing.

“I am delighted to find that you are engaged in the great cause. There is a stirring of some energetic men in these counties around, and I hope that Congress will hear from us before long.

“Mrs. Rice expects an answer to her letter, and has just said that your brother James would be willing for you to suffer a little in taking a cold, unpleasant ride from Washington, for the pleasure of seeing you. But she had rather you would come in the spring, when our oak trees look beautiful and afford a very fine shade — not that she wants to see you less, but she is unwilling you should suffer for her gratification.

“Accept the repeated assurances of our Christian love.

“Yours, most truly,

“JOHN H. RICE.

“I should like exceedingly to have the sight of some of your fine portraits. Take care that I do not step in some day, and bear off yours to the Seminary. If you had two of Mr. Little's, I should be sure to seize one.

“ Prince Edward,

“ January 14, 1829.

“ My very dear Brother :

“ I received your letter mailed at Washington. As I am always gladdened by your letters, so was I now happy in breaking the seal and reading the contents of this.

“ I was glad to find you on such, and so good an errand. It has seemed to me that the Lord is favouring you, in making you one of his leaders of thousands. I am glad, while I am laid aside, that I have a brother working with his might to roll on the Gospel-car. I look on and rejoice. Yours is the strength,— mine is the weakness. I will not compare our labour ; but my brother knows it costs something to sustain the hours in which one is busily doing nothing. In my case, it is hard work, but it is good work. With debility I have more to contend with than any thing else. It is the legitimate effect of the now known cause. I cease to wonder at its existence and continuance. You know how, from the beginning, my back was easily fatigued. Probably I am about as feeble as when I left New-York. My countenance is more florid. My appetite is less. Take no medicine now, except herb-tea.

“ I regretted that you mistook me. I did not mean to have you suppose for a moment, that I was unhappy. The word *exile*, come to think of it, is a doleful word, and in some circumstances, horrible. But all that I meant,

was the fact of my absence from home. In my absence heretofore, as now, I have often thought myself the happiest of men ; — so be comforted, my dear brother, and ever think of me as taken up by our heavenly Father as a little one, and greatly blessed.

“By a letter from Charles Gustavus, I should infer that you thought of seeing us, after your visit to Washington. I need not say how gratified our dear friends, Dr. and Mrs. Rice would be to see your face, and to welcome you to their home, and mine, and yours, if you will come ; — I should be comforted at your coming. The obstacles that weigh in my mind are these, — your business, your family, the severity of the weather, bad roads, and poor accommodations. It is my ‘care for you,’ that makes me enumerate these things. Exposure might make you sick. If you come, I will not be behind to welcome you.

“We have often looked to the coming spring, when the Seminary Board will meet. Mr. G. is then to be inaugurated. We have often said, why would not brother K. be present? It will then be a pleasant season of the year. Immediately afterwards, Dr. and Mrs. Rice contemplate going north. Think of it, and see if you cannot gratify your desire to come here.

“I will try to write the boys. Almost every effort is a task. So you must see it, by this letter. The marks of weakness accompany the movement of my pen, — the fag end especially.

“A letter from Mr. Kinsman states, that he will not probably survive the coming spring. His letter is fraught with good feeling. He expresses himself as happy in the prospect.

“On the Sabbath, I kept house. Cold. On Saturday, my soul was melted in view of our heavenly Father’s presence. Sitting in my chair, my uplifted desire was uttered,—Father, give me the Holy Spirit. An unction from the Holy One greatly refreshed my spirit. I had been saying, ‘Lord, how long,’ in reference to my protracted trials. My whole soul yielded submissively, and said, ‘Ever so long,—but thou wilt give me thy Spirit.’ My dear brother, I hardly know when my confidence hath gained strength so fast in God, that he would make me happy. With unusual sweetness I adopted the language of Jesus, ‘Father, glorify thyself.’ O, I felt happy to think that He would be glorified,—that he would be happy, and render me happy!

“After such baptisms the soul rests in calm, sweet, dove-like, heavenly peace. Not a rill crosses the spirit.

“May my brother be breathed upon and receive repeatedly and increasingly the gift of the Spirit.

“With increased affections,

“JAMES.

“Mrs. R. received your letter, and is obliged for it. She sends her love, with the hope of seeing you here.



“The people are mindful of me, and send birds and little comforts. I shall go away much in their debt. [ ! ]

“My love to Mr. Gurley. Should you become acquainted with Mr. J. C., senior, or junior, they will remember me. Remember me to Uncle Willey.”

“Prince Edward County, Va.,

“January 15th, 1829.

“Dear brother Brewster :

“Your love-letter of the first instant, reached me a few days since. I was glad to break its seal and find that it was from a friend and brother beloved.

“As it has become so much a task for me to write, I must now put off my correspondents with but a few lines.

“By letters which you have seen from me, you have learned of my condition. The peace of God which passeth all understanding, keeps my heart through Christ Jesus. Since I saw you I have not been a stranger to sweet baptisms. Their calm, dove-like influences leave within the soul, lasting, solid peace. On my behalf you will rejoice. I am glad of your joy and peace in believing. May it increase more and more.

“The Seminary here is flourishing. Much has already been done by it, for the good of this land. Manifold more, however, is that which remains to be done.

“My affectionate remembrance to Mrs. Brewster, and to your brothers L. and J.

“My debility excuses my brevity. I shall be glad to hear from you again and again. Dr. Rice joins in love with me to yourself.

“Yours truly,

“JAMES B. TAYLOR.

“P. S. BY DR. R.

“It is my privilege to have our dear Christian brother with me. He is indeed feeble, and cannot write much. But it is truly delightful to have him here. I find it so. And my dear wife enjoys very great pleasure in being the nurse of one who has the spirit so truly Christian. But, you know him.

“I have often thought of the prompt and cheerful spirit with which you subscribed to our Seminary, and have wished you might have evidence that what you gave was blessed to the building up of the kingdom of that Saviour whom you love. And I do trust you will often rejoice, in this life, for what you did to promote Christ's religion, in this desolate region. In eternity, you will see much more. The Lord has prospered us indeed. Much has been done. But yet, much more remains. My brother, always remember us in your prayers. May you enjoy the continual presence of him whom you love, and be able to do much for the glory of his grace. My wife, although you do not know her,

loves you as a follower of Christ, and joins in affectionate regards, with

“Yours, truly,

“JOHN H. RICE.”

“Prince Edward County, Va.

“January 20th, 1829.

“Dear brother J.

“If my heart would ever let me chide a brother so affectionate and kind, I might indulge a little in the language of complaint. You were the first to let me hear when absent last spring. But I will presume that you have, as usual, been greatly occupied. Let me assure you, however, that no small part of my foreign pleasure comes through letters from those I love. Those which I have written, have cost me labour, as every effort does, and surely, I know I would not write again but to gratify my friends. Though my letters are directed to K., I mean the information for all.

“Before this shall reach you, you will have seen K. A letter from him yesterday announced that he might leave Washington to-day. He has thrice written me from the capital. I am sorry that he still thinks me depressed.

“K. asked me a few questions in his letters. I answer them here. During the cold weather I kept house. Felt no inconvenience from it. It lasted four days, and produced ice three inches thick. This morn-

ing it is like May. Very little pain attends me. Not enough to be mentioned. Every comfort surrounds me. Mrs. Rice is *devoted* as my kind, my sufficient nurse. I am among friends whom I love, and who love me. How is sister R.? I have heard of the new-born son. My love to R. I hope she enjoys religion as much as when we saw her on her sick bed. Tell Gustavus, I received his letter, and was glad he remembered me to write. He may expect to hear from me in answer by-and-by. Tell S., he has not answered my letter sent him from Richmond.

“Yours, affectionately,

“JAMES.”

FROM DR. R.

“Union Seminary, 23d Jan., 1829.

“My dear Friend:

“I do not know that any change has taken place in *our* brothers's disease, since I last wrote. It is certain, however, that he can lie on his side now for a considerable time. And this he has not been able to do, I think he says, for two years. But whether we are to augur any thing favourable from this circumstance, I do not know. It is past all doubt that his disease is not removed. Sometimes he is quite comfortable, and appears really to enjoy life. At other times, he is too feeble to live, almost. I was going to add, that he is in

the hands of a nurse who delights to minister to his comfort — but he is in the hands of his compassionate Lord ; and there we may well rejoice, to leave all that we love.

“ It would have rejoiced us all most highly, could you have visited us consistently with your duty. But we wished you to do as you ought. We hope yet to see you at an institution, which we believe you love. Though absent, never forget it in your prayers.

“ I fear your stay at the seat of Government did nothing to heighten your ideas of the purity of our body politic. I doubt whether there is more corruption any where than in the centre of our republic. At Washington I see more than any where else, the little influence of religion in our country. *The servants of the people* seem generally to think that their masters care very little about their moral character. And I apprehend, that it is even so.

“ Mrs. Rice joins with me in most cordial and affectionate regards to you and yours. My dear brother, may you do much for the cause of your Lord and Master.

“ Most truly, yours,

“ JOHN H. RICE.

“ I received three or four letters from Washington. I wrote you some days since, addressed to Washington. Your inquiries were answered in a letter to J., by last mail.

“ J. B. T.”

“Prince Edward, Va.,

January 25th, 1829.

“Dear brother F.

“Your letter I received in due time. I wrote Mrs. J., in which I acknowledged the receipt of yours. You would have heard from me earlier, but I expected through her again to hear from you.

“Every thing is done here to make me happy. My power of talking is greater than when I left you. My voice is stronger. I suppose I am quite as feeble as I was last summer and autumn.

“I have to work hard to sustain my daily labour, which is to bear up under extreme debility. You remember that it was difficult for me to lie on either side. Now I can, partially, on both. My physicians speak quite confidently of my recovery.

“I am glad as the days roll by. I may be a little home-sick, and yet not be sick of this my home. Mrs. R. is my own and affectionate and constant attendant, and seems happy in doing for me, and complains that I am of so little trouble.

“I amuse myself with ‘Rush, on the voice.’ I love elocution. Are you attending to it? I believe it of primary importance.

“I heard from Knowles frequently, while at Washington.

“I am tired. Love to friends. Let me hear from you soon.

“Affectionately,

“JAMES.

“Love to Catharine. I sometimes attend a lecture in the Seminary.

To J. B. T.

“New-Haven, February 8, 1829.

“My dear Friend and Brother :

“This is not the first time I have sat down and taken my pen for you since the reception of your kind, welcome, and precious letter to us, for which our hearts have thanked you a thousand times.

“Dear Mr. Taylor, I hope I shall not be interrupted this evening. I feel so much disposed for a social interview with you. Would that I could ‘refresh your heart by a letter’ as you request. But how can I? I feel my incapacity but too sensibly. But you may rest assured of this, that if my ability equalled my inclination, you should be refreshed and comforted largely, even by this poor communication.

“We could not but lift our hearts to God in gratitude for the favourable account you gave of your health. Nor could we avoid sending a thought forward to the lapse of another year, when, (if spared ourselves,) we might be indulged with seeing you perfectly convales-

cent, and a watchman upon the walls of Zion. Since the date of your letter to us, we have heard, through your brother F., accounts which seem to promise not so much for your recovery — at least so far — that you are becoming more and more debilitated. And we are much concerned to know what the result may be — almost unwilling to leave it wholly with God, without making the condition that the termination may be according to our wishes. Pardon this undue solicitude, and pray that the feelings of your friends may be set right. The thought is consoling, that you have large experience of the important, practical truth, that God knows what is best, and that is best for you — for all of us. Would that this precious truth rested with more power and consolation on my own soul. Why should we be anxious when we are ‘cared for, watched over, and provided for by the Lord God of Elijah?’ Yet, solicitude often diffuses itself through every feeling of my soul. It is the same which is induced by a sense of unprotected widowhood — an emotion of mingled sorrow and desertion, felt only by those whom the ‘Lord hath made desolate.’ But I think that this sore chastisement is more salutary to me than formerly, inasmuch as it drives me to a throne of grace — keeps me from looking again to the beggarly elements of the world — and urges me to more activity, and more prompt performance of duty. But, I forget that I am talking of myself. You see how I recollect you have a heart of sympathy, and if you should



let fall a tear for the sorrows of your friend, it would not, perhaps, be the first. But I desire you will spare them for a more worthy occasion. Only indulge us with the belief that we are remembered in your supplications to a throne of mercy.

“You are not forgotten in our family circle, nor in our family worship, and whenever dear Mr. B., comes in to pray with us, he always brings your case in affectionate remembrance before God.

“I saw your brother F., on Thursday morning, and in the evening we had a visit from your brother J. He has gone on to M. H., with C. Your niece desired her love. We love her much.

“We hear — as I understand it, through a gentleman who met you at a wedding somewhere in the neighbourhood where you are staying — that you were able to visit among them, which led us to hope you might be enjoying yourself, and contributing to the enjoyment of others.

“We rejoice that you are so pleasantly situated in the family of Dr. Rice, where you find kind, sympathizing, Christian friends. Please present my respectful compliments to dear Mrs. Rice, and say, we thank her a thousand times for all her kind care of you. I know she will be a thousand fold compensated in the sweet satisfaction she must feel in being permitted thus to minister to the wants and comfort of a servant of the

Lord Jesus. If we were near enough, we should love to relieve her of this care.

“Dear friend, we do not ask you to indulge us again with a letter, owing to your weak state. But you know very well how much it would gratify us. At any rate we hope to hear through your family friends, that the Lord is blessing the means used for your recovery. Do not forget the household of your widowed friend. We hope you will yet cheer us again by your presence.”

“Union Theological Seminary,  
February 11, 1829.

“Dear Brother :

“Your last letter was from New-York. Relative to porter with lime water, the doctors agree in thinking it worth the trial. I drank it yesterday. Shortly, I propose to try electricity.

“For some time past I have been gradually growing feeble. I am much more so than on my arrival. For a few days along back, I seemed to have something like the *crawling of cold*, approximating to chills succeeded by fever. This has been attributed to bile. I have taken calomel. These changes enfeeble me much. If the spinal disease continue as the doctors think, this debility is to be accounted for. My appetite has failed considerably — though varieties, I relish a little.

“Friends around are very kind. One sends birds — another dried fruit — another jelly — another sweet po-

tatoes — another, sponge cake, dried beef, &c. &c. another, a few apples — to-day, another sent me fine grapes. Think not that I want for many good things in the mansion where I dwell.

“Mrs. Rice, who sends love, is still my kind nurse. She does much to make me comfortable.

“I am glad at every days exit. And though weaker, and helpless, I hope to be returned to you with gladness in much patience, and full submission to the will of our heavenly Father.

“I am at intervals stronger, but should you see me at other times, you would see me like a rag, and unwilling to move a muscle. Notwithstanding all this, the doctors say, with care, he will probably recover.

“I am wearied already in this little doing.

“Affectionately,

“JAMES.

“14th. I received a letter from Henry to-day — was well.”

“By my amanuensis, Mrs. Rice, I had thought of telling you at greater length. But like all glorious manifestations of God to the soul, *this* beggars description. However, let me say, that to-day I have had sweet, melting thoughts of going to another world. Gladly, while alone, and resting in the easy chair, would I have bade earth farewell, and winged my way

to the paradise of God. The Lord said, nay. I yet stay, and would patiently wait until my change comes.

"I find it easier to dictate than to write with my own hand,

" JAMES."

" P. S. BY MRS. RICE.

"I wished to save our dear friend, labour, and have therefore written the above part of the letter for him. We feel great concern to see him suffer under such excessive debility. I do indeed feel it a great privilege to have one of his spirit, so much with me, and trust that it will not — that it has not been in vain. I often wish that some of his own beloved relatives could be with him, for his comfort. But I am sure, none of you could delight more in doing any thing for him than *his own nurse*, and

" Your friend,

" ANNE S. RICE."

Again, in the hand of Mr. T.

" Let them hear on the Hill, either by this letter or your communications from me."

It makes one's heart ache as he follows Mr. Taylor through his *manuscript-letters*, and sees the evidence of his increasing debility, and sinking course in his handwriting until he reaches this last letter, where we let fall a tear as we visibly see one of the threads of life cut as he drops his pen in exhaustion, and falls back

in his bed to dictate to the pen of his affectionate amanuensis.

Mr. Taylor's hand-writing, in his letters previous to his illness, has seldom been equalled for its distinctness, beauty, and correctness. This letter exhibits to the eye an affecting contrast to his earlier, distinct, and beautifully formed characters. But we will pursue him in his further few attempts to pen the out-breathing of his gentle, devoted, and affectionate spirit to the kindred who ever lay near his heart, and who ceased not to have his warm sympathies and tears of love, when *his hand* could no longer express to them the devotion of his thoughts.

FROM DR. RICE.

“ Union Seminary, 17th Feb. 1829.

“ My beloved Friend :

“ The state of your, and our dear brother's health is such, that I feel that I ought to let you hear from him by every mail.

“ First I must tell you that his mind is in a most serene and joyful state. He indeed seems to enjoy perfect peace, and to long that his ‘end may soon come.’

“ As to his disease, I will just give you the opinion of a medical gentleman, more to be relied on, I think, than any other physician in the county, Dr. W. He

says that the disease of the spine is yet in progress, and that it may reduce him to an extreme state of debility. But afterwards he may rally, and finally get well. Yet, that when he first came here he had some symptoms of a pulmonary affection, which have rather increased during the winter than diminished, and there is reason to apprehend that he may die of consumption. The doctor, however, does not think that, should this be the case, dissolution is near at hand. In a word, there is a possibility of recovery, but the probability is rather against it.

“Mrs. Rice, who is his constant nurse, makes the following statement: Her friend’s strength declines visibly every day, and, if he goes much farther, he must take his departure *soon*, from mere debility. It is now almost a week since he left his room, and he is unable to dress himself, or do any thing more than a child. Busily engaged, as I am, I cannot be with him a great deal of the time, but Mrs. Rice devotes herself to him, and I may assure you, that a mother or sister could not nurse him with more anxious assiduity than she does.

“He has a strong feeling, himself, that he shall not live long, and has been exceedingly anxious to see his relations. He has for some time been saying that he wanted to die with his parents.\* But now he appears

\* The Eastern blessing, “MAY YOU DIE AMONG YOUR KINDRED,” comes with a new beauty in sentiment and additional pathos in feeling, when quoted in this association.

to be perfectly reconciled to return home and live, or die there, or die here, just as the Lord pleases.

“I do not pretend to give any advice, but only a statement of facts, that you may judge what is best to be done. He talked something, for some days, of setting out for home, as soon as the weather becomes milder. But this is out of the question. Unless he should rally, he never can leave this place.

“My own opinion is, that his case is one of extreme uncertainty, and that every thing depends on the strength of his constitution. If that is very strong, and has not been too much injured by his disease, he may yet recover. But no one knows how this is—and the suffering which he now endures may very soon exhaust all that is left of the vital principle.

“We are glad to have him here. I am sure that he has been of use already, and I trust that he will, should he die, be still of much greater use to the Seminary. His example is a great thing. His talk to the students is very impressive.

“You will, of course, let all concerned, know the contents of this letter. My dear brother, the Lord be with you, and bless you.

“I am, most truly yours,

“JOHN H. RICE.

“Mrs. Rice has seen this letter, and she wishes me to add, that your brother would be in the highest degree gratified to see you. So that if you can leave your busi-

ness, she thinks that you ought to come. She also adds, that he not only declines daily but rapidly. And if the process goes on, he cannot possibly hold out much longer. His appearance to night convinces her of this."

The following letter is in the hand-writing of Mrs. R., except the signature "JAMES," which was written by Mr. T.'s own hand.

" Union Theological Seminary,  
19th February, 1829.

" Dear brother K.

" Since my last letter, which was a week ago, I have continued to fail. I have neither been dressed, nor have left my room. My appetite, though now and then something relishes, is in coincidence with my weakness. My nights are restless. Cough increased. External things losing their interest. Faith gathers strength.\*

" I have often thought, though so weak, if the weather were suitable of setting out for the north, to spend my last declining days among the friends I love. It has occurred to me as never before, that, though grievous, it still gives parents pleasure, to have their children, when dying, with them. Brothers and

\* What a subject for a painter — Mrs. R. beside J. T.'s bed with her pen in her hand, paper in her lap, and looking into his face to catch his every word.



sisters, too, would rather than otherwise, stand around the dying bed of one of their household. Sister E. has expressed herself as desirous of being with me in my dying hours. I should love to add all the comfort in my power to those who have so often comforted me.

“To me it has been apparent that I might not survive the coming few months; for, on the whole, my case appears more critical, than at any former time. The Physicians deal in *May-Be's*. They look on my case as not decided either way.

“I have told you the simple story of my feelings, believing there is a possibility, though little probability of my recovery. And this is presented for you to judge whether it be best, should I not gather strength, for me to come to you ere long. Mr. Micah Baldwin left us this morning. He will probably see you within a fortnight; and will probable say that I looked better than he anticipated. He happened to see me at favourable times. No one but myself and Mrs. Rice know the extent of my case. Though it may be gratifying to see a person who has seen me; yet his solicitude for my recovery has probably led him to favour, and will lead him to report, too favourable an opinion.

“20th. This has been a feeblor day than yesterday. And, as the impression was natural, I thought that this room might prove the place whence I shall take my exit to another world. Believe that I am kindly and

most mercifully handed along down the hill of life, and I hope that the last step will be to glorify God.

“ Unless I should gather strength, this will probably prove the last letter that I shall ever dictate. But you will hear of me through my kind friends who are ever ready to be my helpers.

“ With an increased affection and love to you all,

“ JAMES.

“ I wrote you, dear friend, by last mail, and promised to write again. But I really do not know what to add to the communication of your dear brother. The physicians have given us reason to expect the extreme debility under which he now labours. And they have said that the result would be doubtful. He might struggle through and recover, or he might go down to the grave. I can perceive the very strong workings of natural affection in the sufferer. He appears to long for the presence of some relations, but says he knows it is out of the question. He appears to be willing to live or die, but is very desirous to die at home. You shall hear by next mail. Do write to him very often. His spirit sunk when he found that there was no letter to-day.

“ Mrs. Rice takes pleasure in acting a mother’s part by him, and sends love to you.

“ Your assured friend,

“ J. H. RICE.”

## TO DR. RICE.

“New-York, 23d July, 1829.

“My dear Friend :

“I have received your two letters of the thirteenth and seventeenth inst., for which I am thankful, whilst I feel deeply concerned for the issue of my dear brother's health. I hardly know what to write you in reply to your respective suggestions in regard to him. It would greatly gratify me to meliorate his condition in any way ; and I should cheerfully comply with his desire for me to visit Prince Edward, if it is advisable, all things considered. I should have gone to Va., when at Washington, if I had anticipated at all the change of his circumstances of health. It is well remarked by you, that regrets are now unavailing ; and I may add, it is merciful in God towards us that we do not know what is to come upon us in our pilgrimage through this world. It is my earnest, devout prayer, that my brother may be spared and restored to health and usefulness, if consistent with the will of our heavenly Father. I know — I hope I feel, that it is alone in Him our strength lies, and that all applications and remedies are utterly and entirely unavailing without his blessing. Ah, my dear friend, to whom else can we go ? It is indeed our consolation that we can go to our common Lord and seek for grace and strength and for wisdom, under all our relations in life, so that we may derive from his fulness, and rest on him for our

relief. Unreservedly would I commit this beloved brother to Jesus Christ, both his Lord and ours—for whom I hope he has been trained; and for whose glory, whether he lives or dies, his prayers ascend to God. We all here need to be humbled and abased in view of our afflictions and I hope we may be sanctified before Him, who searcheth our hearts and trieth our reins.

“I have not, perhaps, for myself, been so ready to suppose his decline to be so great and rapid, as is the fact, and no doubt that his own letters have had a tendency to impress my mind, in some measure, as I have been led to believe. I know that on him my affections have deeply rested, and that I have looked forward to the day of his ministerial usefulness with feelings of great delight—but, in this matter as in many others, I may experience grievous disappointment. I have sought to have him prepared for the ministry, as the Lord did not indicate it my duty to prepare for the sacred office. May he be returned to us yet, as it were from the dead, to do good in this world, and to be instrumental in the conversion of souls. You may say, ‘ah, my brother, you hope against hope!’ My hope is in God, who alone can bring it to pass. He raised him once when hope was gone, from former illness, and He alone can do so now.

“I enclose a letter to James from my brother J., written, as you will perceive, under feelings of great affection.

If James should revive and have it read to him, he will participate in the sympathy, and be refreshed in spirit and in body by it. I know he has felt himself ready, through grace, to go at his Master's bidding. I know, moreover, that his desire of life is connected with the advance of the Saviour's kingdom.

“My dear friends: I feel that you have had a great deal of labour and trouble in this sickness of my brother. I desire to relieve you in any possible way I can. I hope you will procure every assistance for Mrs. R.'s relief, and, that you have done so already. I shall write you again to-morrow, and inform you what my brother J. and myself shall conclude on, in regard to either's going from here to Prince Edward. I shall write my brother Fitch at New-Haven, to come directly to New-York, and, in case of his coming, he will be here on Wednesday evening, with a design to go on to P. E., if it shall be considered best. I could enter into many reasons why chains are upon me at home just now, but I forbear, hoping for wisdom to direct in all that pertains to our duty. Fain would I fly and be with you — but I have no wings — fain would I ride, *and I will*, if it is my duty.

“My love to James, and say that I shall write this evening, as I shall watch over our little folks sick with

the measles, or in time for the morrow's mail. The letter may reach him as soon as this reaches you.

“ With great regard,

“ Your friend and brother,

“ K. TAYLOR.

“ I hope you will write me every mail, if it is but a few lines.”

TO MR. F. W. TAYLOR.

“ New-Haven, Connecticut.

“ The two last letters which we have received from Prince Edward, in regard to brother James, are of a discouraging character. His health is evidently failing; and it is doubtful whether he will overcome that debility which affects him. After consultation with J. R. and E., we conclude that it will be best for you to go on there to his relief; and that you had better leave New-Haven, if you can, immediately on the reception of this letter, and reach New-York as soon as possible. If you get this before the mail-coach leaves to-morrow evening, come in it. If this should not reach you until the mail shall have left New-Haven to-morrow evening, come in the stage the next morning. There is so much ice it is difficult for the boats to run.

“ Place your books in proper order, and leave them so. You will be able to see to this before you leave. Be careful to be warmly clad if you come in the stage.”

The preceding letter from friends in New-York, was addressed, as seen, to Mr. F. W. Taylor, then at New-Haven. He left N. H. the evening of its reception. The mail started on runners. Owing to the severe storm of rain during the day, and the unusual weight of the mails, it was found impossible to proceed far from the city. After some delay in changing the heavy mail-bags from runners to wheels, the storm still raging, the mail-coach proceeded on its route to New-York, and reached the city after considerable detention in consequence of the almost impassable state of the roads. Without any delay, Mr. T. continued his route southward.

“ New-York, Feb. 26th, 1829.

“ My dear Brother :

“ I wrote you a few days ago, and this morning have received your letter of the 19th and 20th instant. I anticipated that you probably would be weaker at the time your letter was dated. I mingle my tears with yours, and with heart-felt affection say, with uplifted desires, ‘ Father, thy will be done.’ So have I felt, with some serenity, in my usual morning and evening worship, when my thoughts have rested on your case, as I have presented myself at the throne of mercy. I am reminded of you as I enter my room for this devotion, being eyed by a portraiture that deeply tells me our sole dependence is on God.

“ I pray that your faith may increase amidst all your trials, and that you may find a Saviour precious and near to you through every scene. I know He is faithful and will administer to your relief, if consistent with his will, and yet give you to appear to his praise among his followers here. It is not, however, my expectation that our personal desires will be fulfilled, only as they are cherished in subjection to that high and holy principle which desires no will but His. Yet we abide by this holy principle when we regard the exhortation of his word. ‘ Is any among you afflicted ? let him pray. Is any sick among you ? let him call for the elders of the church : and let them pray over him, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him.’

“ My dear brother knows that it would, in the highest degree, gratify his friends here, to have him with them under the circumstances of his situation. We all participate in the grief consequent upon this impossibility, and at the same time we are thankful that you are so pleasantly and happily situated in the family of our dearly beloved friends.

“ In regard to your kind physicians, they know that the disease to which you have been subject, is the source of extreme debility — the result we cannot tell. It may be, my brother, for your release from earth, to dwell with the Lord, and be with your Saviour above ;



or it may be for your further trial before you pass into the paradise of God ; or a preparation for greater usefulness through suffering. The Lord will do all things well, and caused this affliction to be not in vain for your spiritual good ; and I hope so, also, for your friends and relations that are so far from you.

“ Brother Brewster is often inquiring of you, and remembers you with the deepest interest. Our tears and our sorrows are one ; I wish I could add, so also our joys.

“ I shall, I trust, say from my heart, in any event of Providence, concerning you, the Lord hath done all things well. I thank him for making me, in any measure, the promoter of his glory through your instrumentality. I rejoice in the privilege which I have had of administering to your necessities, for the Master’s sake, and also from our happy natural relation. I shall rejoice furthermore, in all further appropriations, which it may be my privilege to make for your relief. You will not look back on the past with regret, as it regards what may have been devoted in your behalf, — no, not in the least. May we have reason to rejoice over it all as connected with the glory of our Redeemer at the north, and the south, the east, and the west.

“ I expected brother Fitch would have been here this morning to have gone to-day for Prince Edward. The travelling is exceedingly bad and dangerous. I think he will be here by to-morrow, however, and will leave at once

to proceed south, in the hope of aiding our kind friends in attendance upon you. The Lord will overrule these dealings of his hand to his glory, and make our souls to be benefited.

“I notice the conclusion of your letter, and your fears of inability to dictate another. I dwell on the sentence and know not what more to say, than as before, ‘Thy will be done.’ I would not say less—I cannot say more.

“We each have been spared, and raised from the borders of the grave. If our days have been subsequently devoted to God, we should rejoice. The time must come, yea will come, when we shall have to render up our spirits into the hands of God who gave them, and then may we find our happy portion to be that of the servants of the Lord, whom he hath made white in the blood of remission.

“We talk, at home, about you, and raise our united cry to the Father of Spirits that he would be ‘all and in all’ to you, in your time of need.

“With great affection, and feelings of concern and solicitude,

“Your brother,

“K.”

“Union Seminary, 24th Feb., 1829.

“Dear Friend :

“I feel that I ought to let you hear from us by every mail, but it is not easy to give you any just idea of the changes which take place in your brother’s health,

or rather his disease. He has lost a great deal of flesh in the last fortnight, and had gradually become much weaker until last Saturday. After that day, he seemed to rally a little, and has not complained so much as before of that sinking which feels like death.

“This evening, however, he has had a turn of great debility ; but his spirits are certainly better than they were. Yet, he *does* wish to see some of his relations very much — *you* more than any one else. But he is not disposed to make any unreasonable requests, and doubts much, whether your business will admit of your leaving home. You of course will judge better than any of us can.

“Mr. T.’s religious exercises continue very comfortable. I think I may say they are joyful. On the whole, he perhaps has more enjoyment than any of us. He indeed is dealt with very graciously.

“This is the third mail, and no letters from you, or any relation. This is a great disappointment. Every post day, Mr. Taylor is anxious for the arrival of the stage, in hopes he may hear from parents, brothers, and sisters. I could wish he might get a letter from *some* relation every mail.

“Mrs. Rice joins with me in love to you and yours.

“I am, most affectionately, &c.,

“JOHN H. RICE.”

“ Union Theological Seminary,  
February 27, 1829.

“ This is the evening to write to our dear Mr. Taylor’s friends, and Mr. Rice could hardly vary much from his last communication.

“ Mr. Taylor’s weakness is perhaps as great, but he suffers less from languor, and it is more evident that the debility is nervous rather than a failure of the vital organs. The physicians have always told us, that it was most probable, that he would linger long, and perhaps struggle through the process of the disease, and recover. But when I saw him daily and hourly sinking and suffering so much from such distressing debility, I could not but fear his strength would soon be gone ; and that he would very soon be taken from us. But now our friend and I too, have become convinced that the debility is nervous, and not as immediately dangerous. He says he does not wish that any of you should put yourselves to great inconvenience to come to him ; that he does not by any means desire it ; yet I have never known any one who seemed to love his relatives more, or to desire more to be with them. As to relieving us, dear friend, I can assure you we feel it a privilege to have him here ; and delight to do any thing that can be for his comfort.

“ Our beloved brother has not left his room, or dressed himself for two or three weeks. His flesh is wasted away, until he is nearly as thin as he can be ; and as

weak almost as an infant. About eight o'clock at night he is well rubbed; his flannel gown and night cap put on, and he is put to bed; where he is often kept awake for several hours by his cough, and worn down with fatigue before his lungs are sufficiently relieved to permit him to sleep. We are now trying small blisters, about the size of a dollar, often repeated about his breast, which seem to give some relief. He takes every night and morning a small pill of hemlock, which his pulse would not bear until a short time past; besides this, he takes about a half grain of calomel twice a week. The porter he uses daily, and with lime water it agrees very well with him. One of the students of the Seminary sleeps in a bed near him, to attend to him in the night. About nine in the morning, he is again rubbed as at night; this he thinks of great benefit to him. His stockings, vest, and calico gown, are then put on him, which often reminds him of his sister Eliza's care. He says she had no idea of the comfort this gown would be to him. The chest of medicines is also a great convenience; and he enjoys, very much the little comforts she prepared for him. After getting to his easy chair, washing, taking breakfast, &c. he becomes so weary, as to have to return to bed; where he lies a few hours, and rises to his chair for dinner. But his appetite is now so bad that we can seldom find any thing pleasant. Sometimes he thinks of some dish of

his dear mother's, and I am delighted to hear him say it tastes as when she prepares it; but it is seldom now that he thus enjoys any thing. To-day, President Cushing, whose company always seems to revive him, brought over a small electrical machine, and he thought for the time the effect of electricity was pleasant.

“Last Saturday, our dear Mr. Taylor seemed to despair of seeing his beloved relatives, and asked me to bring his trunk near his bed. He wished to make some arrangement of his papers. When I took out a bundle which he directed, he burst into an agony of grief. As soon as he was able, he told me they were the preparations he had made for preaching, and he was now about to seal them for his brother Fitch; for whom he prayed most feelingly.

“My brother, Mr. Morton, came that evening, and he revived very much, and has never since, I think, had so distressing a sinking turn. The next day he told me he had sweet thoughts of all his friends and his heart had gone out in prayer for all, and especially for his brother F. He seems to long that he may do the work he had himself hoped to do. He wishes much to see him. I should enjoy highly the delight it would give him to see any of his friends, and more especially, our dear brother Knowles. He seems to wish so much to see you and his sister Eliza, that I asked if she could not come with you. But he thinks that would be impos-

sible ; as she is devoted to her children. He desired me to mention that he received a letter to-day from you and his brother J. and begs you will write often and let his father's family hear from him.

“ I am ashamed of this poor scrawl, but I have written on my lap by Mr. Taylor's side ; and had to throw down every thing and rise very often to attend to his wants. He sends much love to you all. I have never seen any one before enjoy uniformly such peace, and joy, and triumph. Oh, may I imbibe his spirit, which is the spirit of his Master !

“ Mr. Rice most affectionately remembers you and yours, and unites in every good wish

“ With your Affectionate friend,

“ ANNE S. RICE.”

“ We had scarcely any cold weather until this month. Mr. T. has been worse ever since. We hope when the weather becomes mild, he will be better.”

“ New-York, February 28, 1829.

“ My Dear Brother James :

“ I wrote you a few days ago, and since have seen brother F. who left here for Prince Edward on Friday morning. I hope he will arrive there before this letter, expecting that he will take the Richmond route, in order to despatch beyond the usual, or regular line from Washington.

“I suppose we shall hear further of you by the next mail, which will reach here on Monday morning. I hope we may receive more favourable intelligence than was given in your letter. The Lord will do all things right and mete out your changes for you as shall be for your and our good. How calming is the truth, that ‘he doeth all things well.’ It is not necessary to say our feelings of interest and concern for you, continue. We hope ever to manifest our regard by all things in which we can serve you. If the Lord will, we hope yet that we may administer to you in Bond-street. Whatever may be his will, however, may we in faith submit, knowing that if he spares your life, it will be for you to finish your work, and if he takes you away, that you may enter into the inheritance of the saints.

“I have nothing new to write. Give me a kind remembrance to our mutual friends, and believe me your affectionate brother.”

“New-York, March 2d, 1829.

“My dear Brother :

“I wrote you last week, and this morning have to acknowledge the receipt of a letter from Dr. Rice, of the 24th February. I am in hopes that brother F. will be in Prince Edward to-morrow or next day, and by that time I hope you will have been favoured with greater strength, and blessed of God with renewed blessing



upon the measures adapted for your relief. I should be glad to take my way southward, and mingle with you and other friends at Prince Edward for a time; and if the Lord continues your life, and allows me opportunity, I design to enjoy this anticipated pleasure, when the weather shall be so mild as to permit you to come homeward. Here, prayer is offered up for you by your many friends. The Lord will answer us as shall redound to your best good and his glory. They desire your continuance in the world for his glory, while they would unfeignedly say the will of the Lord be done. Whatever may be the result of your present illness, I hope we all here may have found a blessing to us through your suffering, as quickening us in prayer, faith, hope, and love, and with humble submission. Mr. Bruen remembered you with deep interest in our little lecture-room last evening, and your labours there and elsewhere, that the seed sown may spring up and bear fruit to the praise and glory of the Lord our God.

“I know that you would feel gratified to have me come to Prince Edward, if the Lord will. I have deemed it best to send F., as he can remain with you, without the least difficulty.

“3d. It was my hope to hear from F. this morning, as having reached Baltimore. To-morrow morning I may hear of him as having reached Washington.

“I have written to Middle-Hadam, and informed them of your situation.

“We greatly hope to hear more favourably from you by the next intelligence.”

“Union Theological Seminary,

“3d March, 1829.

“My Dear Christian Friend :

“On my sick and probably dying bed, I frequently think of Mr. and Mrs. D. Your letter which gave me pleasure, came to hand in due time. In answering it, instead of employing my own hand, I am under the necessity of writing by the hand of another.

“For weeks past, I have been sinking rapidly. I am now almost helpless and worn out, and unless there be a change of present tendencies of disease, in the course of things, this ‘mud-walled cottage’ will soon fall. I mention this, to show dear brother D. that if he ever see me in the flesh, it must probably be very soon.

“One of my brothers is now on his way to me to be a comfort, with my other friends, in these days of decline. You may rejoice with me in that I rejoice in the Lord always. The prospect of changing worlds is pleasant. The home of the holy is inviting. Farewell. With much love to Mr. D.,

“I am, etc.,

“J. B. TAYLOR.”

The preceding letter was dictated by Mr. Taylor

to his kind amanuensis, Mrs. R., and he affixed to it the last signature ever traced by his now trembling hand.

“Union Seminary, 3d Nov., 1829.

“Dear Friend:

“Mrs. Rice wrote you by last mail; and we do intend to let you hear from us by every post.

“On Saturday, after the letter was sent to the Post-Office, our beloved friend sunk very much. We began to fear that his end was very near; and one of his physicians, whose judgement very rarely fails, seemed to be alarmed. Perhaps the sinking was somewhat nervous. He certainly rallied a little after that; and there is more prospect at present of his living some time. The doctors say that he *may* even yet get well; but that they should not be surprised at his departure at any time.

“His primary disease assuredly was not cured when he came to us. But it is not that which is wasting him away, by its direct influence. When he came here, his lungs were straitened by a lessening of the cavity of the breast; and they were irritated by the pressure. This irritation has increased, and for some time past has produced a daily fever; and it is this which has worn him to a skeleton. In addition, he coughs much, and is greatly interrupted in his rest. How all will turn, no one knows. He very much expects to die. But though his ‘outward man perish, his inward man is renewed,

day by day.' I do not think that I ever saw one more ripe for heaven ; — very few more willing to go. His consolations abound.

"As for your kind solicitude for Mrs. Rice, she has become so attached to your brother, and finds his conversation so profitable, that she esteems it a privilege to attend him. And he, in turn, is so attached to her, that it would break his heart—as he says, for her to relinquish the place to any body but his mother or sister. My beloved friend, do not talk of trouble any more. We are troubled only because we see one sinking, whom we wished to see standing up for Christ. But if he must go, the Lord's will be done. He may be called for on some higher service, than even that of a minister of the Gospel.

"I am very glad that your brother Fitch is coming. Should James die, he will be able to tell his parents and other relatives all about his situation and exercises, his peace of mind, and joyful submission ; the extent to which we loved him, and a thousand other things, which parents and brothers and sisters will be glad to hear.

"Your letter, with its enclosures, was received by last mail. His brother's letter, and the information that F. is coming, produced great excitement ; but it did no harm. On the whole, was very reviving.

"Meaning to let you hear again by Saturday's mail, I now subscribe,

"With great love, &c.,

"JOHN H. RICE."

“Union Theological Seminary,  
“6th March, 1829.

“My dear Friend :

“I hardly know what to say to you about our beloved James. You probably have no idea how low he is. His weakness is extreme — but I cannot say that it has increased much since I wrote last. He is put out of breath, and quite exhausted by being lifted from the bed to the easy chair ; and often he appears to have no more strength to hold up his head than an infant.

“Your brother F. has not yet arrived. He lost by taking the Richmond route, and no doubt has had a worse road than if he had come directly from Fredericksburg. We have been exceedingly anxious that he should arrive ; for you know that when one is as low as James, he may die at any time. A lamp just glimmering in the socket may be put out by the least possible motion. And, poor fellow, he has been so very desirous to see some of his relations, that we could not help feeling with him, and for him very strongly. He received two letters to-day from you, dated 26th and 28th February ; one from Jeremiah, one from your sister Emeline, and one from brother Ludlow. These tokens of love seemed greatly to refresh his spirit, and I do hope he will receive them by every mail as long as he lives.

“The physicians have expressed no change of their opinion yet. They say, as when I wrote last, that he may die or he may linger long, and even yet recover.

“I think that he has had less fever for the last two days, and of course less distress in his lungs, than he had suffered during the preceding week. Yesterday he appeared to have a little relish for food. But his appetite is very bad.

“His religious exercises continue in the highest degree comfortable. Not a cloud seems to pass over the bright scene, which continually lies open before him. All in his soul is light. Great is his peace. But yet, if permitted, he would love to live and preach Christ to perishing sinners.

“The terrible weather you have had at the North, has affected us. It has been cold and stormy. Yet Mr. Taylor’s room is so warm and sunny, that we find no difficulty in keeping the thermometer at about 66°. But to do this, we have frequently to raise the windows for the purpose of reducing the temperature.

“I shall let you hear by next mail, but it is all uncertain what tidings will be communicated. ‘The will of the Lord be done.’

“Give my love to your wife — mention me to friends — and be assured of my entire fraternal affection.

“Yours, most truly,

“JOHN H. RICE.”

FROM MR. F. W. TAYLOR.

“Prince Edward, Thursday,

“10th March, 1829.

“My dear Brother :

“I am sure you are waiting with anxiety to hear of my arrival at Prince Edward, and of the state of James’ health.

“I thank God that I have reached this place at length, after an anxiety which I will not now dwell upon, but which your own feelings will assist you in imagining when you know of my continued delay. It was yesterday, at ten o’clock, A. M., I arrived — *ten days* after leaving you. But it is enough that I am here, and have embraced my dear brother, and mingled my tears with his.

“I found James, as the letters which you had received represented him, extremely debilitated. Perhaps he could not now support his own weight for three minutes.

“It is unnecessary to speak of our meeting. We rested in each other’s arms until friends separated us, and before all our tears were spent. To afford a brother under such circumstances as much happiness again would amply repay me for years of suffering ; and it can only be similar circumstances that can yield me another such emotion of mingled sorrow and joy. I had thought it possible in my great detention, that I might not meet James alive. How I should have heard at the door the intelligence of his death, God only knows. Instead of

completely prostrating him, our meeting seemed to yield new light to every feature of his face, and strength to his body. This morning he is still better. He has gone through the fatigues of dressing and shaving with less inconvenience than for days previously. And besides, to-day he sat in the arm chair, *on the portico for nearly three hours*. It has been a charming day, and he seems to have enjoyed it. Of course, I endeavoured to render the moments as cheerful, by passing remarks, as the occasion would permit. While in his seat on the portico, he seemed to catch the spirit of the smiling scene without, and remarked with some humour, as he saw some calves capering through the yard, that ‘*here, they kept the calves tied up that the cows might come home.*’ And at another time, he said ‘he knew not what all this meant,’ alluding to his increased strength, and perhaps he might yet be able, he said, to start for home. Would that these may not be deceptive encouragers of our hopes. But some days must pass before we can interpret the language before us. My own impression is, that he will continue some time. I should not be surprised should he *comparatively*, be restored. Nor would it be a matter of surprise should a change for the worse occur. This is all I need specify as to his health in this letter. I shall write you by the next mail.

“Could I say any thing that would raise Mrs. R. in your estimation and kind regard, I would gladly fill this



paper. She is beyond praise. Do you know how kindly your own mother would administer to your relief and lay out her strength to make you happy? So kindly and so tenderly has Mrs. Rice administered to James, and laid out her strength to console and relieve him. He speaks of the kindness of all with tears in his eyes, and freely do I weep while recording it. ‘How kind,’ said he, ‘they are to me. I am glad you have come, that you may *see* how kind they are.’

“Mrs. G. is also here. James speaks very kindly of her affectionate endeavours to serve him. The doctor is well, and I believe he is all you have told me.

“I wrote you from Alexandria. You may have felt almost a disposition to chide me for not writing again before my reaching Prince Edward. But I thought your suspense would be more supportable than the intelligence that I was further detained on my way would be.

“I saw your very kind friend in Richmond. He did all in his power to facilitate my arrival here, and the mail was dispatched an hour sooner through his influence and the representation of my circumstances, and by means of it I intercepted the stage I had left at Fredericksburg by a half hour. His attentions were gentlemanly, and I was gratified by dining at his house on Saturday. He sent by me a box of Madeira grapes, etc., to James, which, with some I had purchased in Baltimore, prove very agreeable to him.

“As I have not time to write another letter this even-

ing, you will be good enough to forward this to Middle-Haddam, or write on its reception. Emma's letter was received. With much love from James to you all,

“Yours, ever affectionately,

“F. W. T.”

FROM F. W. T.

“Friday, March 13th, 1829.

“Dear Brother :

“I wrote you on Tuesday last, and stated what were my impressions with regard to James' health. You will still be anxious to hear of him.

“Yesterday he seemed more unwell, and a good deal sunken in his animal spirits. I was told that he had been as low, and as much depressed. He rested better than usual, however, last night. To-day he is more cheerful, and coughs less. His pulse still runs madly, though its gushes are feeble. His fever was less last night and to-day, than for two preceding days. He has had a very comfortable day for him, in comparison with some which are passed. And yet, I know not that his situation, as to permanent relief, can be considered as any more encouraging. Indeed, I can form no comparisons in his prospects of recovery until some days shall have passed. I hope for the best. But when I perceive how perfectly exhausted he becomes by being raised in the bed, or in being moved to his chair, I am exceedingly fearful that he cannot remain with us long.

“There remains no longer any doubt to me that his lungs are affected. The cause of this may have originated in the affection of the spine. The latter complaint is palpable. That of the lungs I infer from the quantity he expectorates. His spinal complaint has thrown his chest somewhat into an unnatural position; and I suppose the effect of this is, to lessen considerably the cavity of the chest, thus diminishing the natural expansion of the lungs. This, of itself, is enough to endanger the life of a being dependent upon the supply of his quantity of oxygen from the air, but added to the positive irritation which it constantly creates to the lungs, and to the certainty of their being affected, as I deem to be the case, it all argues but little for the recovery of our dear brother. Possibly he may linger for months. And there may be, as I said in my last, a fatal change but a little way off. Perhaps some hope hangs upon the weather. Should it be mild until the season for warmer days, it is thought, he may yet recruit not a little. God only knows whither shall lead, what now seem the dark-footsteps of his providence.

“I shall continue to write every mail. I have just asked James how much better I shall tell you that he is. He replied, ‘more comfortable, but very weak.’

“When in Baltimore, I purchased some of the finest sweet oranges I have ever seen. James has lived upon them and grapes, since I arrived. Indeed, he eats very little, although enticed by a thousand varieties. His

friends have procured for him every thing within their reach. But perfectly sweet oranges cannot be obtained here, although there are a plenty of tart ones. Could you procure, in New-York, some sweet, *very sweet* oranges, perhaps you would do well to send them by the way of Petersburg, or any other way you may think best. I have sent to Richmond to-day for some, if they can be obtained there. Let a paper or two of barley be added to any thing else that may be of use to a convalescent, should you send. This, says James, 'will be of benefit to me, if I recover; if not, why, it will answer for some one else.'

"Your letters to Dr. and Mrs. Rice, were received this morning. Mrs. R. has just said to me, give my thanks to your brother for his letter, and tell him we shall be very glad to see him.

"Dr. Wilson has just come in. Perhaps I will question him, after he shall have left the room, and add at the foot.

"P. S. At tea this evening, I asked Dr. W. if he found my brother any better? He replied that he knew not that he was.

"Saturday morning. I have not time to reperuse the above, before the mail closes.

"In haste, and affectionately,

"F."

## FROM DR. RICE.

“Union Seminary, 13th March, 1829.

“My dear Brother :

“Mrs. Rice and I both received a letter from you by this mail ; for which we thank you.

“Your brother F. has written, but I feel that I wish to say something to you too. The most interesting subject is, the state of your brother's health. I wish that I had good news to send. But there is none, on this matter. James is indeed better to-night, than he was last night. But there is, assuredly, no material amendment. My old friend doctor Wilson, however, is now in his room, and I will get his opinion before I close this letter. The doctor seems to be greatly interested for the poor sufferer, and seems to be very anxious that he should recover. Indeed, we have never yet had a person in our neighbourhood, who excited a more general sympathy, or for whose recovery more earnest desires were felt by the whole community. The neighbours seem willing to do any thing for him. But his appetite is so delicate and squeamish, that we find it extremely difficult to get any thing which he can eat. I mean, that his stomach seems to loathe any thing after he has eaten of it once or twice.

“I have written a letter to Mr. Peters, which I suppose he has received before this time. That letter

was merely intended to express my views to the Executive Committee of the A. H. M. S. To-day, Dr. Green's circular came to hand ; but I have not yet read it. I fear that this matter will cause great disputes and heartburnings in the Presbyterian Church. It is deplorable, that this body of Christians cannot be brought to act in concert. We certainly ought to do, as Dr. Ely says, more to build up the cause of Christ, than any other denomination in this country — but we do greatly fail. What can be the reason? I am much inclined to believe that it is because we magnify human systems, and pay too little attention to the Bible. The dry orthodoxy of one party, and the speculations of another, are made more of, than the plain facts of the Sacred Scriptures. I am indeed thankful, that in our Seminary, the Bible is the text book. We have here no metaphysics — no text books of human authority. But as long as the differences of opinion, which now exist in the Presbyterian Church, are made a rule or principle by which to direct missionary operations, we shall present divided forces to the enemy, and operate with weakened strength on the interests of the church. The Missionary cause is one of absorbing interest in the present day — by it, chiefly, the borders of the Church are to be enlarged. It is the favourite interest of all zealous Christians. But it is not to be expected that Old Calvinists will agree to send *Hopkinsians* as their missionaries ; nor will *Hopkinsians*

agree to support a society, which sends out only *Old Calvinists*. The only scheme of obtaining the co-operation of all, is that proposed by the A. H. M. S., or something similar. And should this fail, there will be party Missionary Societies. These will immensely increase the spirit of party — and finally, it will break down the Church.

“The weather is exceedingly rough and cold for us.

“The doctor is gone, and I have had no opportunity of seeing him. I believe, however, that his hopes of a recovery are very faint. He thinks it barely possible. I write this, knowing that it will pain you; but in such cases, it is best to be frank and explicit. May the Lord enable us all to say, ‘His will be done.’ The only use your presence could be of here, would be giving comfort, or pleasure rather, to your brother. We indeed should be delighted to see you — but it is for you to determine whether it is your duty to come and to give us *all* pleasure, or to stay and attend to your matters at home.

“Mrs. Rice and I love you as a brother.

“Yours, truly,

“JOHN H. RICE.

“F. is a great comfort to Mrs. Rice, as well as to poor James.”

“Sunday, 15th March, 1829.

“Dear Brother :

“I wrote you by the last mail. I scarcely remember the contents of the letter, further than a statement

as to James' health. He has rested during the day and last night with a good deal of ease to himself. In further conversation with Dr. Wilson, he gave but little encouragement for the indulgence of our hopes for J.'s recovery. He thought it would not be surprising should he be taken away in a short time — indeed, at any moment. And yet there have been instances of persons recovering and living for years, who have been apparently as low as James. The impression of Dr. W. and Dr. M. is, as well as all around, (whose opinions I suppose to be based upon those of the doctor's) that James cannot survive many days. God grant that he may yet recover. But, if otherwise, I trust that He will give us that submission to his will which shall lead us to praise him still for his goodness. It is indeed a source of unspeakable consolation, that our dear brother is perfectly calm in these hours of his trial. There is no enthusiasm, but a firm and unwavering hope in the God of our salvation. This is as it should be, as it appears to me. To one of the expressions in my last he objected, as he thought it might convey the idea of *religious* depression. This, so far as I have been able to discover, has never been his experience. One continued feeling of unfaltering confidence sways his bosom, although his heart may at times sink in sadness, under his extreme debility, and at the thought of meeting no more on earth, the absent members of the family. He yet has faint hopes of recovery, resulting from the encouraging expressions



of his friends. And yet he seems as sensible as any of us of the very critical situation he is in. He had given several directions previous to my arrival, expecting soon to be numbered with the dead. Among other wishes, he had expressed the desire to be interred in the burial ground of the Morton family, there to rest with his friends. It is there, where Dr. and Mrs. Rice believe they shall be interred. James has since spoken to me upon the subject of his burial. I endeavoured to waive the subject. But he *insisted*, and said it was one which did not pain him. When, among other things, he had said that he chose to lie among the friends who had been so kind to him, I hinted that he might be dis-interred and conveyed to the North. 'As it shall be thought best,' he repeated.

"I may further add, before I seal this. For a moment, farewell. "F.

"P. S. by Mrs. R.

"No one, I believe, has told you what a very great comfort dear brother F. is to our beloved invalid, and to me. His coming has indeed been a rich blessing, and for several days seemed to suspend the decline of my precious friend. But now he seems again to me to be sinking rapidly. A mother could hardly miss a child from her bosom more than I shall miss him. For so many months he has been my precious charge! I have felt it an honour to be appointed to nurse in his days of decline and suffering, so lovely and dear a child of our

heavenly Father. Many I know would have esteemed it a privilege, and I feel that I have been distinguished in its being granted me. He expressed a longing desire last evening to go to his rest, and wondered why he was so long detained here. I said, perhaps he might wait to see you. Oh, said he, I shall soon see him, and other dear friends whom I love! He never seems to have a cloud intervening between his soul and heaven, but constant peace and firm faith which never fails. I do not think that he can be with us long. It was to my brother, Dr. Morton, to whom he made the request about his burial. My brother lives with my father, where my family all lie.

“With a heart deeply sympathizing, — for your sorrow is mine too, — I am,

“Yours,

“ANNE S. RICE.”

“March 17th.

“My dear Brother :

“I drop you these few lines, that you may not be disappointed in hearing from here by to-morrow’s mail. Yesterday a letter was sent to you by the way of Farmville, which you may receive one or two days sooner than this. James seems a little revived this evening. On learning, however, a few moments since, that I designed to write you, he insisted that I should not say he was any better. On the contrary, he thinks himself

failing. Probably he is not deceived in his estimate of his own situation. He is still calm, and fixed in his meditations on his future prospects. ‘I was thinking,’ said he to me, last evening, ‘how pleasant it would be to rest these limbs and this body peacefully in the grave.’ He then spoke of his burial-place without emotion. Such a frame of mind in our beloved brother, affords me consolation indeed, and is that which alone could render my present situation supportable.

“F.

“I received your letter by yesterday’s mail, and thank you for it.

“I notice your hopes and expectations about dear James. I know how to sympathize with you, for I educated a brother for the ministry. He is even yet spared, and has been highly useful. But he feels to me almost as much like a son as like a brother. I can easily conceive how I should feel if he were lying on a bed of sickness, to all human appearance *incurably* diseased. This is your dear brother’s situation. No one, indeed, can know — I therefore say, *to all human appearance*.

“I know that there is efficacy in prayer, but if James is so fitted for services in the upper Temple, that he can do more service there than here, if the Master has need of him, for something higher than is done in this world, he will take him. This is the probability, and it

is our part to submit. May you have much of that spirit.

“There is no real amendment in J., though he is now somewhat revived. We love F. very much.

“I am truly, your friend and brother,

“JOHN H. RICE.”

“Prince-Edward, March 20.

“I take a pen at this late hour, to drop you a few lines, in haste.

“Your letter of the thirteenth instant to brother James, was received this A. M. I have written you by every mail since I arrived at Prince-Edward. Would to God I could give you some more favourable intelligence with regard to J.’s health. Present indications lead us to fear that he will not survive many days. He is still more feeble. And to-day he has not risen from his bed. Until to-day he has been taken from his bed at least once, each day, since I reached Prince-Edward. It may be, it will not be done again, until it be to wind him in his shroud. His mind is still calm and collected. But he speaks with great difficulty.

“F.”

“My dear friend:

“When I annexed a note to your brother’s last letter, my intention was to prepare you for what I expected by this time would have taken place. But the

event has not yet occurred. Omniscience only knows when it will. We expect it every hour. And yet it may not come according to our expectations and fears. The doctor called to-day and seemed very much struck with the rapid decline of the dear sufferer ; but said he had seen persons as low as James is, recover. This I have no doubt is true. It is, however, as one to a thousand.

“ We feel great difficulty in bringing our minds to give him up ; but he often seems desirous to ‘ depart and be with Christ, which is far better.’ We fully believe that it will be far better for him. It may be far better for the church. I do hope that when the heavenly chariot shall come to take him from this world to his home, he will leave his mantle behind. And I have thought that one so qualified to be useful, may be employed in promoting the Redeemer’s kingdom in a higher sphere.

“ Whatever comes, may you have all needed grace to prepare you for it, and help you through it.

“ Mrs. Rice and I write in love to you.

“ Assuredly your brother,

“ J. H. RICE.”

The following letter is given as a *specimen* of many letters which were received by Mr. Taylor during his last illness. They came from the heart of those friends whom he had secured by his intercourse, and who loved him with no ordinary feelings of friendship.

To J. B. T.

“New-York, 20th March, 1829.

“My beloved brother :

“Your greatly esteemed favour came safely to hand in due course of mails, and it should have received earlier attention, but knowing your extreme debility, I felt reluctant to trouble you with so feeble a communication as mine, until I should learn that your health was improving. But on perusing two letters yesterday, one from Dr. Rice, the other from brother F., I could no longer resist the desire of addressing you, whom my soul loveth — and loveth with a love which is the offspring of Christian fellowship, and which was enkindled in the first interview which I was permitted to have with you, my dear brother. And the more frequent these interviews have occurred, the more has this holy feeling been augmented. I would say this for your encouragement and to the glory of my dear Redeemer. Those sweet interviews in the wise Providence of God, have ceased for the present. Yet blessed be his holy name, it is my happy privilege to adopt the language of the apostle, and feel it when I say, ‘Though absent in the flesh, yet am I present with you in the spirit.’

“O, how my heart was pained on learning of your extreme debility, and your great desire to see the face of your kindred in the flesh. But you have many sources of consolation in this your severe trial. For

one moment, revert back to the days which have gone by, and remember how God, in infinite love, has met with you, and filled your soul with holy love — remember what melting seasons he has granted you, which compelled you to exclaim, in the full expression of your soul, ‘For me to live, is Christ, and to die, is gain.’ Has God ceased to be gracious? No, my brother, and he never will. Rehearse in your mind, one moment, the number of souls for whom God, in his infinite love, has caused you to be the happy instrument of securing a foretaste of those joys which are inexpressible, and full of glory. And tell me, my brother, would you not willingly suffer again all which you have suffered, to be the instrument in the hands of God of bringing one soul to glory? I think I hear you say, ‘O yes.’ And if there were no other reason for your suffering, you would add, ‘This is sufficient — it is the good pleasure of my heavenly Father, who has promised, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee, and that his grace will be sufficient for thee. My dear brother, it falls to the lot of but few to experience so much holy joy, as has been your privilege. Have you, in view of this, felt the force of the declaration of Scripture, ‘It is not by power, nor by might, but by my Spirit,’ who maketh thee to differ?

“When I have heard, from time to time, of your situation, the desire of my soul has been to be with you, that I might do something to contribute to your happiness. But, for wise reasons, this is denied me; and

you are surrounded by dear friends who suffer with you ; and among these, and not least, is your kind nurse, Mrs. R. May the Lord reward her a thousand fold in this life, and in the world to come, with life everlasting. This she is sure to experience, for the ever blessed Jesus hath said, ‘ Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.’ O how I do wish I could be with you, my dear brother. The time is fast approaching when I shall be, if I am faithful. While my soul sympathizes in every thing that relates to you, it is made to leap for joy under the full assurance that all things shall work for your good. Blessed assurance ! It is a wise Providence which has placed you where you are, and the circumstances in which you are. The result of all shall be fully made known to you, when you shall be brought, through a Saviour’s love, into the realms of bliss, where you shall join the angels, and the glorified spirits, with praises of redeeming love, in their sweeter and more harmonious note than mortal ear hath heard.

“ That the Lord may sustain and *comfort* you, my beloved brother, is the humble prayer of your affectionate friend.

“ J. B.”

“ Mrs. B.’s solicitude for you is great.

“ March 25th, 1829.

“ My Dear Brother :

“ I wrote you a few lines yesterday, and avail my-



self of a little leisure to write you again this morning. I enclose a letter from Mr. Bruen, which you will discover, partakes largely of affection and interest for you. I can respond and say with him, that there are many friends who feel for you, and pray that you may have such blessings from God as you need, under the dealings of his hand, beside your immediate relatives.

“We feel anxious to hear from you by every mail, and pray that it may be our privilege to have more encouragement in your case, with hopes of your return to dwell awhile with us. We would feel our obligation to submit to the dealings of the Lord, and in this spirit of submission, to raise the voice of our cry.

“The family are well, and often speak of uncle James. The little children would gladly mitigate your sorrows, and delight to render service in what they could. I hope your prayers may ascend for them, that they may be baptized of the Holy Ghost, and become the followers of the Lamb.

“Our friend F., of Richmond, called to hear of you this morning. He spoke with kindness and affection in your behalf. So also our friend Micah Baldwin.

“With great regard and sincere affection,

Upon the same sheet is added the following letter to Dr. Rice. The enclosed letter from the Rev. Mr. Bruen, follows. But the preceding, the following, Mr. Bruen's, and a number of other letters, reached Prince Edward when the object of their tender messages and

sympathy, had already said his "farewell to earth," and answered to the call of his beloved Lord, who had summoned him to the "Many Mansions."

"March 25th, 1829.

"Dear Friend :

"I received your letter per last mail, and wait with some concern and anxiety for the news of to-morrow. I sent to you yesterday by the schooner Tantivy, Captain Thorp, for Richmond, a small box containing a few oranges — some barley meal prepared for use, and a phial of carbonate of potash, &c.

"I sent this box to Messrs. F. James & Co., with a request to have it forwarded forthwith, and I suppose it will be sent to you by the stage. If it should come to hand in time for the use of the articles to James, they may be refreshing to him. If other invalids are around you, I desire they may participate in any thing I have sent, that may add to their relief.

"You know how much I would express of deep interest and desire, concerning my beloved brother. I feel the admonition to be still, and stay myself on the mighty God. I desire submission to his will, and a readiness of service in all the circumstances of my life. What he lays on me to bear, may I have strength equal to my day, and glorify him in body, soul and spirit. In great love for you and yours,

"Truly, your friend,

"K. T."

## FROM MR. BRUEN.

“New-York, March 24th, 1829.

“The picture of yours, my dear brother, has been vividly present to the little company of your friends here — and we have thought of ourselves lingering like you upon the threshold of eternity. Ah! it is all the threshold of eternity — and to believers, it is even now eternal life. This is the record, that God *hath* given to us eternal life — and this life is in his Son. He that hateth the Son hateth life. We have endeavoured to pray for you. You have some tender-hearted friends in our little church, beside your dear relatives, and are to them, while you breathe here, an object of ceaseless sympathy, and while they breathe, of hope and love. When I have been standing where you once stood to pray and preach, to my little charge, your image has been before my mind, and I thank God and take courage for the support you have as yet had, for your calamities are nearly overpast, while ours are yet to begin. May the Chief Shepherd who gave his life for yours, fill you even now with joy unspeakable. In this season of calamity to us, I know not how to write to you, who are so soon, perhaps, to know the certainty of the things in which the spirit of Christ has instructed you — you have a baptism for all that you are to accomplish.

“If I were near enough, I should rather sit at your feet and hear, or only look. I cannot say a word to you

—rather, dear brother, I would ask a parting prayer for me. I know that the thought of our love is pleasant to you, among earthly things, if the bright view of the Redeemer does not bedim all that is created. I shall always cherish the feeling of love to you, knowing that it will better prepare me to finish my work and to meet the Son of man, *who hath power on earth to forgive sins*. Here is our consolation — sins like crimson and scarlet may be forgiven — even we may walk in white!

“Until my hope of your surviving this severe dispensation is absolutely destroyed by the arrival of your great change, I look for something encouraging, as your days are prolonged; but we hope faintly. Into the care of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, we cheerfully commit you. He loves you better than we can. Oh, that I could commit myself to Him with like ardour of confidence, that neither life nor death shall separate from His love.

“If you care to spend a moment’s thought about any thing in the world, believe that a few hearts *here*, as well as elsewhere, love you with a peculiar and lively affection, who would gladly kneel beside your bed, and endeavour to alleviate your bodily sorrows, and who sympathize with the other bosoms which have yielded you such sweet repose in Virginia. Shall we not love even our Saviour better that so many are created anew in his image to love one another? May we live to love one another where they never die any more.

“ With a faithful affection and a remembrance of you never to cease.

“ Your unworthy brother in the  
hope of the Gospel,  
“ M. BRUEN.”

FROM F. W. T.

“ March 24, 1829.

“ My dear brother :

“ Agreeably to your request that you may hear from Prince-Edward every mail, I write you this evening. Still, I know not that I can communicate any intelligence relative to James, which shall elevate your hopes or alleviate your fears. And yet, the alternations of hope and fear, awake their correspondent emotions in my own bosom, as hour succeeds hour, and each day urges on to its close.

“ In my letter, two days since, I spoke of J.’s situation, as being increasingly dangerous. Night before last was one of great anxiety. J.’s breathing was short as usual, but attended apparently with double the difficulty. Yesterday was an easier day with him. The last night he slept calmly, and to-day, he has required less attention than for several preceding. What we are to gather from these changes, and his state of quietude, I know not. It is true they afford to friends fairy food for hope, ever ready, as they are, to seize upon the faintest cir-

cumstance to relieve their apprehensions ; but amid the most favourable tokens in the case of our dear brother, there is enough of debility, and at times such a complete exhaustion, as to render despair the perpetual attendant on every exertion. I said that James breathed short as usual. I have marked that he always breathes at least three times more rapidly than myself ; and frequently faster still. His pulse runs with a corresponding rapidity, although often so feeble as scarcely to be perceived. Under such circumstances, how can he but *wear out* in a short time ?

“ So disagreeable a March, it is said, has scarcely ever been known in this region ; and for fifteen years, it is not remembered that there has been so great a fall of snow. The last season, at this time, vegetation had put forth. Now the fields exhibit no token of spring. I know not that a warmer March would have saved our brother ; but I learn that the expectations of the physicians here, hung not a little on this circumstance.

“ Your letter to James of the seventeenth is received. You seem still to cherish the expectation that he may recover. I deem this to be very natural. I confess, with all the manifest tokens of his decline around me, there is still lingering in my own bosom the same feeling. More than once have I thought that James would yet recover sufficiently to reach his friends in New-York, and finally to deposit his remains at the hallowed spot of **THE HILL**. And this, too, in the face of evi-

dence which seems to render the contrary almost certain.

“It gives me pleasure still to testify to the composure of our dear brother’s mind. If his spirits are ever sunken, it is his animal feelings. He says but little. Talking exhausts him. I was struck by a remark of his, a few days since, to some of the students, while on the portico. ‘Sickness,’ said James, ‘is not the time for enjoying religion. True, religion is a blessed thing in sickness. But when in health, is the time for the enjoyment of the soul, in its experience of the smiles and the presence of God.’ The person who has witnessed the debility and the pains attendant on the sick-bed, will acknowledge the justness of the sentiment. ‘I have prayed to God,’ said James, yesterday, ‘that I might so live, that when I came to die, I should have nothing to do *but to die*. God heard me. If I had any thing else now to do, I could not do it.’

“It gives us great pleasure to hear from you, and we trust you will continue to write regularly, until circumstances in the case of James shall materially alter.

“As ever, your affectionate brother,

“F.

“I am surprised to find our beloved friend yet alive. We really thought night before last that he was dying. The preceding twenty-four hours were a time of fearful expectation. His extremities were cold. His pulse

often entirely gone — his breath short, and his whole face sunk. We just hung round in fearful expectation. But to our joy, and to my astonishment, he has certainly had appearances since of amendment. His extremities have become warm — his pulse has returned — and he looks as though he were more comfortable. Yet now, every time we move him, so extreme is his debility, that he appears as though he would lose his breath. We pray, and hope, and despair, and pray and hope again. One of the physicians here on Sabbath evening, said he never knew a man with such a pulse to live forty-eight hours. But this is Wednesday morning, and he appears less like dying now, than on Monday night. If it be possible, O Father, restore him.

“Fitch is an exemplary brother. We love him more and more.

“Accept our kindest regards.

“J. H. R.”

“Union Theological Seminary,  
March 27, 1829.

“As it is necessary that brother F. should get some sleep this evening, and Mr. Rice is very much engaged, it falls to my lot to give our dear friend the intelligence by this mail. Oh that I could give a more pleasing account! Yet it is some, indeed, much comfort, to be able to say, that our beloved brother is yet alive; and to all appearance not worse than when we wrote last. I al-



most fancy that he is better, yet I dare not say so. I have thought several times early this week, that he was actually dying, and he thought so too; and was calm and happy, endeavouring to comfort us when scarcely able to speak so as to be understood. He has lain for the last week, as a dying man. Yet he seemed to know all that was going on around him. His sight, scent, and hearing, seem to be painfully acute. Indeed, he comprehends, and understands as quickly and perfectly, as ever he did; yet he is so low as scarcely to bear a word spoken in his room. We cannot pretend to converse where he is, and reading or writing before him often seems to distress and fatigue him. I am now, though writing by his bed-side, endeavouring not to let the sound of my pen be heard; and just this moment when I rose to wipe his face, he whispered '*my dear friend,*' and then said it was a great comfort to have me sitting by him; for no one nursed him so *gently*. This is more than he often says when not obliged to talk. I have much to encourage and stimulate me to attend on him. He is such a precious and lovely child of our heavenly Father, that I have felt it a distinguishing privilege to be appointed to nurse and attend him, and in any way to administer to his comfort: and his affectionate heart seems to make all that I do acceptable. He has never yet complained of the least pain or soreness about his lungs; what he expectorates seems to be nothing more than phlegm. There seems no evidence

of an abscess. Indeed he has no pain any where, but the most *distressing debility*, nervous distress, and very high fevers, which I cannot but think have been less for a day or two. Some days ago, every morning in the midst of the fever, his head would be so wet with a cold sweat, as in a short time to wet his pillow ; but this distressing symptom has entirely ceased. Yet he is so low that we should not at any time be surprised at the appearance of death. He seems to have no choice but to serve and please his heavenly Father. His heaven seems to be to do his will. Whether on earth or in a higher sphere, seems to be a matter of indifference to him. I have never, for a moment, seen his faith fail. His entire reliance and confidence are never shaken, and his peace is continual. He has become inexpressibly dear to me. I feel much of the tenderness that a mother does for a sick child ; and if he should be taken away, I shall feel in the same way bereaved. He desired to have both of your letters, received to-day, read to him, and listened with interest. I just asked him if he had any message to send you, he whispered a *weight of love*. His brother J.'s letters he read with many tears. He has never been able to dictate an answer ; but they were very gratifying to him. I have never seen any one who appeared to love his friends more ardently. He was so low before his brother F. came, that I feared he would never see him. For a night and a day, I prayed almost constantly that he might live

until he arrived. His coming seemed to stop the progress of the disease, for at least three days. I have no words to express the comfort his being here is to us both. I do not see how we could do without him. He loves so much to have *friends* about him, that no hired nurse, which you desired should be procured, or strangers could have aided much. He does not like to be left a moment without his brother or myself in the room. I need not say how much we should be gratified to see you; but cannot say if you now set out, whether you would feel inexpressible pain or pleasure, when you arrived. He has not yet been able to hear Mr. Brewster's letter read, but I know it will gratify him, as he loves him very much. As it is now midnight, and he appears to be sleeping comfortably, I will leave the blank for brother F. to say how he is in the morning. Mr. Rice says it seems to him as if yours and other's prayers were keeping him in this world. May they be heard and answered, most for the glory of God.

“Yours respectfully and affectionately,

“A. S. RICE.

“P. S. 3 o'clock, Saturday morning.

“I have just risen from a short and acceptable sleep, and secure this moment to add a postscript to Mrs. Rice's letter. Dr. Farrow was here last evening. He thought James evidently a little stronger, and some little indication, for a moment, was encouraging. I saw him after he left the room, and asked him if he thought J.'s

present symptoms could give any permanent encouragement to his friends. Dr. F. thought not. The little increase in the strength of J.'s pulse, he deemed like the fluctuations in every sick-man's case, and he thought, in the present instance, Jame's friends should look for the worst. Dr. F. had read your letter of the twenty-second, in which you express your intention to leave for Prince Edward, in a few days, should succeeding letters prove more favourable. Dr. F. expressed his apprehension that you could not reach here, before James should be taken from us. And yet, he said, your solicitude to see him is so great, he would advise me to encourage your starting from New-York for this, provided there should be no change in brother J. for the worse between this and Monday night. Dr. F., however, thought there would be, and that a sudden change might be expected every moment. If James should become no worse than he now is, for two days onward, Dr. F. thinks you might reach here before his death. The idea that he may return with you, he thinks can never be realized.

“Brother Brewster, by his letter, seems to have misunderstood an expression in mine. He seems to have inferred that James had been *depressed in his religious feelings*. Please say to him that this has never been the case. On the occasion, to which I alluded in my letters our dear Mrs. R. and myself were about J.'s bed. He had been restless for some time, and at the instant was

more than usually weak. He turned his full eye affectionately upon Mrs. R. and said, ‘I fear you will think that I am beginning to grow homesick.’ And for a moment, his eyes filled with tears. James has the soul of a son and a brother, and remembers his home and his kindred. But he is contented to die here ; and loves with no less than a son’s and a brother’s affection, the friends he is among ; and who, with equal devotion, reciprocate his attachment. If he dies, he will sleep beside them, in the grave-yard of their family, and on the resurrection-day, we trust, they will together rise, and take the same course to the right hand of God. With much love to all,

“ Your brother in sorrow and affection,

“ F.”



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The next letter I take to transcribe, is sealed in *black*, and reads as follows.

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“Union Seminary, 29th March, 1829.

“My beloved Friend and Brother :

“It devolves on me to perform a mournful office. I have a brother whom I educated for the ministry, and I feel towards him as I do not towards any other human being — a sort of mingling of parental and fraternal affection. And I know how you will feel when I tell you that dear James is gone. About half-past six o'clock, this Sabbath evening, his mortal conflict was ended, and he entered into his rest. His sufferings, for some time past, were very great — not so much from pain as from most excessive debility. This was so great, that, as you may have seen from my former communications, the wonder was, he did not die sooner.

“Apart from natural feelings of sorrow for the loss of one so beloved, and grief that the church should be bereaved of so precious a young minister, there is nothing in the case of your dear brother, but cause of joy and thanksgiving. During his whole sickness, and amidst all the changes produced by disease in his spirits, he never had the shadow of a doubt, in regard to his acceptance — his faith never failed, nor did his love grow cold. In the midst of all his weakness, the adversary was most mercifully restrained ; and he enjoyed the presence of his redeeming Lord. His affectionate heart, too, retained all its kindness, and he enjoyed to the last, the sympathetic attentions of those who ministered to his wants. Dear man ! he won our love most entirely.



“He was graciously permitted to retain his reason to the very last — and showed what was the bent of his mind, by his dying speech. ‘Fitch! *strive, strive!*’ ‘Strive to do what, my dear?’ But his last words had been spoken. After uttering them, he gasped a few moments for breath; and then without a struggle or a groan, fell asleep in Jesus. He took an upward flight, ‘if ever soul ascended.’

“How mysterious this event! — since it has appeared to me inevitable, that one so prepared for the ministry, and so desirous to be useful as our dear brother was, should die; the thought has often occurred to me, that there are services for very holy and devoted men, in a higher sphere, to which they are called, and where they do incomparably more for the glory of the divine Redeemer, and are more useful, than they could possibly be on earth. And while we are wondering that they should be cut off, and disappoint all our hopes of their usefulness, they probably do more in a day, in heaven, than they could do in a life time in this world. The Master had use for our brother above, and called for him. We would fain have kept him here. I confess that I never have seen a young man, whom I so much wished should live.

“But why should he come here, far from home, to die? The Head of the Church seems to have put into your heart a particular love to our little Seminary; and means to make much use of you in building it up.

Among other things, He has enabled you, as his instrument, to train a young servant, not to labour in the ministry below, but to be taken away to a higher and more important station. But on his passage to heaven, He sent him by this place, that it might be seen here, what a young minister ought to be, and how a Christian can suffer and die. And perhaps, you have thus been permitted to do more for us, than you could have done, if you were richer than Mr. Bartlett.

“Dear brother! I sympathize with you, and your afflicted relations — may the Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit.

“Mrs. Rice, in great affliction, joins me in sympathy, love, and every fraternal feeling.

“Most affectionately, yours,

“JOHN H. RICE.

“I send this by a gentleman going to Richmond. I also send a brief notice of your brother for the Visitor and Telegraph, and have requested the editor to forward you a copy.”

“Union Seminary, 31st March, 1829.

“My Dear Brother :

“I wrote you by a gentleman going to Richmond, yesterday. But the letter may, from bad weather, be longer on its passage than I expected. I therefore, think it my duty to prepare a letter to send by to-morrow morning’s mail, for the purpose of removing your pain-

ful suspense about dear James. I told you that it had pleased the Lord to remove him — that he finished his course on Sabbath evening, and that his end was peace.

“ I ought to add, that your brother Fitch, considering how embarrassing and obscure all the symptoms of his disease had been, felt that it was his duty to have the body examined. This was done by a physician of great delicacy and kindness of feeling, as well as of true piety. He had no sooner laid the lungs bare, than he exclaimed in astonishment, ‘ How has he lived so long ? Here is disease enough to have killed forty men.’ I will send you the physician’s report of the case. Manifestly, no skill in the world could have saved his life — and he was kept alive so long only by the power of nursing.

“ This day we attended his funeral. It would have been painfully gratifying to you to have seen how deeply the neighbours felt the death of your brother. I preached to a considerable congregation on Matt. xxv : 23. ‘ Well done good and faithful servant,’ &c. I endeavoured to show what *faithful service* is, and what the reward. The congregation wept, and some even sobbed aloud. We deposited the remains of our beloved brother in the family burying-ground of Mrs. Rice’s father. He lies there with a little company of pious persons — among them are two others, one of whom was a young preacher from Pennsylvania ; another a candidate for the ministry from Maine. Your brother said he wished to sleep with Mrs. Rice’s friends. They

all acknowledged him as a brother, and will cherish his memory with lasting affection.

“Dear friend! may the Lord support you under this trial, and make it a rich blessing to you and yours.

“Quite exhausted with much watching and labour, I write hurriedly and must close.

“You are dearer to us than ever,

“J. H. RICE.”

Thus we have reached the event, towards which we have been looking through the correspondence, which has been given. It was no common event; for it was the last earthly hour of an *uncommonly holy man*. It was a Sabbath-day, and the sun was throwing his level beams across the fields, before he again retired beneath the mountains, seen in the distance. There had been a stir among the students of the Seminary, for it had been whispered through the building, that *Mr. Taylor was supposed to be dying*. A number had gathered to the room, and were around the bed of TAYLOR — for, they had thought that the exit of such a man could not be otherwise than peaceful; and they desired to witness so calm and triumphant a death of the Christian. Mr. Taylor comprehended the silent language of their movement, and expressions of solicitous sympathy. It was his last effort, at his last hour. He testified to the goodness of God, and the unwavering confidence that his soul was soon to enter that heaven that never looked

more 'desirable' to him ; and that he should soon see the Saviour, who had so inexpressibly blessed him on his way to the grave. He doubted not he should soon mingle with the 'shining ones' above. With an eye full of tenderness, and which was bright and clear to the last, he bid them farewell—the students—his kind nurse, and the friend, her husband, who had so affectionately entertained him, and administered at their dwelling to the comfort of his last hours. His last message to his absent friends now, was simply 'LOVE.' 'Farewell,' he finally added, 'farewell to you all—and farewell to this earth.' His eyes were now for a moment closed ; when again he opened them as if he would add another word, and turned to his affectionate nurse, ever sitting at his right side in his moments of weakness, and whispered to her, as if he had forgotten it—'*farewell to the servants.*' But, where was the solitary brother at this moment, who had urged his way so far and rapidly, to be beside James Taylor in his dying moments ? Fatigued, he had seized an hour of repose, in an upper-chamber, to be the better prepared for the watches of the night, and yet clinging to hope, however faint, that his brother would live beyond the going down of this Sabbath's sun. He was dreaming, as said in a brief note before me, that he was gently assisting in raising James in the bed, which awoke him, and just at the moment when the above scene had passed, he re-entered the room below, ignorant of the cause which

had gathered more than a usual number at the bed-side of his beloved brother, and when his friends were about to awaken him. As he approached his bed side, the dying brother faintly said, "Brother — almost gone — almost gone!" and cast upon him a look of inexpressible tenderness, which was answered only by a *brother's look*, and a checked tear, as he took his seat at the left side of one, for whom his last hope was destined, ere a brief half-hour longer, to be resigned. He took the hand of James, and pressed it between his, and held it as he sat in silence at the left side of his dying brother. He soon asked him, if there were not too many around his bed side? His brother J. indicated that there were, and in a few moments the room was vacated by all but the brother and Mrs. Rice. This was the more readily done, as at this moment Mr. Taylor breathed more calmly, and rested with a momentary quietude that relieved, for an instant, the generally awakened solicitude. No step now was heard; and as his brother, for a moment, leaned over him, James whispered, without turning his head, "who sits on my right?" Mrs. Rice replied, "It is I." "It is all, then, as I would have it," continued the dying brother, as Mrs. R. pressed one of his hands to her bosom, while the other was resting in his brother F.'s. "*Brother!*" said James, "*strive! strive!*" but spoke no more, only with *that eye* that still gazed tenderly and lingeringly in his brother's face. It spoke forth the

whole affection of his soul, and in another moment he answered not the pressure of that brother's hand. The truth was in an instant perceived. The dying saint drew a long but calm breath, in fearful contrast with his but just now rapid breathing. Another — and another — and another succeeded, and all was over ! JAMES BRAINERD TAYLOR rested in his last sleep, and his beautiful and devoted spirit in the bosom of its God.

“ Oh ! 'twas a placid rest !  
Who would deplore it ?  
Trance of the pure and blest,  
Angels watched o'er it.  
Sleep of his mortal night,  
*Pain* now can't break it,  
Heaven's own morning light,  
Alone shall wake it ! ”

## SECTION XVI.

After the obsequies of Mr. Taylor had been attended, two or three days intervened, when the succeeding three letters were written. They are appropriately inserted here.

FROM MRS. RICE TO THE MOTHER OF MR. TAYLOR.

“ Union Theological Seminary,  
April 3d, 1829.

“If I can, in the least degree, alleviate the sorrow of the dear mother of my beloved friend, most gladly will I do it. And your afflicted son, who does us the favour of remaining awhile with us, thinks a letter from me, would be some comfort to you. If mingling my heart with yours, and feeling all a mother's bereavement, could lessen the weight of your grief, then would it indeed be lightened. I regret exceedingly that I did not every day, set down all that was interesting in relation to my dear *happy sufferer*. But much, I trust, is engraved on my memory, and on my heart, never to be forgotten, or neglected. I have, indeed, been most highly privileged, and am sincerely thankful to our heavenly Father, for sending to my care, so precious a child of His. He seemed from the first to come as a



blessing to me, and to raise my idea of holy living, and of Christian enjoyment. He ever seemed happy, joyful, triumphant, until disease wore down his animal spirits. But his faith, hope, peace, never for a moment failed, but continued perfect to the last. I inquired shortly before he left us, about the state of his mind. He replied, *peace, perfect peace!* but too weak to think or talk. When he found he must die away from you, he wept much, and grieved at the thought of your sorrow. "Dear Father! Dear Mother! what would I not do to comfort you," he would ever say. "But my heavenly Father is pleased to have it so, and I love to please Him." He did indeed delight more in the love of God, and in doing His will, than I have ever seen in another; and spoke of his removal as of going on a foreign Mission. He loved to serve his Lord, wherever he appointed him, and hoped to be engaged in the delightful work forever. He often spoke of rest for his poor body, but his happy spirit loved to serve and please his heavenly Father perfectly. He often spoke of seeing you all soon, and of welcoming you to a better world, never more to part. He is not, my dear Madam, lost even to us; if we live as he did, we shall again enjoy sweet intercourse with him. His words, "*My friend for eternity,*" have made a deep impression on my heart. Oh, that his mantle may rest on me, and on this Seminary! My grandmother lost a daughter in Kentucky. Surprise was expressed that she bore it so

calmly and cheerfully. She remarked, "heaven is not as far from me as Kentucky. I shall soon join her there. In K. she had much to suffer; now she is perfectly happy, and why should I grieve. My grandmother never expected to see her child again had she lived. But you and he did expect again to meet on earth, and he enjoyed much the thought of introducing us to each other. But his joys are now far above mortal conception. Oh, had we but a glimpse of them, we should adore, and praise, and not repine! He did not finish his course among strangers, though far from home. Many saw, admired, and loved him. And to me he was inexpressibly dear. I may say *is*, for I know he still exists, glorious and happy. You are the blessed mother of a son safe in heaven. We rejoice that on his way there, he called at the Seminary, and gave a new impulse to holiness of life among us. He had a tedious, exhausting time of suffering. I felt as if going through the dark valley for weeks with him. But the light of God's countenance ever shone to guide and sustain him. Such a lovely spirit is rarely known on earth, and his is gone to a more congenial clime. Perhaps a service there required him even more than any here. He who never errs has ordered all. So much have I heard him talk of his dear father and mother, and beloved brothers and sisters, that I feel personally acquainted with you all. F. feels to me as a most dear and beloved brother. Were he not here, I know not how I

could bear up. I cannot tell you the comfort he has been to me, and to my precious charge. He seemed to enjoy his arrival more than words can express; and it appeared to stop his decline for some days. I am told that dear S. resembles my friend. Oh, that he may have fully his spirit! He loved him much, as he did you all. I shall rejoice if providence permits us to meet on earth. A very endearing bond unites me to you and yours. Mr. Rice unites in the kindest regards,

“Yours, very affectionately,

“ANNE S. RICE.”

“Prince Edward, April 3d. 1829.

“My dear Parents:

“I presume you have seen the letters written from this, at several times, by myself and Dr. Rice to brother K.; or have repeatedly received intelligence of James’s health from him. A letter received from K. to-day suggests that I should write you *direct* to Middle-Haddam, as you will obtain information from here a little sooner in the due course of the mails, than if the letters were first taken from the office in New-York.

“And yet, my dear parents, I anticipate that you will have heard the saddest news from him, before you shall have received this—for, it has been two days since our beloved James has slumbered peacefully in his grave. Intelligence of his death was immediately communicated by Dr. Rice to Knowles.

“My dear parents, I know not how to offer consolation *to you*, at this moment. If there can ever be consolation at a moment when an affectionate son and brother is taken from the arms of doting parents, and brothers and sisters who would have given half of their own to have lengthened out his life, certainly, this consolation is yours. O, I well remember the tears which fell, when he last left you! I felt — we all felt — how ominous they were. Even *my wonted humour* staid itself on that occasion. Yes — and I well remember, too, the expression which threw us all into tears at the breakfast-table, a short time before he left The Hill. And yet you remember how calmly James retained his seat, while others went to their rooms to shed their tears.

“Well, my dear father, I will weep with you for a moment. I feel that there is no sacrifice of manliness in shedding our tears at such an hour. I know how great has been your solicitude for the health of James — and how wishfully you have prayed that he might yet, in health, appear on the walls of Zion. But I am sure you will not forget the true fountain of consolation at this time; and that a right estimate of the character of such an affectionate son shall bring to your bosom much that shall yield comfort, and take away one half of the bitterness of this providence.

“You have anticipated the pleasure which a son justly prized, and that might be eminent, would afford you in a declining day. But let the maxim that “*He*

*has lived a long life who has accomplished much*" be recalled to your recollection. Nor think that James has left behind him *a name* which shall not be spoken of. No; I believe that he will be remembered, and *cited*, as in some particulars resembling, as he was *indeed*, by family relationship, another BRAINERD.

"My dear mother, may you not derive, too, some solace from such considerations? I know that the sad intelligence that James is no more will have broken your heart. But is there no soothing power that shall heal the wounded spirit, and support you in this trial? Shall I tell you how, with tears, James remembered you, and pledged him that if he should ever again reach you he would never go beyond the reach of his mother's sighs, and would die on his mother's bosom? Or, shall I tell you how dear Mrs. Rice, with a mother's feelings, closed his eyes and wiped the cold damps from his forehead? It is all true. And while he loved you, and would have died in your arms, he yet thanked God for the friend who soothed him in your absence and who has wept with me, as would a sister, over his precious remains. Her reward is in heaven. And in this life may she receive fourfold.

"My mother, think of the happy spirit of James now mingling with kindred souls. Do you not think it possible, that he is a kind-one, who may still wait on you for good? I love the idea, and would that my paper permitted me to dwell longer upon it.

“ Say to Emma, that I intended a word for her. I have for you all some *mementoes*, which James directed to be given to you. O, mamma, how happy I am, that his portrait is left us. It will be a precious relic indeed.

“ I hope, ere long, to see you. And will you not be overjoyed when I tell you, that I shall bring Mrs. Rice with me to The Hill? I am sure you will love her ; and that she will love you.

“ For a little while, farewell. I must write sister M. this evening. With much love to S.

“ FITCH.”

“ My dear Brother :

“ It is with indefinable feelings that I now write you. Perhaps they would be best expressed were I to fold this sheet and send it simply as it is — *moistened with my tears*. But then I should be unmindful of the debt I owe to others.

“ The letters of Dr. Rice will have informed you that James sleeps in the burial-place of the Mortons — far from his home, but near the bosom of friends. I stood beside his grave as they lowered him to his resting place, and felt like one who was alone in the world, and had lost the dearest friend he had on earth. A bolt of ice seemed shooting through my heart as I gazed into the cold house prepared for him, and heard the earth crumble with its muffled sound upon the coffin of a departed brother, but the warm pressure of a sister-

friend who leaned upon my arm, melted it to tears. I say, of *a sister* — for, it was in this endearing relation that Mrs. R. followed our dear James to his tomb. The blending of affecting sympathies over a common object warms our best affections, and I never so sensibly have felt the poverty of words, as when I would speak of this admirable woman. I have already told you that she has been a mother in all her attentions to James. And to me, in an hour when the soul feels its loneliness, and the heart is full, she has been a sister indeed, while mingling her tears with mine, and divided the anguish of my aching heart.

“ Dr. Rice in his letters, I suppose, has given you an account of the burial-ceremonies of James. His sermon I deemed peculiarly appropriate. It was characteristic of its author, while it wanted not in eloquent appeal and thought. The eulogy, (if I may so speak of the application of the principles of the discourse to the character of James,) was grateful to mine, as it would have been to the feelings of other relatives. And while it was honourable to the character and attainments of our dear James, I deemed the Doctor to say nothing beyond the truth. It is not enough to say that James was one of those choice spirits who now and then visit our world. *To me* none but the God who has taken him away can make up the loss. The relations toward each other in which we have ever been placed, rendered him not only doubly the brother, but also a *friend* in all

the endearing ties of that relation, and an affectionate adviser. The more I look at his character, the more he awakens my admiration and affection. The example which he has exhibited before me for seven years past, I trust will never be forgotten ; while an assimilation to him in love to God, will form a perpetual petition in my morning and evening prayer.

“It has proved a source of gratification to me to mark the sympathy which James awakened among the people of this region. They delicately endeavoured to administer to his comfort while living, and gave an expression of tenderness and respect to his memory, at his burial.

“I leave it for the sad hour when we shall meet to narrate a thousand things, which, at least, will melt your heart in affection towards the dear family, in whose bosom James spent his last hours.

“I shall ever remember J’s last moments with deep felt interest, not only as admonitory to myself, but as exhibiting a plaintive scene of tender affection, which must always melt the heart in the recollection. Mrs. R. supported him on his right. She pressed his hand alternately to her bosom, then to her lip, while the tears gushed from their fountains. Here, some days previously, James had desired Mrs. R. to place herself, when she should perceive that he was dying. He wished to spend his last breath in the arms, which had so tenderly nursed him. His left hand I pressed to my own cheek,



and moistened with my own tears, while I watched each breath that he drew. I distinctly marked the fatal one which told us that he soon would be no more. A few long and easy breathings succeeded, and he was gone forever !

“ I shall wait with much feeling the reception of letters from you, after your reception of Doctor R.’s letter and this. O God ! mercifully extend thy support to my dear parents ! I know how bitterly you will all weep. Think of me as one beside you, mingling my tears with yours.

“ F. W. T.

“ P. S. Mr. Nettleton is below. I have just taken tea with him. He speaks very tenderly of James ; and regrets that he did not receive intelligence of his death in time for him to be here at his funeral. He would have been gratified to speak to the people after the sermon.

“ He says of J., that he assisted him more than any other young man. His personal appearance was so fine, and he exhibited so much of that feeling in his countenance, which he loved, that he was pleased in putting him forward before the young people, whenever he happened to be labouring with him.

“ It will give me pleasure, if so fortunate, to become acquainted with this good man, and add some of his experience and age, to my want of it and youth.”

“ Your limes, lemons, oranges porter etc., reached

us this morning. Most of the limes were spoiled, and some of the other fruit. After the box had been opened, Mrs. R. brought some of the fruit into my room, to let me see the state in which they reached us. But the dear object for whom they were sent was gone. We again thought of our brother who sleeps in his grave, and mingled our tears. Mrs. R. had left the room a moment, and then returned again, and found me at the window, indulging my grief. She wept with me, and then spoke of my friends. She felt like one of my sisters, she said, and she wished to *appear* like one of them, when she should meet them at the North. She therefore would be pleased when their mourning dresses are purchased, that one should be made at the same time for her, to be ready for her when she reaches Bond-street.

“7th. I have taken a ride with Mrs. R. to-day, and called upon a Mr. H. He has been some time indisposed, but is now recovering. He is a member of the Seminary. He appears to be an interesting man, and will partake of some of the articles, so affectionately designed for brother James.

“I well remember a remark you made on the evening I left you — that circumstances might render it pleasant for me to spend a short time here, in case of the death of James, unless his burial-place, being near, might make it otherwise. But the idea that James is resting in a grave, but a little way from me, does not make my stay irksome. It is true, that a thousand things around

recall him to my mind, and awake a train of associations that often makes me sad — very sad. But then, I love these emotions. I love to shed my tears at the recollection of my brother. It is then I realize the *truth* as well as the delicacy of the sentiment, that

‘There is joy in tears.’

“Several of your letters have been received since the death of James. Mr. Bruen’s reached here after James had left us. It grieves me to read these letters, penned in ignorance of J.’s death, and expressive of so much affectionate anxiety, when he, to whom they were addressed, was already gone to a realm, where solicitude and care never come. And yet, the letters give us a melancholy pleasure.”

The news of Mr. Taylor’s death reached his friends in New-York, who were waiting the intelligence of every mail, with the deep solicitude and sorrow of afflicted and affectionate kindred. It reached them, and the sad story ended their suspense, and augmented their grief.

A younger sister, then in New-York, was on the eve of leaving for the residence of her father at Middle-Haddam, Connecticut. She was the bearer of the sad and fearfully expected intelligence to The Hill.

The letter from this sister, with a note attached to it, by her father, was returned to the relatives in New-York,

and may appropriately be introduced here, as the closing paragraph of this TRIBUTE OF FRIENDS TO THE MEMORY OF ONE OF THEIR NUMBER.

“I now attempt to write a few lines to grant your request, and inform you of my safe arrival. We had a fine passage through the sound. We reached Middle-Haddam about nine o'clock. It will be in vain for me to attempt to relate my feelings, when I came in sight of our house. I thought within me, can I — must I tell my dear parents that our dear James is gone! Ah, that it should have fallen to me to bear this afflicting news! Yes — my father met me. Of course, the intelligence entered his ears. It appeared as if he would not reach the house. He did reach the door, and there seated himself, with feelings, to appearance, insupportable. And before I entered the house, I heard the deep-felt moans of my dear and afflicted mother. It appears as if they would sink under this affliction. But they have a source to flee to which all have not, and I trust our heavenly Father will be their stay in these trying moments. Mamma says, tell my children that I am a poor, afflicted mother. Pray that our parents may be supported, and that this bereavement may be for the good of the souls of us all.

“I wish it were convenient for K. or J. to come up, and spend a few days with us. It would comfort their dear parents. Give my love to all. Mamma sends much love.

“If brother F. writes, we wish you would immediately forward the letters.

“I close my letter to give papa an opportunity to add a note.”

“My dear and afflicted Children :

“This is to acknowledge the reception of your letters, conveying intelligence of the death of our dear and beloved child and brother. You know, my dear children, how I love you all. And truly, it is not in my power, by this pen, to describe to you my feelings.

“He, whom we all loved, is no more. He has gone to the God who gave him to us. And blessed be his name for what He did for that dear child, and brother, in the manifestations of his love towards him, for so many years, and particularly in his last moments.

“My dear children, this is a loud call to us. We know not which of those who remain, will be called next, but according to the common course of families, some of us must soon be summoned to follow on, to give in our account. May we, by having our lamps trimmed and burning, be ready at any moment.

“I should be ungrateful indeed, if I did not acknowledge, with thanks, to you, my dear K., what you have so liberally contributed to our dear James for his education, and especially for his comfort in these, his last moments of decline and death. May that God who is the rewarder of every good deed abundantly bless you here and hereafter, with spiritual and temporal blessings.

And I would, with grateful feelings also, acknowledge the kindness of E., and J. H., and R., in what they have done for the happiness of dear James. May God bless you all.

“My love to the little boys, and God grant that they and all of our little ones may be blessed.

“JEREMIAH TAYLOR.”

## ADDENDA.

THE succeeding extracts are from a communication by the Rev. Mr. S., who is now no more. He had been much engaged in the scenes of religious excitement, which pervaded the New-England churches, between the years of eighteen hundred twenty-three and thirty. Mr. Taylor, during his vacations, was often thrown into the company of this clergyman, and laboured with him. From their frequent intercourse, he had an opportunity to know Mr. Taylor well, and formed, as will be seen, a friendship for him, which was as enduring as life; and we doubt not is now renewed, where friendships and happiness are neither broken nor marred by change in circumstance, or cessation of years.

“I first saw the face of your brother,” he writes to Mr. K. Taylor, “in East-Haddam, Connecticut, on the 7th of October, 1823, in the midst of one of the most majestic and triumphant marches of sovereign grace, which I ever witnessed. In view of this great work of God, he came to labour, and to pray, and to rejoice, with us. During this, his first visit, though of short duration, it was very obvious that he was taking a deep interest in the revivals, which at that time were spreading their influences through the churches, in this section of Zion. At se-

veral different times and places, as I had already learned, his labours in exhortation, prayer, and private conversation, had been blessed in the hopeful conversion of numbers. His conversation, at this time, most clearly evinced that the salvation of sinners was a subject, which, of all others, lay nearest to his heart. In short, his meekness, his docility, and above all, his spirituality, on this occasion, inspired me with high expectations of his future usefulness. And I may safely say, that the few subsequent years of his life more than realized these expectations.

“In evidence that I did not, at this time, stand alone in this high estimate of his character, especially in reference to spiritual-mindedness, for which he was ever after so remarkable, I will here introduce a short extract from a letter which I received about that time, from an intelligent gentleman, who, after expressing his great concern for the more general promotion of revivals of religion, says: ‘Our friend, James B. Taylor, has recently spent several days with us. I do think his visits have a happy effect on my family. He appears to be one of the most heavenly-minded, one of the most serene and happy persons, I have ever met with. I exceedingly desire that he should have some better opportunities in revivals of religion.’ Young Taylor was at this time engaged in his preparatory course for college.

“On the sixteenth of September, 1824, our personal



intercourse was renewed, in the city of New-York, and continued daily until he took his leave, in November, for college. During these few weeks, my attachment was very much matured; and every day's observation, increased my conviction that he was no ordinary Christian — that he was emphatically, *a holy man* — a star of the first magnitude. There was no other young man within my knowledge, who appeared to be so heartily, and so wholly devoted to the work of extending the kingdom of Christ on earth, as he was.

“Of deadness to the world, and of living for Christ, I never before saw such a practical illustration — not occasionally, but constantly. And here I would record, to the glory of God, and for the consideration of all who call themselves Christians, and especially for those who are destined for the ministry, or who are in it, that during our whole intercourse, for more than five years, in which he was often with me, by night and by day, and sometimes for weeks together, that I never knew him, for a moment, indulging in conduct or conversation, which would have occasioned the least incongruity in entering immediately on the solemn duty of speaking to God, in prayer. To such a degree was he dead to the world, that, as I well recollect, in a ride to one of our benevolent institutions, a few miles from the city, which had been brought about at his own suggestion, I found it difficult to interest him sufficiently in surrounding objects to satisfy my inquiries, which curiosity naturally

excited in the mind of a stranger. I afterwards ascertained, that this, and several other like excursions, were brought about for the *express purpose* of having the opportunity of interrogating as to certain facts, and collecting certain particulars, in relation to several revivals of religion, of which I had been an eye-witness.

“So far as human iustrumentality is concerned, in revivals of religion, he made it a *business* of availing himself, as far as possible, of the observation and experience of others. With a single exception, I was never acquainted with a man who was so indefatigable in acquiring information relative to the duties and trials of ministers, at such times. Often would he urge his request that all the minute circumstances of individual cases, of awakening and conversions, so far as known, might be rehearsed; and in those parts of the relations which, to most, would have been tedious and uninteresting, he appeared to derive high satisfaction. To those cases which were marked by any peculiarity, he would afterwards aud frequently revert — tracing out the connexion between the means used of God, and the end brought about in his purposes of saving mercy.

“Among other subjects of enquiry of this nature, he felt deeply concerned to know, in any given revival, what class of persons were more generally affected — what subjects were discussed at the different stages of the work — what sermons, and under what circum-

stances preached, were especially blessed — what were the stronger features of those cases of awakening, which most especially resulted in a gracious change — contrasting such, with others more lingering and less promising.

“ In his interviews with ministers and experienced Christians, I have often found him solicitous to know how they would converse with persons awakened to the enquiry, “ What must I do,” &c., under such different circumstances as he would name. When in the field, and called to labour with such cases as strongly resisted the ordinary means of grace, and even special operations of the Holy Spirit, his wisdom in marking the *besetting sin*, and in levelling the artillery of truth at the *real difficulty* has evidenced repeatedly that his remarks, in this very essential department of ministerial usefulness, were not in vain.

“ I have often, when seated by his side, under preaching, which was evidently taking powerful effect, been delighted at the apparent accuracy with which he would anticipate the different results on the minds of hearers, with whose exercises of mind he had some previous acquaintance. At other times, I have listened with him, to sermons of an entirely different complexion. It appeared to be intensely painful to him to hear those, who, while ministering in Christ’s name, would indulge in mere declamation, or such external ornaments as tended more to gratify the pride of man, or to secure po-

pular applause than to convince men that they were lost, and that none but Christ could save. I have more than once heard him express his strong suspicions that the fruitless efforts of many, even for years together, so generally attributed to some other cause than any such as would implicate the wisdom or faithfulness of the instrument, might after all, most safely be resolved into some deficiency in *the matter or manner* of the ministration. I know that his prevailing belief on this subject was, that when those means which have their tendency to produce serious consideration and esteem on the part of the unrenewed mind, if rightly brought to bear upon that mind would most likely produce the event which these means contemplated.

“The docility of the mind of Mr. Taylor in relation to all such subjects as would be likely to effect his future usefulness, as an ambassador of God, was, with many who knew him best, a subject of admiration. Were it now more generally found in young men, in like circumstances, I doubt not it would be exceedingly conducive to their future usefulness. Often have I had an occasion not only to admire his teachable disposition but the *ingenuousness*, with which, in reviewing his earlier efforts in revivals, he would point out instances of indiscretion, and the unhappy results consequent thereon.

“I have dwelt more particularly on his character as the friend, and the successful promoter of revivals of religion for the purpose of rendering more intelligible

some expressions of his letters, herewith communicated."

When alluding to one of these letters, containing a narrative of one of those melting seasons so often described in the writings of Mr. T., the writer of the communication from which we are quoting further remarks, 'That, to the persons who never saw Mr. Taylor at one of those favoured hours, when he seemed to enter into the holiest of all, and spake to God, as it were, face to face, I can convey but a faint idea of the extremely interesting light in which he appeared as a child of grace, thirsting for holiness and God."

This writer, in continuing his communication, further remarks in connection with a season, which, Mr. Taylor spent with his, by special invitation, during one of his college vacations. "On the 14th of April, agreeably to our expectations, our dear brother comforted us by his presence. At this date, the revival had extended into R., and had just formed that interesting crisis, in which the majestic movement of sovereign grace seems to bring the stoutest hearts to a solemn pause.

"On his arrival, so far from being behind the spirit of the times, as is the case with many in similar circumstances who visit such favoured places, we found him prepared, at once, to enter most heartily into the work. For some weeks he gave himself up to exhortation and prayer, and visiting from house to house.

"It is evident from the success which attended his

labours during the day of great things, that he possessed a most happy talent, as an instrument in the hands of God, for arousing the attention of the inconsiderate and hardened sinner. The *kindness* and the *earnestness* with which he would urge an immediate attention to the interests of eternity was enough to move a heart of stone. Rarely did his entreaties fail of securing, at least a resolution, that this business of such infinite moment, should no longer be neglected.

“ So abundant were the labours to be performed at this time, that several meetings in different neighbourhoods, were committed to his charge. No messages were more eagerly heard than his. And we are happy to have it in our power to say, that *not a few*, to this day, hold him in most affectionate remembrance, as their spiritual father.

“ At one period of his labours, in this place, ‘ certain fellows of the baser sort’ banded themselves together for the purpose of affecting some little opposition to his success ; and in more than one instance they hailed him, as he passed by, in opprobrious language. But I could not discover that his feelings were even ruffled, in the least. He would sometimes, with a smiling countenance, relate such circumstances, adding, ‘ how glorious to be reviled for Christ’s sake.’

“ The interesting scenes through which he passed during this refreshing season of religious feeling, evidently contributed to his great happiness. *His spirit-*

*ual enjoyment, at times, surpassed everything I ever witnessed.* Sometimes, when he had laid his head upon his pillow at a late hour of night, laden with the fatigues of the day, he would turn his thoughts away from others more especially to himself, and commune with his own heart. He would break out often in the strongest language of abhorrence. ‘A vile worm!’ ‘Infinitely vile;’ and other language to this import. And these exclamations would be frequently interrupted by the most bitter weepings and heart-breakings conceivable. At other times he would seem to dissolve into tears, while admiring and extolling the greatness of Christ’s love — the glories of his character — the wonders of his grace. Never did I feel a more prevailing conviction, that there was but here and there a saint on earth, than when witnessing in him such wrestlings and pantings for holiness and God.

“Should any one think that these seasons of self-abhorrence, which are sometimes described in his letters and journal, savor of extravagance, they are invited to read some parts of President Edward’s experience.”

The communication from which I am quoting continues.

“I can hardly forbear, in this connexion, to relate some circumstances, which come to my knowledge in proof that his benevolence exerted itself not in word only, but also, in deed

“During our intercourse in the autumn of 1824, he

became, by some means, acquainted with the circumstances of a clergyman, who, by sickness in his family, and some unforeseen extra-expenses attending it, was somewhat straitened for a time in his pecuniary concerns. No sooner did Mr. Taylor become acquainted with the fact than he procured funds, to my certain knowledge, in amount abundantly sufficient to relieve his pressing necessities.

“In another instance, under circumstances not dissimilar, I knew of his effecting relief to the amount of more than one hundred dollars.

“On another occasion he met with a clergyman, whose labours had been abundant, and whose garments waxed old in this service, and who, he supposed, had not adequate means for renewing them. Ascertaining his next place of destination, he dropped a line to an acquaintance living near by, requested him to hunt out said clergyman, remembering the injunction of Christ, ‘clothe the naked,’ &c. His request was fully complied with, and the clergyman reaped the full benefit of his thoughtful consideration of his necessitous circumstances.

“In the autumn of 1826, I knew of his meeting with an indigent, pious young man, who had just completed his college-studies, and was now on his way to the south, — necessity being laid upon him to teach school, for some two or three years, in order to raise funds sufficient to prosecute his theological studies. Our la-



mented Taylor took him by the hand. ‘Dear brother,’ said he, ‘you are considerably advanced in life; and as you are looking forward to the ministry, and labourers are so few and so much needed in the field, I regret that you should be so long detained. Suppose you should stay with me a day or two, and think of the subject.’ His friend complied; and in the course of a very few days, he was supplied with such pecuniary assistance, that he immediately entered one of our theological seminaries, and is now in the ministry, thrusting in the sickle.

“The preceding are but a few of the many deeds of his charity which fell under my own observation. And in effecting such purposes of kindness, I do not think I ever knew a person so especially careful to *keep himself out of view*. I do not now recall one instance where he afterwards reverted to what he had done in this way.

“The active benevolence of Mr. Taylor, was not confined, however, to feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. Such another *earthly comforter at the sick-bed side*, I never saw. In visiting the children of God, at such times, I have repeatedly known him the instrument of dissipating the clouds of thick darkness, and bringing the mind into a state of almost unspeakable ecstacy. How often, and with what astonishing effect has he sung to the sick and dying, the hymn commencing with the following stanza :

"Brethren, while we sojourn here,  
 Fight we must, but should not fear.  
 Foes we have, but we've a friend,  
 One that loves us to the end ;  
 Onward then with courage go,  
 Long we shall not dwell below ;  
 Soon the joyful news will come,  
 Child, your Father calls you home."

"The affection I entertained for your brother," concludes the writer of this paper, from which we have been quoting, "can never be told by pen and ink. To be the subject of his prayers, was to be among the privileged. To commune with him in supplicating the throne of grace — in songs of praise — and in converse, was delight that the happiest might envy. I never knew the person who, in word and action, and in the whole man, savoured so much of the heavenly. The remembrance of him fills my heart with sorrow ; while, at the same time, I have a conviction which admits of no one doubt, that our loss is his gain.

"He longed for *the beautiful* and *the perfect* of the coming state. His pure spirit is now enjoying it, in the delicate perceptions of his beautiful mind, and the full and joyous gust of sensibilities so characterized for their refinement, depth, and overflowing tenderness."

THE END.



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44



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